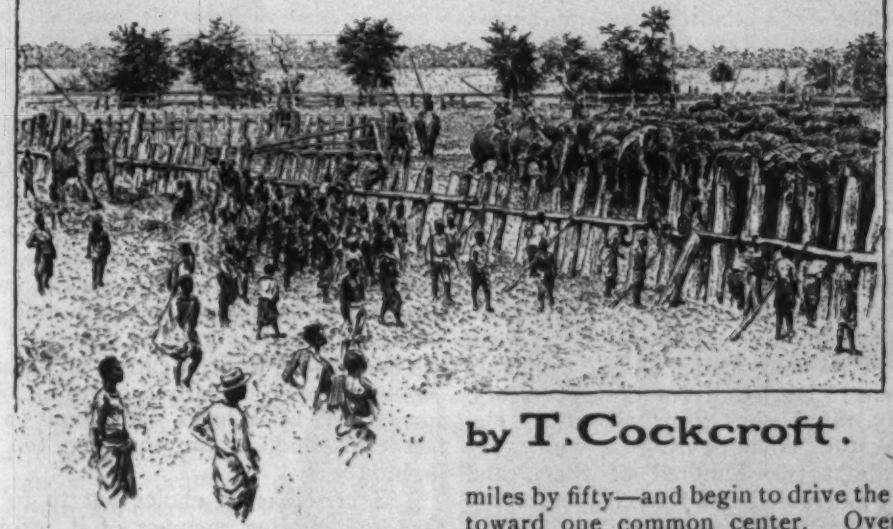
McClure's Magazine.

Vol. IX. OCTOBER, 1897. No. 6.

An Elephant Round-up in Siam



by T. Cockcroft.

THE semi-annual elephant round-up at Ayuthia, the ancient capital of Siam, is a sight the like of which is to be witnessed nowhere else in the world. When the first rains of the season have fallen, the order goes forth from the head of the elephant department at Bangkok to collect the herds for a specified day. Thereupon the servants of the department spread themselves over the vast stretch of delta-land from the Menam to the Bangpakong River, and almost from Bangkok to the Korat foothills—an area of about thirty miles by fifty—and begin to drive the herds toward one common center. Over this wide tract, except at the times of the round-up, the elephants, which are the special property of the king, roam free, and to molest them in any wise is a grave violation of the law.

The proclamation of a round-up creates a great stir, and people crowd into Ayuthia from all directions to witness the drive and capture. Here gather the inhabitants of all the surrounding country within two or three days' journey, wealthy Siamese, important officials, and all the Europeans who can possibly get away from Bangkok. These latter are largely the guests of the officers in charge of the proceedings. They make the sixty miles' journey by river, coming in commodious steam launches or comfortable house-boats towed by launches.

The scene is one of the greatest anima-

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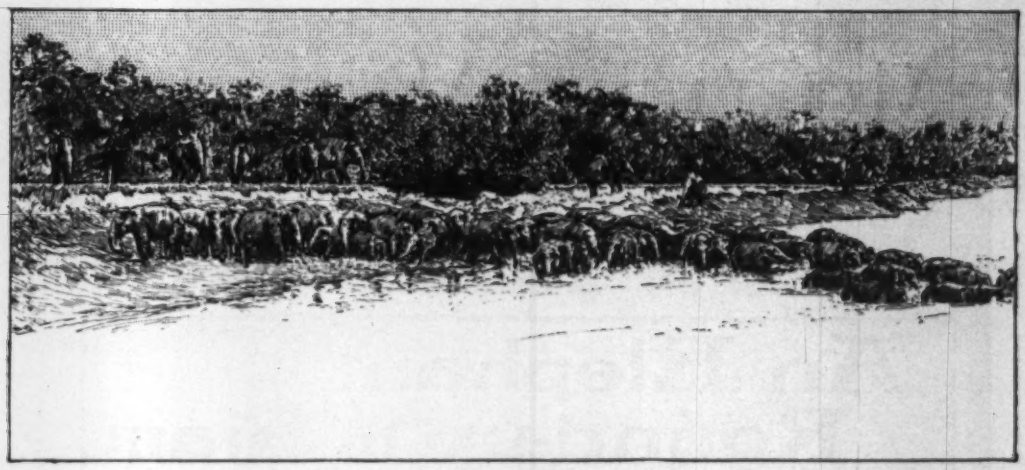


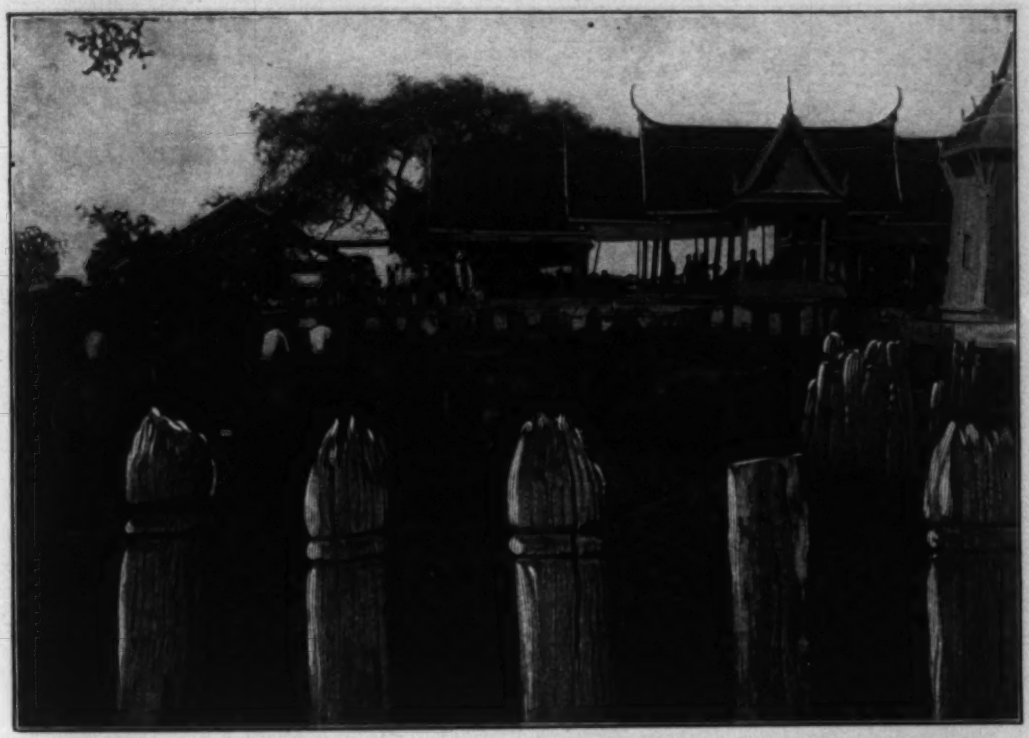
CROSSING THE RIVER.

tion. The still unplanted rice-fields across a fair-sized tributary of the Menam are alive with small knots of people in gaily colored garb, among whom the yellow robes of the priesthood are seen in large numbers. About two miles away is a belt of bamboo bushes, in and out of which people are incessantly dodging. Presently a solitary elephant, an enormous single-tusker, mounted by two men, slowly stalks through an opening in the bushes. He is the decoy or leader. Soon one or two wild elephants follow, and at sight of them a yell of "Chang-ma!" ("The elephants are here!") arises from the spectators. Shortly, the bushes grow alive with elephants; they come pouring through every gap, about two hundred of them, and quietly assemble behind the leader on the open plain. Meanwhile, several others, mounted by men carrying spears, have come through other openings, and now form a guard which prevents the wild herd from breaking back. The whole herd begins to move forward, conducted by the leader, and guarded on all sides by the spearmen. It moves in a stately mass, and at every stride the elephants splash their heads with water from the rain-covered fields; to cool themselves, occasionally they throw the water over their backs.

On reaching the river some hesitation is shown by the front ranks of the herd, for the bank is fully six feet high. In goes the leader, however, and persuaded by his example, and yielding to the pressure behind from those anxious to get away from the spearmen, the mass follow, looking like a big, black avalanche as they slide down the bank. Once in the water, they show great delight in it after their long, hot march. The crowd of spectators awaits them on the opposite bank, but as they approach and begin to emerge from the stream, breaks away and scatters wildly in all directions.

The river crossed, the trained and well-guided leader heads straight for a large square inclosure made of great teak posts. Come into the inclosure, he passes, by a gateway at the right, into a second inclosure, which narrows to an exit nine feet wide; and by this exit he passes on into the corral—or, as it is called in Siamese, *paneat*—proper: a large square inclosure surrounded by a brick wall about twelve feet thick and, at the entrance, ten feet high.

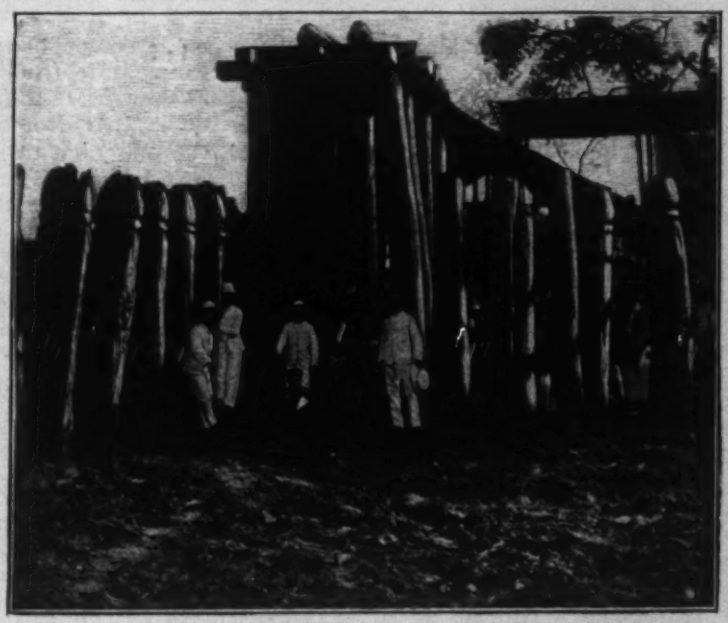
The herd has no choice but to follow. One and another member of it, growing suddenly suspicious, may turn back; but there are the mounted guardsmen with the spears to set them again forward. Pushing, crowding, crossing each other, bunting each other over, blocking the way in a futile endeavor to go three abreast, roaring, groaning, bellowing, the duped, terror-stricken creatures cling to the leader's heels. The top of the wall is crowded with spectators, for the passage in yields the best view of the elephants. They are of all sizes, from the full-grown elder down to the baby no bigger than a retriever dog. In the crush it looks at moments as if nothing could save the small ones from being tramped to death, and the distress of their mothers for them is a thing strange and pitiful to see. But they dodge in and out, boring a path for themselves, and in the end come through unharmed. One of the older ones, a beast



INSIDE THE PANEAT.

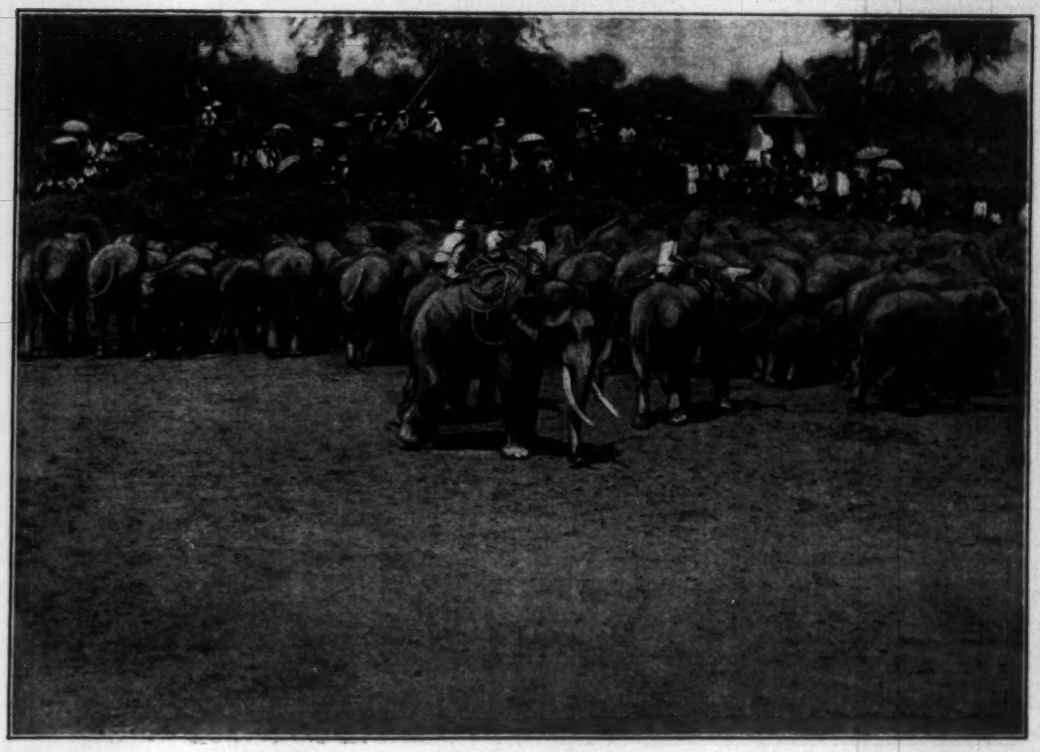
of but medium size, is borne down by the press to his knees, and, in regaining his feet, he strikes with his shoulder a beam of teak wood nearly a foot square. Instantly the beam is rent into splinters that go flying high in the air.

The moment the herd has entered, the entrance is closed by throwing across it a triple row of strong teak bars. Finding themselves shut in, the elephants begin to circle round a wooden tower placed in the center of the inclosure and occupied by the officer who directs the work. In this circuit they are seeking the leader who has conducted them thus far; but he has been quietly withdrawn by his rider through a curiously contrived wicket gate, of which we shall learn more later on. The precaution is not unnecessary, for if the leader were still in the herd after his dupes came to a full realization of their imprisonment, his life probably would not be worth much.



THE WICKET GATE.

It is now near sunset—owing to the great heat herds are never driven in the middle of the day—and the elephants are given a light supper of tender bamboo branches and left for the night to such



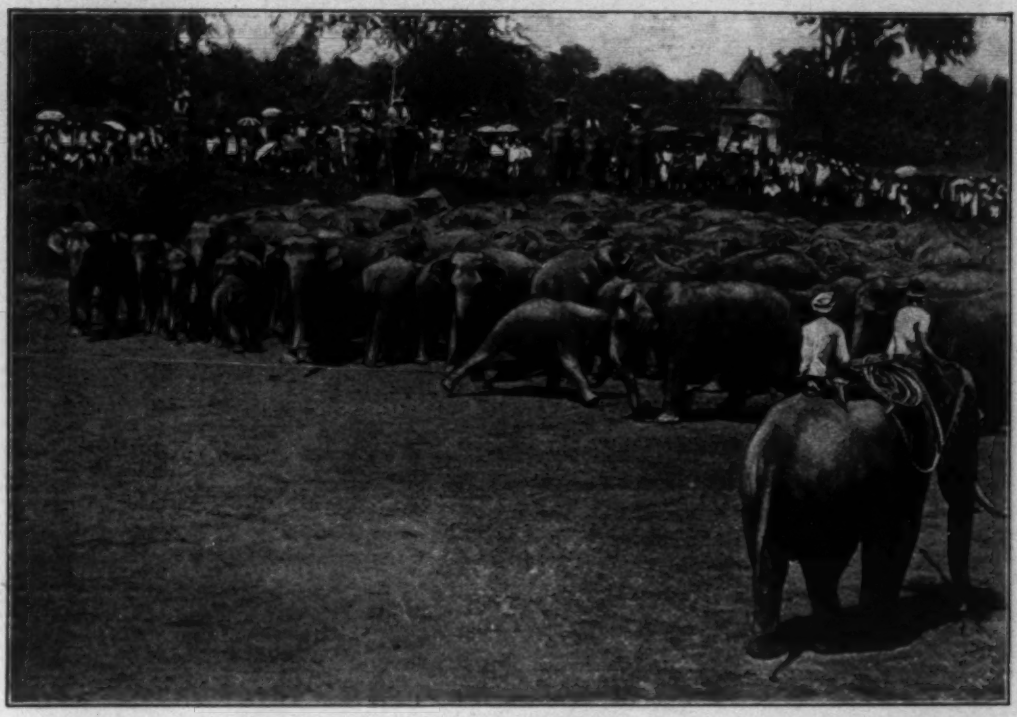
NOOSING OPERATIONS.

repose as their confusion and fear will permit them.

About eight o'clock the next morning the elephant which had served as leader the previous day and four or five other enormous tuskers, each mounted by two men and equipped with a long coil of green hide rope, fastened with a circular, detachable noose to the end of long bamboos, are taken into the *paneat*, by the wicket gate already mentioned. This gate is constructed of four parallel rows of teak posts of great height, leading from the inner stockade to the outer wall, through which latter is a passage considerably narrower than the one by which the herd entered. The two inner rows of posts swing from stout iron bars at the top, and at the bottom are drawn outward in grooves by winches. When the gate is closed, a man may still pass between the posts with some wriggling, and when it is open—that is, when the posts are spread—there is just sufficient space for an elephant to squeeze out.

On the entrance of the mounted elephants the general herd, scenting danger, moves to the opposite side of the stockade, and being followed, it runs, pushing, plunging, and bellowing, round toward the wicket gate. In this race the men on the mounted elephants choose out, and strive to separate from the herd, such animals as they desire to capture. As opportunity offers, they drop a noose under the foot of the one they are after, and draw it tight just below the knee. Usually this is accomplished only after several trials. Next, the coil of rope is thrown to the ground, and caught up by men who run in from the wicket gate and make it fast to a post. The entoiled elephant does not at once discover his misfortune, but runs on with the rest of the herd until the full length of the rope is reached and he is brought up with a rough jerk. Then those behind him pause, and with friendly pushes and bunts, strive to help him out of his trouble. But in a moment the approach of the mounted elephants reminds them of their own danger, and they dash on again, leaving their bound comrade to his fate. In succeeding rounds others are noosed and tied, to the number, finally, of three or four. Very soon those made fast are apt to show vexation, and on coming within reach of each other often fall into fights.

Such elephants as are desired having been secured in this fashion, the main body of the herd is driven round to the wicket, and the posts being drawn back at the bottom, passes out of the stockade, or



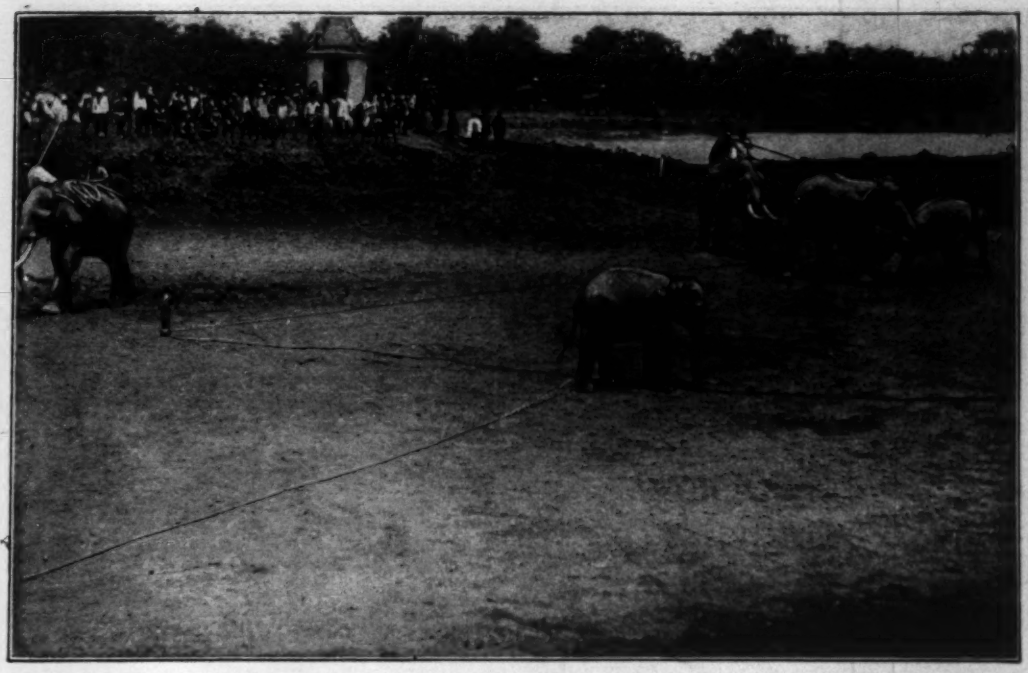
A YOUNG ELEPHANT STRUGGLING FOR LIBERTY.

paneat, with a wild rush. It is not free, though, for outside it is confronted by a fresh cordon of mounted elephants of huge size, as well as spearmen afoot, while on the plain there is an immense ring of people. Now and then one breaks through the cordon and goes off at a trot, but the yells and shouts of the crowd generally pull him up. If the crowd should break, however, in front of one of these runaways there would be mischief.

Meanwhile those noosed and still inside the *paneat* are led out, tied fore and aft, to mounted elephants, for it is impossible to bring them out three abreast. Once outside, however, they are met by three mounted animals, which take up positions one on each side and another behind. Their tempers are mollified by pouring water over them from tubes of bamboo; they are tied neck and neck to the elephant on each side, and then ignominiously dragged off to the royal elephant stables, where they are tied by the neck and one leg to a post. It takes three years to train an elephant to perfect docility, and during that time he is unable to move otherwise than with his post as a pivot, except at the will of his trainers.

There are more elephants still to be caught; but now the work is conducted in the open. The same methods are followed here as in the *paneat*, the noosed animals being tied to short posts driven into the plain, and a cordon of tame elephants forming the boundaries previously supplied by the stockade. Here are seen some amusing manifestations of elephant nature. One animal, whose foot a mahout is gently tapping with his bamboo, only puts down that foot the more firmly and pushes the harder to get inside the throng. Eventually, however, he is overcome by superior strategy, for as he lifts his other foot to get a little farther away, the noose is gently slipped over it, and he is promptly tied to his stake.

In another instance a youngster of three years, whose mother is in the herd, is noosed. His determined efforts to break his rope are both interesting and amusing, and the solicitude of his dam is enough to move any one but a Siamese elephant-catcher. As the result of various little "confabs," a plan of campaign seems eventually to be decided upon; for at a moment when the rest of the herd has left a clear space, the mother comes up, and while the youngster tugs with all his might at his rope, she puts down her head and exerts her whole strength in one great push behind. A huge tusker is on the watch, however, and the plan is frustrated by the mother being driven off.



A MOTHER TRYING TO HELP HER YOUNGSTER.

The sun having now become very hot, the herd is allowed to pass through the cordon and take a bath in the river, while the noosed animals are being tied and led to the stables. After their bath they are kept well in check by mounted men specially told off, while they spend the afternoon browsing on the clumps of young bamboo and other bushes in the neighborhood. Then, shortly before sunset, they are quietly driven again into the *paneat*, there to pass the night, awaiting a second day similar to the one just passed. Then, all the animals that are at present desired having been chosen out and put into bonds, the rest of the herd is escorted out to the open plain and set at liberty for at least another six months.

The elephant stables at Ayuthia consist of long sheds, placed parallel to each other, and standing on ground sufficiently elevated to be above the floods. There the animals are tied to strong posts, and a keeper is set over each. The keeper's first care is as to the strength of the captive's rope and that no one gets within reach of the constantly swinging trunk. His next is to obtain a supply of grass, bundles of which are thrown within reach of the sulky-looking prisoner. As dusk approaches, green bushes are burned a few feet away, in order by the smoke to keep off the mosquitoes, which, in Siam, have sufficient penetrative power to pierce even the hide of an elephant.

An elephant round-up is not without its dangers. The occasions on which there is no loss of life are rare, and sometimes the victims of the elephants number three or four.

During the hunt a sharp lookout is always kept for an "albino," and when one is discovered great is the rejoicing, for the white elephant, both in Siam and Burma, is an object of the greatest reverence. To add him to the many of his kind already in the royal stables at Bangkok no labor will be spared. More than once the capture of a white elephant has provoked war between Siam and Burma. On one occasion two had been captured and brought to Ayuthia amid great rejoicings. The king of Burma promptly sent in a demand for one of them, a demand which was as promptly refused. Such a *casus belli* between two old antagonists, of course, could not be allowed to slip, and a Burmese army at once invaded Siam. It was not, however, successful in obtaining one of the coveted animals that time.

The elephants caught are chiefly employed upon government work. A large number are, however, required to move timber in the extensive teak forests of

THE STRUGGLE WITH AN OBSTREPEROUS YOUNGSTER.

northern Siam and Burma and also in some of the sawmills. Under these conditions, therefore, the extinction of the elephant in these countries would be a matter of the gravest import; but there seems little danger of that in Siam so long as the present methods of capture are practised.

MAKING HIM SECURE AT LAST.

THE TURF-CUTTERS.

By Shan F. Bullock,

Author of "Ring o' Rushes," etc.

IT was the first real day of spring; a living, heartsome day. The great sun looked down joyously on an awaking earth; the air had a freshness as of the sea; from every hedgerow the birds piped out; the hills were alive, the valleys jubilant; far away my lord, the mountain, stretched himself lazily in the sunshine; everywhere beneath the glad sky ran a riot of life, the earth thrilled with it, the wind came throbbing with its mad fervor.

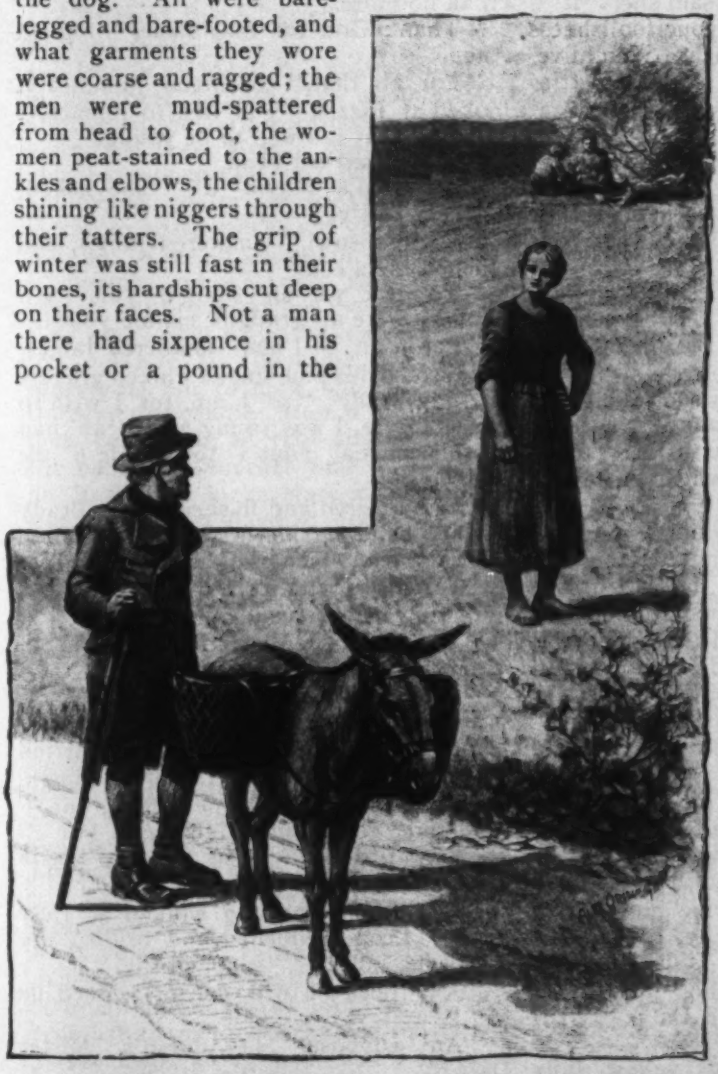
In the valley which lies between Emo and Rhamus hill, the turf-cutters were out; and now, the clang of the one o'clock bell in Louth farm-yard having died away among the hills, sat squatted round their fires among the heather. All the morning, from a score of mounds, the blue smoke had streamed up, had run its tattered skirts together above the level of the hilltops, swept before the stress of the wind out over Thrasna River, and gone trailing for the shining roofs of Buun. All the morning it had filled the valley and lain stretched like a blue veil upon the distant hills; wherever you went, all the morning, the pungent smell of it (bringing to you memories of mud walls, soot-blackened rafters, and clacking groups round cottage hearthstones) had come to you, now thin and faint (like the whiff from a peasant's coat as he slouches up the aisle o' Sundays), now gratefully wholesome and refreshing as the breath of whins, now hot and reeking as from the mouths of wattled chimneys. All the morning, in all your wanderings, the wind had brought to you the sound of laughter, the shouts of the men, the songs of the women, the skirls of the children; now and then, as the smoke lifted, you had glimpse of the crowd of workers, seen the flash of the spades and the glint of the shawls and handkerchiefs, the sudden popping of the peat from black bog-holes, the going and coming across the banks of the shrieking barrows; so, all the morning, it had been; now silence held the valley, the smoke went up thin and clear, and, scattered among the willow clumps, you had sight of the turf-cutters gathered in groups round the twinkling fires.

At the top of the bog, not far from the Curleck road, burned the fire of the Dalys; and round it, sitting squat on the dry peat bank, was a party of ten: three men, three women, and four little Dalys—a family group gathered from neighboring bog-holes to make merry over the potatoes and salt.

As lord of the fire, and tenant, moreover, of an elegant mudhouse (the same, in fact, that, in the old days, had sheltered Pete Coyne), James Daly held chief seat at the feast, well shielded from the wind by a willow clump, his back to a stump, his legs crossed luxuriously. Beside him, on the one hand, his brother-in-law, Mike Brady, a thin, sour-looking man, sat propped against a creel; on the other, his old father sat bent forward like over-ripe corn, his eyes fixed wearily on the fire and

his old gums wagging. Facing these, cook and hostess in one, squatted the buxom Mrs. Daly (known thereabouts as Fat Anne), having on this side her sister-in-law, Mrs. Judy Brady, a woefully thin and yellow little woman, and on that her cousin Lizzie Dolan, young, fresh, bouncing, the belle of the bog.

These six almost ringed the fire; but behind the broad back of Mrs. Daly, the lesser ring of four shockheaded children kept themselves in a fine state of excitement by jouking under the elbows of their elders for a chance glimpse at the fire, by scrambling for the potatoes that occasionally came flying over their mother's shoulder, peeling them with their fingers (in slavish imitation, be it said, of the ways of their elders), and throwing the skins to the dog. All were bare-legged and bare-footed, and what garments they wore were coarse and ragged; the men were mud-spattered from head to foot, the women peat-stained to the ankles and elbows, the children shining like niggers through their tatters. The grip of winter was still fast in their bones, its hardships cut deep on their faces. Not a man there had sixpence in his pocket or a pound in the world: you might have weighed (and valued) the bulk of them against half a ton of hay. Truly an uncouth party enough, and a motley, striving there, on the fat earth, beneath the glad sky, to appease stern hunger with offerings of potatoes and salt and libations of buttermilk!



"ALONG THE NARROW CART-PASS . . . AN OLD MAN CAME SLOWLY."

"Well, glory be to God," said Lizzie, the bouncer, as she cooled a potato by deftly throwing it from hand to hand; "glory be to God, but it's grand to feel that warm sun on the small o' your back."

"Yis," said Anne Daly, and turning over on her knees, began drawing a fresh cast of roasted potatoes from the fire with a pair of wooden tongs. "Yis, an' when, forby that, the fire's scorchin' the face on ye, it's like as if ye were stretched between two mustard plasters. There ye are, childer," cried she, and began dropping the potatoes one by one over her shoulder; "an' God send they may fatten ye."

The children skirled and scrambled excitedly; the dog yelped and jumped.

"Stop yir throats over there, dang ye," shouted Mike Brady.

"An' stop yours, Mike," retorted Anne Daly, and held out a potato. The milk noggin went round; Lizzie, the bouncer, wiped her lips on her bare arm, and gave another little sigh of content.

"Och, but it's a heavenly day, anyway," she went on, and looked up at the sky. "Luk how far away the sky has gone—an' it as blue as blue. Aw, me. An' to think that only yisterday, or the day before, we were shiverin' in our stockin's, an' now—an' now we're as warm as warm. Aw, sure, it's powerful to be alive!"

Mike Brady leant forward towards Lizzie.

"Ay, it's well to be alive. It'd take

more'n the sun to warm ye if ye were below," said Mike, and pointed downwards with his finger. "Sun or moon," he went on grimly, when he had blown his potato cool, "is all one when the worms are in your bones."

"Ugh, listen to the man," said Lizzie, with a shrug. "Lord sees, it's ducked in a bog-hole ye should be, Mike Brady. Such talk on such a day!"

"An' what ails the talk? An' what ails the day, will ye tell me?" answered Mike, and, looking up, fixed his bright little eyes on Lizzie's face. "Jist because you feel like a filly on grass, is that any reason why I should? Eh?"

Anne Daly sat back on her heels, leant on the tongs, and bent forward towards Mike.

"I say, Mike Brady," said she, "it 'd be manners in ye to keep your foolishness till ye've filled your stomach. Man alive, what ails ye? Or did ye sleep on nettles last night? You an' your bones an' worms. Ach!"

"She's right there," said James Daly, with a wag of his head. "Keep such talk till ye're like the ould man here. Time enough to talk o' graves, Mike, when your head's white."

"Ay, ay," groaned old Daly; "ay, ay. Och, ay!"

"An' isn't it jist that," snapped Mike; "isn't it jist because I'm travelin' fast to white hairs meself that I say such things?"

"White hairs your granny!" sneered Anne Daly. "An' you with ivery tooth in your head. Arrah, whisht wi' your bleather, Mike Brady."

"Arrah, whisht wi' yours," retorted Mike; "d'ye think ye can tell me about meself? A lot o' good the sun or the spring does any man when the blood's cowld in him. Look at Lizzie, bloomin' over there like a meadow daisy, an' as full o' life as a kitten. D'ye think I'm iver goin' to feel like that again?"

"Ach, whisht, Mike," said Lizzie, and dropped her face.

"It's God's truth," moaned James Daly, and wagged his head; "it's God's truth. I mind when the sight o' the spring sun 'd make me jump like a salmon an' go struttin' along in me glory like a full-feathered peacock. Ay, I do. But it doesn't now. Na, na. It doesn't now. Ay, but it's well to be young. Yis!"

"It is so," groaned old Daly. "It is so."

"Aw, ay," sighed poor yellow Judy Brady. "It is so."

Dole seemed come upon the party; almost might you have expected to see them turn from the feast and sob among the heather. Of the six making the inner ring (the other ring and the dog had already gone scampering across the bog in quest of diversion) only Anne Daly kept from groaning.

"Well, divil take me," cried she, "but it's the lively party we're gettin'. Faith, if we only had a hearse we could make a dacent funeral between us. Here, dang your eyes," she shouted, and scattered fresh potatoes over the turf bank; "stop your croakin' wi' them."

James, her husband, took out his pipe, and with his little finger began probing the bowl in search of tobacco.

"Me belt's tight," said he; "but I'll croak no more."

"Thank God for that same," replied Anne.

"For all that," continued James, and looked at Lizzie, "I'm free to remark, I suppose, that it's well to be young."

Lizzie raised her head.

"An' who's denyin' it?" she asked, not very softly.

"Divil a sowl," answered James, and reached for a coal.

"To hear ye, an' more'n you, ye'd think ye were all grudgin' me me youth."

"Faith, an' so I am," answered James, and through his pipe smoke winked gravely at Judy Brady; "so I am, for I wish to glory, Lizzie, I was young meself an' had ye this mortial minit i' the inside o' me arm."

Lizzie tittered and flushed; Judy Brady put her hand on her wizened lips; Mike sniffed twice, which was as near laughter as he usually got; Mrs. Daly looked across the fire at her husband.

"Aw, thank ye, Mister Daly," said she, with a toss of her head.

"Arrah, not at all, Mrs. Daly," answered James, and waved his pipe stem; "not at all. Woman, dear, ould married people like us are used to these wee things. Sure, ye needn't thank me. Sure, one o' these fine days, some tight fella (we all know *who*) 'll be sayin' as much to Lizzie herself over the coals."

Again James the wag winked at Judy Brady; Lizzie reddened and bridled up. "Will he, indeed?" snapped she.

"Aw, 'deed he will, me girl; 'deed he will."

"An' supposin' he doesn't, Mister Daly?"

"The Lord sen', child; the Lord sen'."

"Then suppose he *does*, Mister Daly?" Lizzie persisted. "What'll happen then?"

"Aw, the Lord knows, child; the Lord knows."

"Ye think," said Lizzie, and bent towards her tormentor, "ye think I'll sit here like Anne an' listen to him?"

"I'm thinkin' so," drawled James. "Supposin' you're wise, I'm thinkin' so."

"An' supposin' I'm not wise?"

"Then there'll be the divil to pay, I'm fearin'."

"That's what ye think o' marryin'?" cried Lizzie.

"That's it," answered James, and looked at his wife; "that's me experience. But niver fear, acushla; take things aisy. Marryin's like all else; ye get used to it in the course o' time. Ye do so."

"Ye think that?" cried Lizzie. "An' ye think I—I—?"

"I know all about it," answered James, in his driest manner, "all about it. At first, when the hard word comes, ye'll bite your lips; then, after a year or so, when you're seasoned a bit, ye'll flare out angry, an' mebbe go for the tongs; after that, if you're wise, you'll jist notice nothin'. Aw, no. Like an ass's skin, ye'll get dull o' feelin'; sticks'll only rattle on ye; nothin' but prods of a pin'll make ye jump. Aw, no. That's the way o' the world, sirs. We're all the same. At first, if Mary goes out to milk, out Pat must go to carry the candle; after a while, Mary goes be herself, an' Pat sits smokin' up the chimbley; another year or two goes, an' if the cow kicks Mary into the gripe, Pat says it's a damned good job; after that, it's jist waitin' for the end, and when that comes, it's good-by to the graveyard for Pat or Mary—an' a good riddance, too. Ay, that's how the world goes, sirs; that's the way."

James settled back against his stump, folded his arms, and with the knowing smile of your professional humorist broad on his face, sat waiting for sport. Already, old Daly was nodding over his pipe; with gleaming eyes the rest of the ring bent forward to have a good sight of Lizzie's glowing face.

"That's what ye say," cried Lizzie, and stretched out a quivering arm; "that's what ye tell me to expect? That's the experience has come to *you*, James Daly, after all these years? An' ye sit there tellin' it to me! But let me tell ye this, James Daly, an' to your face I say it: If I thought your words were true, I'd scorn ye; an', for meself, I'd pray the Lord to keep me always young, an' I'd sooner die this day, nor—"

At loss of a word, perhaps at loss of a thought (for she was speaking in a flurry of excitement), Lizzie paused; and just then the young scarecrows of Dalys began to clamor out in the heather.

"Here's ould Raw-bin," cried they. "Luk, mammy, at ould Raw-bin an' the ass."

"Go on," said James Daly to Lizzie. "Ye'd sooner die nor what?"

"Here's ould Raw-bin," shouted the scarecrows. "Luk, mammy."

"Ah, be quiet, ye brats, ye," shouted Anne.

"Aw, but here's ould Raw-bin," persisted the scarecrows. And at the word Lizzie sat back and dropped her arm.

Along the narrow cart-pass which from Curleck road runs down the middle of Emo bog, an old man came slowly, and before him drove an ass and creels. His face was withered, rough, stubbled with iron-gray hair; a battered beaver hat hung precariously on his crown; round his neck was a thick woolen muffler wrapped round and round, the ends hanging outside his greasy waistcoat; a long frieze coat, adorned with many patches everywhere, with brass buttons here and there, and pieces of cord in place of buttons elsewhere, hung from his bent old shoulders to his feeble old knees; his legs were tightly bound in coils of straw rope, and as he walked his great hob-nailed boots slipped up and down on his heels; his eyes were fixed straight before him, his tongue incessantly clicked on his palate, and he walked so close to the ass's heels that he was able to rest his oaken staff on the crupper of the creel-mats.

Now Robin, as he was called, was something of a character and a good deal of a favorite; and as he passed the Dalys' fire, Anne, nothing loath, maybe, in the manner of hostesses, to change the talk among her party, or to bring diversion to it, rose and hailed him.

"Hoi-i, Robin," she called; "how the sorrow are ye?"

"I'm rightly," answered Robin, and plodded on.

"Is it pass us ye would wi'out a crack?" cried Anne. "Och, man alive, what's the hurry?"

"I want scraws for the fire," came back; "I haven't a spark."

"Ah, sorrow take the fire. Come over

here and share ours, an' ate a roasted pratie; come on, now, wi' ye."

Robin stopped short, scratched his pate, mumbled a word or two to himself; then left his ass to its devices, crossed the ditch which keeps the bog from the cart track, and stumbled through the heather towards the Dalys' fire.

All welcomed him. James shifted his seat a little and gave him a share of his stump; Anne piled the potatoes before him, set the milk noggin at his elbow, promised him a bite o' bread an' a dribble o' tay later on, and told him to fire away. Without any ado Robin shot a potato from its jacket, dipped it in the salt, and began eating. He gave no time to talk, hardly lifted his eyes from his hands; well within ten minutes of the time of his coming there was not a potato outside his coat.

He put down the milk noggin, gave a sigh of big content, wiped his lips on his coat sleeve, settled back against the stump, and began groping in his pockets for his pipe. Already James Daly, with his elbow resting on the stump and his cheek on his hand, was fast asleep; Mike Brady, flat on his face, and with his forehead on his crossed wrists, was lying like a log; old Daly, still sitting in the old place, had gathered up his legs, laid his arms across his knees, and gone asleep with his head resting on his hands; from the three went up a great noise of snoring.

"Well, I'm obliged to ye for that, Anne," said Robin, as he brought forth his pipe. "Lord love ye for it. Sure it's powerful to feel full again. Ay, ay."

"Aw, not at all, Robin; not at all, man," answered Anne, and set an old black porringer on the fire; "it's a poor heart, sure, wouldn't share a bite wi' a neighbor. Here ye are, me son," and she held out a coal with the tongs. "Light up and have a draw before ye have the tay. It'll be ready in a jiffy."

"I'm obliged to ye, Anne, I'm obliged to ye. Lord love ye, Anne," said Robin; then lit his pipe and fell to smoking. Gradually his eyelids grew heavy; the pipe went out and fell from his lips; his head nodded once or twice, suddenly fell back on the stump—and Robin was with the snorers.

Anne Daly took the porringer from the fire, poured some black tea into a mug, added a little sugar, and handed the mug to Mrs. Brady.

"Drink, Judy," said she.

"God bless ye, Anne," said Judy; and drank.

"Did iver God make quarer creatures nor the men, I wonder," Anne went on, and passed the mug to Lizzie. "To think o' the four sleepin' there like brute beasts an' good tay goin' beggin'. Lord sees, it's wonderful."

"Ay, it's wonderful," said Judy Brady; "aw, sure, they're the powerful strange mortals, anyway."

"Strange?" said Anne. "It's not the word. They're *on*knowable."

"There's Mike'd sleep fifteen hours on end, wi'out iver budgin' a limb," said Judy. "Dear knows, but only for the hunger, sometimes I think he'd niver wake."

"Well, he'll get little chance then o' sleepin' for iver in this world," was Anne's comment. "For the likes of us can't get far from the hunger. Aw, no."

"Aw, no," said Judy, and took another sip of the tea. "Aw, 'deed we can't."

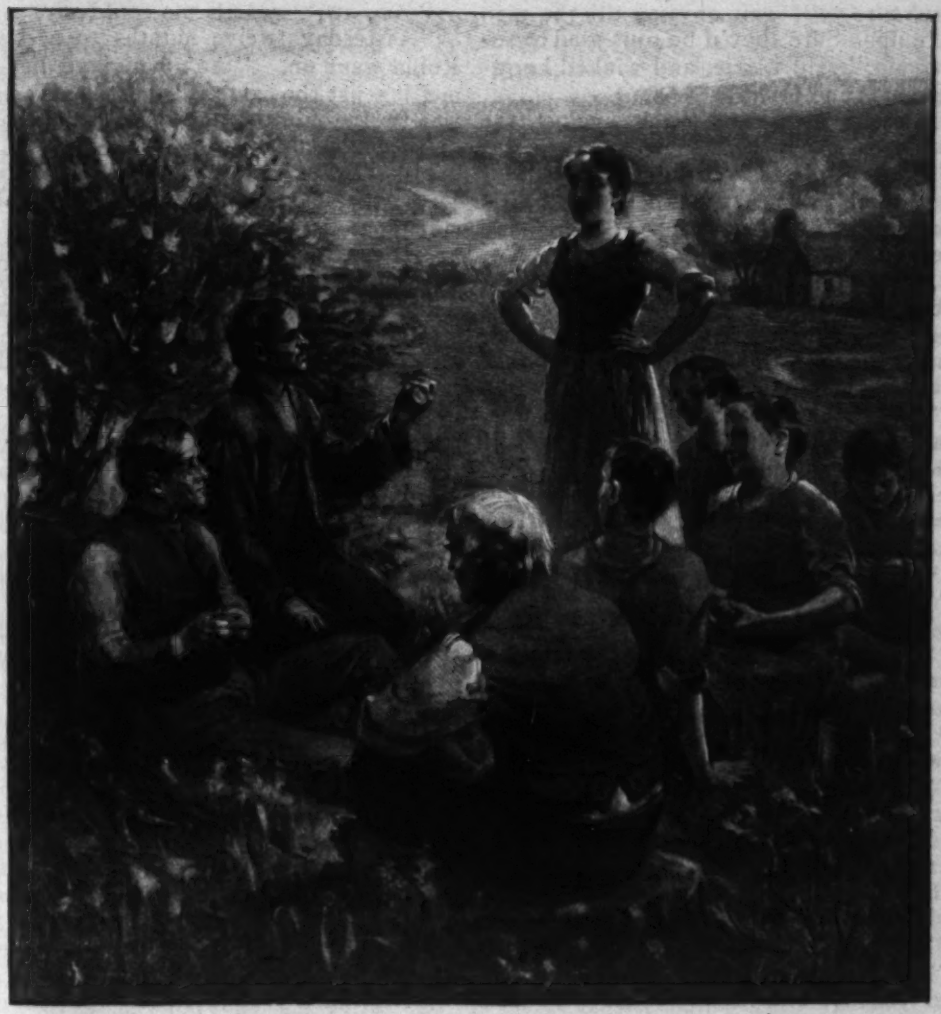
"Men are the divils," Lizzie broke in, all suddenly. "To think o' the way *that* James talked! . . . It's—it's not true, I tell ye . . . I tell ye, I'll never get married if . . . "

Anne and Judy opened eyes of wonder. "Lord sees," said they, "Lord sees!" Then said Anne in the voice of the scorner:

"Ah, quit your foolery, Lizzie Dolan. Troth, it's in short clothes ye should be still. You an' your tantrums, an' your threats, an' your bleather about niver marryin'! Niver marry, indeed! Troth, will ye, an' that before harvest next. Here, take another drig o' the tay an' stop your romancin'. Mopin', indeed! An' James only jokin' ye. Mopin', indeed! An' you as good, a'most, as marrit already, wi' a snug house an' a bouncin' boy waitin' for ye; an' you not promised to him more'n a fortnight! Come, sit over here, an' tell us about that weddin' dress ye'll be after gettin'; an' quit your pighin', for God's sake. Come on, I tell ye."

And Lizzie sat over. Five minutes afterwards she was herself again, bright-eyed, voluble, as full of spirits and life as that spring day was full of glory.

The talk was of butter, eggs, dresses—dresses, forsooth! and these poor souls with only tatters in their wardrobes—of their little affairs, pleasures, troubles, of men and marriage, and of Lizzie's coming marriage in particular. Presently it flagged somewhat, and a pause coming, Lizzie's eyes fell upon the woeful figure of Ould Robin. She gave a little shiver of disgust at sight of his old, time-beaten



". . . A FAMILY GROUP GATHERED FROM NEIGHBORING BOG-HOLES TO MAKE MERRY OVER THE POTATOES AND SALT. . . ."

face, his ugliness and squalor, his open mouth and dribbling chin. "Lord, the ugly ould man he is," said she; then, the spirit of mischief and of the spring being strong in her, she reached over and softly took the old beaver from Robin's head.

"Whisht," said she, as Anne Daly remonstrated; "whisht, till I show ye;" and plucking some sprays of heather she began decorating the hat. Long pieces she fixed all round within the band, and hanging down behind, and sticking forth the holes on top; here and there on the rim she laid a potato skin, and up the front fastened the old man's pipe; then, all being to her fancy, gently replaced the hat on Robin's head, and drew back tittering.

"Lord, the sight he is, the comical ould sight," cried she; "whisht, Anne, whisht; don't laugh, or ye'll wake him." But already Anne had laughed, and Robin was awake.

He sat forward, blinking and rubbing his eyes.

"Faith," said he, in a hoarse croak, "I —I misdoubt I was asleep—so I was."

The women were so near laughter that none dared venture an answer.

"Faith," said Robin again, "I must ha' been asleep, so I must." He yawned wearily, stretched himself; then made as if to rise. "I'll have to be stirrin', so I will," said he. "I wonder where that divil of an ass is, now? Mebbe it's kickin' in a bog-hole the crature is."

With an effort Lizzie choked down her laughter.

"Ah, no, Robin," said she; "ah, no; don't be stirrin' yet. Sure, you're time enough; an' there's the ass grazin' along the pass; an' ye haven't had your tay; an'

—an' sure ye'll wait anyway till the men wake up. Sure they'd be ojus glad to see ye again," said Lizzie, and winked knowingly at Anne Daly.

The old man sank back against the stump.

"Very well," said he; "very well. Sure, there's no hurry, so there's not. It's a long day till night yet; an' there's no one waitin' for me now at home. Aw, no."

Up and down the old man wagged his head; and at sight of the dancing heather plumes in his hat, Lizzie buried her face in her hands and turned quickly away.

"Aw, Anne, dear," said she; "Anne, dear, I'll die, I'll die."

Robin gathered up his knees, clasped them with his hands, and sat looking towards Thrasna River. "Aw, no," he moaned, "there's no one waitin' now."

Again Lizzie turned to him.

"Tell me, Robin," said she; "what age might ye be, now?"

"If God spares me, I'll be seventy-five come next Hollentide, so I will. Yis, seventy-five years."

"It's a big age," said Anne Daly; "a powerful big age."

"Arrah, not at all," said Lizzie; "sure it's only a trifle, an' it lies like a feather on him. I say, Robin, isn't it near time ye thought o' marryin' again?"

The old man turned his head slowly and looked full at Lizzie.

"What's that?" said he.

"Aw, now ye heard me well enough," said Lizzie, with a coy look. "That's only your little way. Come, now, Robin, out wi' it. Who's the lassie?"

"Is it o' marryin' you're axin' me?" asked Robin; and before the solemnity of his face Lizzie dropped her eyes.

"It is," said she.

Slowly Robin turned his head and looked out over the heather.

"I was married only once," said he, very deliberately; "only once; an' I wish to God I was married yit, for it's meself is the lonesome man this day."

The women looked soberly at each other. Across the fire, old Daly awoke and sat staring in wonderment at Robin's hat. Mike Brady turned over on his back and began to yawn.

"I dunno if ye know it," said Robin, turning again to Lizzie, "but yisterday twelve months to a day it was that I buried Mary."

Lizzie flushed crimson, and cast down her eyes.

"Aw, aw," was all she could say.

"Yisterday twelve months to a day," Robin went on. "An' would ye believe me, it's jist the same wi' me the day as it was twelve months ago—jist as lonesome an' bewildered."

Mike Brady sat upright and, like old Daly, in sleepy amaze watched Robin slowly rise to his feet.

"It's a mortial curious kind o' feelin' comes over a man," said Robin, still very deliberately, and with his eyes fixed straight before him, speaking to no one in particular, "when he loses somethin' that he's got used to. If it's only an ould 'baccy knife he kind o' frets over losin' it; an' the longer he had it the more he misses it; an' when it's somethin' livin' that goes, an' ould dog, mebbe, or an ass, or somethin'—aw, sure, the feelin's woeful, woeful. It's lek as if the world was different, somehow, an' oneself, an'—an' iverything. Aw, yis, it's a mortial curious kind o' feelin'. An', if so be it's God's will that a man loses a child, or a sister, or—or—"

Robin paused, and, looking down at his boots, began rubbing his chin with his fingers. One or two of the potato skins and a spray of heather fell from his hat, but he never saw them fall. Like logs the three women and the two men sat watching him. James Daly still slept. Out in the heather, the children were shouting. From the fires here and there among the willow clumps, came the sounds of song and laughter.

"Nigh fifty years," Robin went on, and raised his face, "I lived wi' Mary—nigh fifty years; an' all the time, 'cept one day an' night I spent in Glann witnessin' to a lawsuit, I was niver parted from her. Fifty year; sure it must be we got well used to each other. Aw, ay, it must be. Sure it stands to sense that when two people eat for fifty years at the same table, an' work together, an' sleep together, an' do iverything together, that—that one's not oneself at all but jist as much one as t'other. Sure it must be. Aw, I know it; well I know it."

Again Robin paused. James Daly awoke; yawned; slowly raised his eyes; all at once caught sight of Robin's heather-decked hat.

"Why—why," he began; "what in glory, Robin—"

"Ah, whisht, ye *bodach*, ye," snapped Anne, his wife; "whisht wi' ye."

Robin fixed his eyes on Rhamus hill, and went on:

"Ay, but it's wonderful the grip a woman has on a man when he's lived wi' her for fifty years. Ay, it's astonishin'. An' ye niver know how astonishin' it is till ye lose her. Naw, ye niver know till then. Losin' anythin' else in the world's nothin' to it; nothin' at all. Ye get used to that, in a week, or a month, or so; but niver, niver do ye get used to th' other. Niver, niver! Ah, well I know it. . . . Twelve months ago, an' a day more, I buried Mary. That's a longish time, ye'd think, long enough anyway to get used to missin' her. But, somehow, I can't get used to it. How is it, will ye tell me? How does it come that ivery night I start from me sleep an' stretch out me hand to feel if she's there—an' she isn't; an' ivery night I lie awake from that on till mornin', jist lyin' frettin' an' frettin', an' thinkin' an' thinkin'? An' how is it, will ye tell me, that when I'm lightin' the fire o' mornin's, or lacin' me boots, or eatin' me breakfast, or doin' anythin' at all, I keep turnin' me head as I used to do when she spoke or I heard her foot? An' what is it sends me wanderin' about the house as if I was lookin' for somethin'—lookin' for somethin', I dunno what? An' then I ramble about the fields, an' do this an' that, an' see this an' that, an' all the time me mind is ramblin', an' I go moonin' an' stumblin' about jist as if I was lookin' for a thing I'd dropped. What makes me carry on like that, now? An' then I come back; an' when I lift the latch, somehow there's a kind o' dread on me, for I know the house is empty as the grave, an' I know I'll keep hearin' things, an' imaginin' things, an' doin' quare things. Aw, it's mighty curious, odious strange. An' through it all I know I'm foolish; aw, I know it. I know she's dead, an' buried; an' I know I'll niver see her in this world again; an' I keep tryin' to get used to it, an' tryin' to make the best o' things, seein' 'twas God's will an' can't be helped; but it's no use, no use. I can't forget things; I can't get used to the loneliness; an', for all I know, if I was to live to be a hundred it'd be jist the same, an' I'd be as lonely then as I am this mortial day. I'd go home then, jist as I'll go home the day, knowin' that there's an empty house waitin' for me, an' a dark hearth; an' I'd go moonin' about, an' in an' out, an' up an' down, jist as if I was hopin' to see some one or tryin' to find somethin'. An' the foolishness of it, sirs, the foolishness of it! For, sure, there's nothin' to be found, nothin' in the world; an' there, starin' me in the face, iver an' always, is Mary's ould chair, an' there's her boots, an' her shawl, an' her specs, an' the chair's empty, an' the boots, an' iverythin'. Ay, iverythin's empty, house an' all, house an' all —an' it's meself only feels like a ghost in it."

Robin stopped, rubbed his chin for a moment, then turned to Lizzie. "So ye'll see," he said, and strove to smile a little, "ye'll see that, mebbe, when all's considered, I've had enough o' marryin' to do my time."

"Aw, God help ye," moaned Anne Daly; "God help your ould heart."

But Lizzie, her face all wet with tears, ran to Robin.

". . . AN' IT'S MESELF ONLY THAT FEELS LIKE A GHOST IN IT. . . ."

"Wait, Robin," said she, and deftly began plucking away the sprigs of heather from his hat; "wait, me son, till I fix the band on that ould hat o' yours—sure it's all crooked, an' up an' down. There, now it's better; an' may God forgive me this day!"

"Forgive ye for what, child?" asked Robin.

"Aw, for me sins," cried Lizzie; "an' may God be good to you. But aisy, now, till I fix ye up a bit. Aisy now," said she, and knotted his scarf; then buttoned his waistcoat; then stooped and laced up his boots; last of all took the old man by the hand. "An', now, come away wi' me," said she, "till I help ye catch the ass, an' get the scraws for the fire. Come away."

"I will," said Robin. "Good-by, Anne, ye girl, ye—an' James—an' all. God keep ye."

"Aw, good-by, Robin," said Anne Daly, and spoke for the rest. "Good-by, me son, an' may the angels keep ye and comfort ye."

So, hand in hand, Robin and Lizzie started; and just as they set foot on the heather, Lizzie turned her head and flashed a look at James Daly as he sat staring hard into the fire.

"An' now, James Daly," cried she; "*now* what have ye got to say for yourself?"

THE OLDEST RECORD OF CHRIST'S LIFE.

THE FIRST COMPLETE ACCOUNT OF THE RECENT FINDING OF THE "SAYINGS OF OUR LORD."

By Bernard P. Grenfell, M.A.,

One of the two discoverers of the manuscript.

WITH INTRODUCTION BY F. G. KENYON, M.A.

IN the following article Mr. Grenfell describes the discovery of one of the most interesting documents that has come to light of recent years. It is not much to look at: a single small page, measuring less than six inches by four, of the ancient writing material known as papyrus, containing on each side some twenty lines of Greek writing; a rubbed, tattered, mutilated waif from a rubbish heap in one of the many lost and buried cities of Egypt. Yet what is it? The earliest, and far the earliest, record of the words spoken by our Lord Jesus Christ upon earth; the oldest document, by more than a century, in which the name of Jesus is written.

Hitherto the oldest documents containing the record of our Lord's life have been the famous Vatican and Sinaitic manuscripts of the New Testament, the former being at Rome, the latter at St. Petersburg. These are believed to have been written in the fourth century—say, somewhere about A.D. 350. The Alexandrian manuscript, in the British Museum, is perhaps seventy-five years later than these. But this scrap of papyrus, dug up last winter in Egypt by Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt on behalf of the Egypt Exploration Fund, is declared by experts to have been written at the end of the second or the beginning of the third century—say, somewhere about A.D. 200. Thus a space of 150 years is wiped away by this discovery. Hitherto an interval of 300 years separated the life of Christ from the earliest extant copy of any record of it; now that interval is reduced by one-half, and any day the spade of the explorer may cut off another fifty or a hundred years from the interval that still remains.

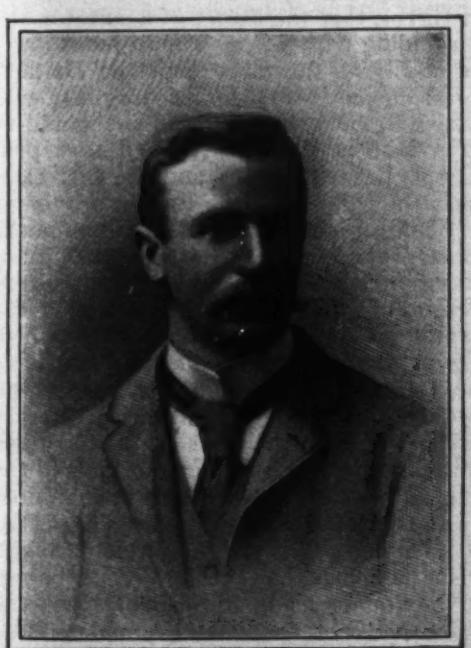
Seventeen hundred years ago some humble Egyptian Christian was carrying about a little pocket volume in which were inscribed some of the words spoken by Christ upon earth. It was not a handsome volume, such as would have suited the library of

Editor's Note.—Mr. Bernard P. Grenfell and his associate in the discovery of the "Sayings of Our Lord," Mr. Arthur S. Hunt, Fellows of Oxford University, England, were particularly well equipped, in point of scholarship, for the exploration they undertook and for interpreting the important discovery which it fell to them to make. They have just published the manuscript in facsimile, and a translation of it, with a commentary, in a small pamphlet, through Henry Frowde, London and New York. It is by the kind permission of Mr. Frowde that we reproduce a page of the manuscript in facsimile here.

a rich man. Such a volume would, in those days, have been in the form of a roll, provided with ornamental rollers and perhaps covered with a wrap to protect it from harm. The book form to which we are accustomed was, at first, only used for note-books, and then for cheap copies of literary works; and it was more as a note-book than as a work of literature at all that this precious leaf must have been regarded by its first possessor. Into this note-book, which was of a size to be easily carried about with him, he had copied some of the sayings of our Lord, from a collection made, we know not how much earlier—perhaps in the days when the Apostles were still alive, almost certainly before the four Gospels had come to be recognized as the sole authoritative records of our Lord's life. Some of these sayings are certainly authentic, since they are also preserved in the inspired Gospels. Some of them are not found in the Gospels; but who shall say whether they are or are not authentic? If we had the whole book which that Egyptian Christian once carried about with him, we could answer this question more surely; but we have only a single leaf, separated from the others by some chance, and preserved by the marvelous dryness of the climate and soil of Egypt amid thousands of other fragments of papyrus in the rubbish heaps of Behnesa. One leaf, with eight sayings, each prefaced by the formula, "Jesus saith"; three of them completely or substantially identical with sayings recorded in the Gospels, three of them wholly new, the other two so much mutilated as to be unintelligible; yet, small as it is, the oldest extant record of our Lord's life upon earth.

HOW WE FOUND THE "LOGIA."

N spite of the number of excavations which have been conducted in Egypt during the last twenty years, comparatively little has yet been done for the scientific exploration of the many ancient town ruins with which the country is studded, especially along the edge of the desert. The superior attractions of temples and tombs for the excavator have caused the sites of towns to be left, except in a few notable cases, to native diggers, whether for nitrous earth or for antiquities, with the result that many of the most valuable objects found never even reach the dealers' shops, while all the historical information concerning their date and *provenance* is lost.



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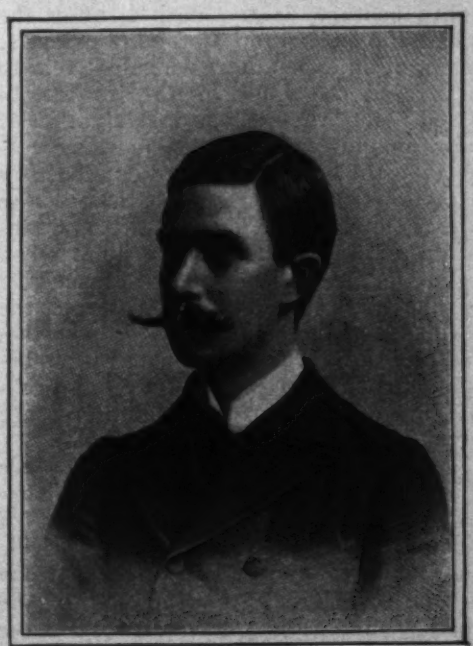

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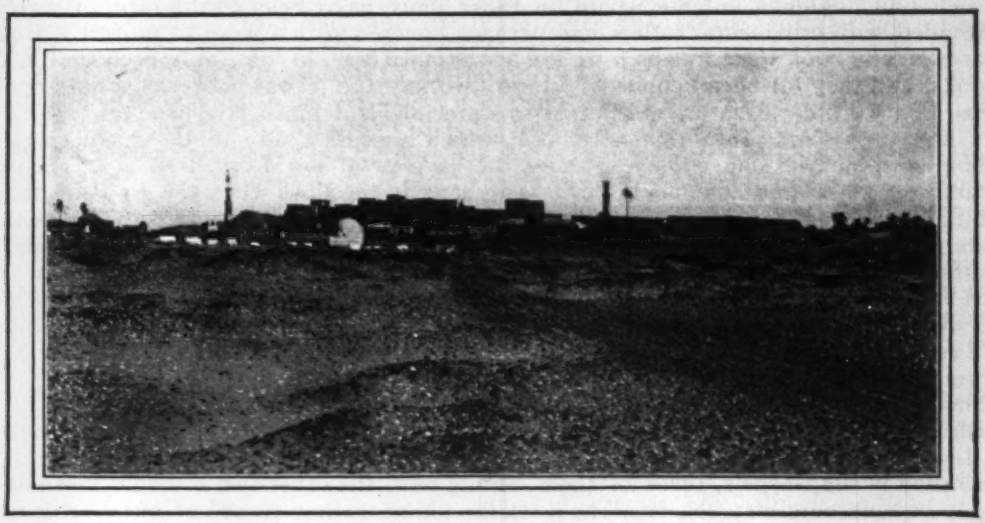


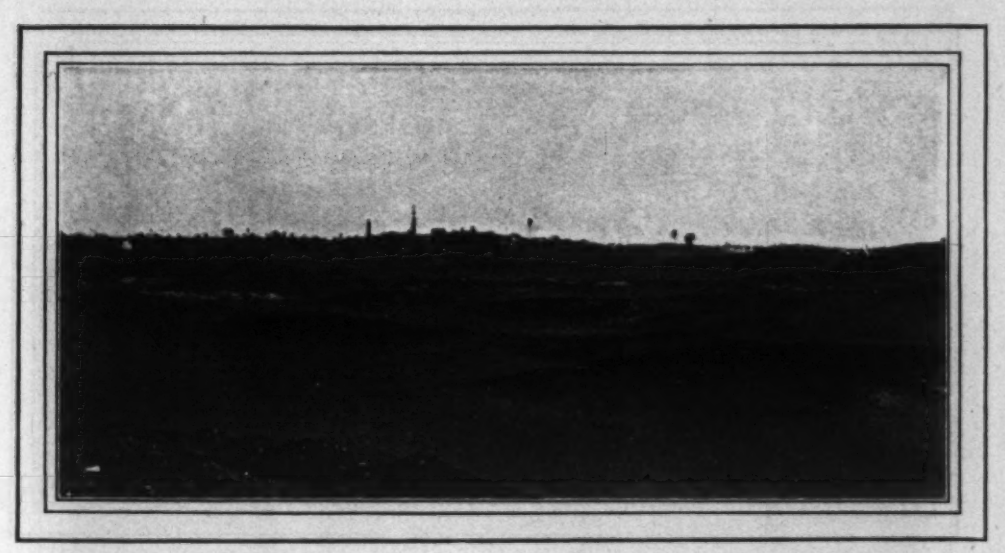
BEHNESA FROM THE SOUTH.

The principal reason for this avoidance of town sites on the part of excavators has been the fact that most ancient Egyptian towns continued to be inhabited until at least Roman times, probably the most flourishing period, in point of population, in all Egyptian history. Hence the majority of the ancient town ruins belong to that period; and, in the case of most sites which are known to be much older, the accumulation of late house ruins and debris, dating generally from the second to the eighth century, is too deep to allow the systematic excavation of the lower levels, except at an expenditure which is likely to far exceed the value of the results obtained. But though the investigation of these mounds which conceal nothing earlier than the first century presents but few attractions to most Egyptologists, whose interest in Egyptian history, art, and language naturally ceases at the point when Egypt finally lost her independence and became absorbed in a larger whole, the town sites of the Roman period, nevertheless, offer a fertile field for excavation, because it is in their ruined houses and rubbish mounds that papyri, and, above all, Greek papyri, are chiefly to be found.

The first find of Greek papyri took place about 120 years ago, when fifty complete rolls were discovered in a pot at Memphis, near Cairo, by some natives, who, however, burnt them all except one (so the story runs) "for the sake of the smell." Since then, Greek papyri have been found from time to time, especially during the last twenty years, and discoveries like that of Aristotle's treatise on the Athenian Constitution and that of the Gospel of Peter have opened up a new prospect of recovering the lost treasures of classical antiquity and early Christian literature, which recalls the days of the Renaissance.

But it has been by native diggers in nearly every case, not by the scientific explorer, that the most important discoveries of papyri have been made; and so much unauthorized digging for antiquities has unfortunately been allowed to go on in Egypt, that the choice of a suitable site for finding papyri is now much narrowed, especially as the climate of the Delta is not sufficiently dry for so fragile a substance to be preserved, and the would-be excavator is therefore limited to Upper Egypt, between Cairo and the first cataract, the frontier of the Roman province.

I had for some time felt that one of the most promising sites left was the city of Oxyrhynchus, on the edge of the western desert, 120 miles from Cairo. Being the capital of one of the districts into which Egypt was anciently divided, it must have been the abode of many rich people who could afford to possess a library of literary texts. Though the ruins of the old town were known to be fairly extensive, and the site still continued partly to be inhabited up to the present day, no papyri appeared to have come from it, a fact which, though it might mean that there were no papyri to be found, made it probable that the place had not been much plundered for antiquities in recent times. Above all, Oxyrhynchus seemed to be a site where fragments of Christian literature might be



BEHNESA FROM THE NORTHWEST AND LOOKING ACROSS THE MOUNDS OF OXYRHYNCHUS.

expected of an earlier date than the fourth century, to which our oldest manuscripts of the New Testament belong; for the place was renowned in the fourth and fifth centuries on account of the number of its churches and monasteries, and the rapid spread of Christianity about Oxyrhynchus, as soon as the new religion was officially recognized, implied that it had already taken strong hold during the preceding centuries of persecution.

The wished-for opportunity for digging at Oxyrhynchus offered itself last autumn, when leave was obtained by the Egypt Exploration Fund for Professor Flinders Petrie and myself to excavate anywhere in the strip of desert between the Fayûm and Minya, ninety miles long, in which Oxyrhynchus is situated. That place was chosen to be our headquarters, and work was begun there by Professor Petrie, who, after digging for a week and finding that both the ancient town and the cemetery belonged to the Roman period, handed over the excavations to Mr. Hunt and myself, and left to dig an early Egyptian site some forty miles to the north.

The ruins of Oxyrhynchus are seven miles from the Nile, just inside the desert and on the west bank of the Bahr Yusuf ("Joseph's river"), a branch of the Nile, about 100 yards wide, which runs out of the main stream some distance north of Assiout, and after flowing along the desert edge for 120 miles, cuts through the low range of the Libyan Hills, and creates the fertile oasis of the Fayûm. The area covered by the ancient town is a mile and a quarter long by half a mile broad, its modern representative, Behnesa, still occupying a small fraction of it on the east side. It must have remained an important place until medieval times, since, though the village consists of merely a few squalid huts, there are four once handsome mosques, now rapidly falling to ruin, and the surface of about half the whole site is strewn with early or medieval Arabic pottery and debris of houses belonging to the same period.

The decline of Behnesa is due to its unprotected situation on the desert side of the Bahr Yusuf; for it is thus exposed to frequent nocturnal raids on the part of the Bedawîn Arabs, who are settled in considerable numbers along this part of the desert edge, and who, in accordance with their immemorial custom, sanctioned, so they claim, by the Creator Himself, eke out their otherwise precarious modes of subsistence by depredations upon their more prosperous neighbors. One of these raids took place while we were there, and an attempt was made to get into our house, which had been built a few yards outside the village; but the would-be marauders decamped on being fired at by our two native guards. Not indeed that they need have been frightened by the antique muzzle-loaders such as our worthy guardians possessed, but the Bedawîn, knowing the fellaheen's temperament well enough, does not expect to be resisted. It not infrequently happens that a small party of Bedawîn will raid a whole village of fellaheen without any serious opposition; for, as the fellah admits himself, when he hears the robbers in the next house, he lies very still lest he should

MOUND IN WHICH THE LOGIA FRAGMENT WAS FOUND.

attract them to his own. Probably the best way to put a stop to this would be to adopt some such system as that which is being employed with great success by the English government in Burma to suppress dacoits, six of whom used to be enough to "hold up" a village. Instead of a village being compensated by the government for being raided, the rest of the village has not only to make good the damage done to the victims, but to pay all the expenses connected with the capture of the robbers—a system which, I am told, is producing quite a high degree of public spirit among the villagers.

But to return to Behnesa: Its only claim to distinction is its modern cemetery, the largest one in the district, and a place of peculiar sanctity owing to the number of holy men buried there, including a local saint of much repute, Dakrûri, whose white-domed tomb is a conspicuous object in the broad desert plain extending from Behnesa towards the hills. The cemetery is immediately to the west of the village, and outside it, stretching far to the north and south, a series of low, irregular mounds with intervening hollows and low ground strewn with bricks and pottery, partly covered with a coating of wind-blown sand, marks the site of Oxyrhynchus, the mounds farthest from the village being the most ancient.

My first impressions on walking over the site were not very favorable. The size of the town, which is over a mile in length, made the prospect of discovering papyri appear at first sight almost as far off as that of finding the proverbial needle; and, still more, the condition of utter ruin to which a thousand years' use as a quarry for stone and bricks had reduced the site, made it contrast unfavorably with the Fayûm towns which we had excavated the year before, where many of the houses and buildings still had their walls standing. But at Oxyrhynchus it was clear from the first that little beyond the foundations of buildings was left, and that, if papyri were to be found, they would be not in houses, but in the rubbish mounds. The distinction is one of much importance in digging for papyri, because those found in rubbish mounds, having been thrown away as waste paper, are generally in an extremely fragmentary condition, while in houses, on the other hand, which, after being deserted, have become filled up with sand, one may find collections of complete rolls, sometimes buried in pots, sometimes lying loose on the floor, just as they had been left when the house was deserted by its last occupant.

Though the great majority of papyri have been recovered from town ruins, Greek papyrus rolls are occasionally, though very rarely, found buried in tombs; and those which have been discovered in this way have, as a rule, proved the most valuable of all; for a manuscript would not be buried with its owner unless it were some special literary treasure, whether classical or theological. We therefore devoted our attention first to exploring the ancient cemetery.

The Egyptians generally buried their dead in ridges of high ground near the edge of the desert, though often, for

SOME OF OUR FELLAHEEN DIGGING FOR PAPYRI.

greater security, the cemeteries were hidden far back in the hills. At Oxyrhynchus there were no hills nearer than seven miles, and the intervening ground is a flat plain with scarcely a rise. In this plain, however, and parallel with the town, at a distance of a quarter of a mile to a mile from the ruins, we found many tombs, chiefly of the second to the fourth century. As is the case with so many Egyptian cemeteries, most of the tombs which were worth plundering had been opened long ago; and those which had not been disturbed contained little of interest, especially as they had been dug in low ground and were affected by damp working up through the soil, so that any papyrus which might have been buried there would have perished long ago. So, after three uneventful weeks, we resolved to start work upon the town.

On January 11th we sallied forth at sunrise with some seventy workmen and boys, and set them to dig trenches through a mound near a large space covered with piles of limestone chips, which probably denotes the site of an ancient temple, though its walls have been all but entirely dug out for the sake of the stone. The choice proved a very fortunate one, for papyrus scraps at once began to come to light in considerable quantities, varied by occasional complete or nearly complete private and official documents containing letters, contracts, accounts, and so on; and there were also a number of fragments written in uncials, or rounded capital letters, the form of writing used in copying classical or theological manuscripts. Later in the week Mr. Hunt, in sorting the papyri found on the second day, noticed on a crumpled uncial fragment written on both sides the Greek word *ΚΑΡΦΟΣ* ("mote"), which at once suggested to him the verse in the Gospels concerning the mote and the beam. A further examination showed that the passage in the papyrus really was the conclusion of the verse, "Thou hypocrite, cast out first the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to pull out the mote that is in thy brother's eye;" but that the rest of the papyrus differed considerably from the Gospels, and was, in fact, a leaf of a book containing a collection of sayings of Christ, some of which, apparently, were new. More than that could not be determined until we came back to England.

The following day Mr. Hunt identified another fragment as containing most of the first chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel. The evidence both of the handwriting and of the dated papyri with which they were found makes it certain that both the "Logia" and the St. Matthew fragment were written not later than the third cen-

tury, and they are, therefore, a century older than the earliest manuscripts of the New Testament. It is not improbable that they were the sole remains of a library belonging to some Christian who perished in the persecution during Diocletian's reign, and whose books were thrown away.

Finding that the rubbish mounds were so fruitful, I proceeded to increase the number of workmen and boys up to 110, and the flow of papyri rapidly became a torrent which it was difficult to cope with. Each lot found by a pair (man and boy working together) had to be kept separate from the rest; for the knowledge which papyri are found together is frequently of great importance, as, for instance, in determining the date of the "Logia;" and since it is inevitable that some papyri should get broken in the process of getting them out of the closely packed soil, it is imperative to keep together, as far as possible, fragments of the same document. We engaged two men to make tin boxes for storing the papyri, but for the next ten weeks they could scarcely keep up with us.

The papyri were, as a rule, not very far from the surface of the rubbish; in one patch of ground, indeed, merely turning up the surface with one's boot would sometimes disclose a roll; and it was seldom that we found them at a greater depth than ten feet, though we made various efforts by digging deep, especially in the earlier mounds, to find papyri earlier than the first century A.D. But our attempts were not successful, and the explanation seems to be that, as in the case of the tombs, the damp soaking from below had proved fatal to what papyri there may have been in the lower levels. It was not uncommon to find at a much less distance than ten feet from the surface, in the lower mounds, rolls which had been hopelessly spoiled by damp. Sometimes the papyri were scattered at various depths all over a mound, but generally they were confined to one or two layers of the rubbish, those in each layer having been thrown away about the same time.

This was particularly the case in three mounds where large quantities of rolls were found together, probably representing part of the local archives or record offices at different periods. It was the custom in Egypt during the Roman period to carefully store up, in the government record offices at each town, official documents of every kind dealing with the administration and taxation of the country; and to these archives even private persons used to send letters, contracts, and other documents which they wished to keep, just as we send similar documents to a solicitor or banker. Of course, after a time, when the records were no longer wanted, a clearance became necessary, and it seems that the old papyrus rolls were put in baskets or on wicker trays, and thrown away as rubbish.

We on several occasions came upon places where a basketful of papyri had been thrown, and sometimes we even found them in the actual baskets. Unfortunately, it was the practice to tear most of the rolls to pieces first, and of the rest many had naturally been broken or crushed after being thrown away, while in some cases the rubbish mounds had been partially burnt; so that the amount discovered which is sufficiently well preserved to be of use bears but a small proportion to what the whole amount might have been. Still, even as it is, the number of fairly well-preserved documents in these three great finds is very large, especially in the case of the third, which took place on March 18th and 19th, and was, I suppose, a "record" in point of quantity. On the first of these two days we came upon a part of a mound which had a thick layer of almost solid papyrus. There was room for six pairs of men and boys to be working simultaneously at this storehouse, and the difficulty was to find enough baskets in Behnesa to contain all the papyri. At the end of the day's work, no less than thirty-six were brought in, many of them stuffed with fine rolls, three to ten feet long. Fortunately, we had some large packing-cases at hand, in which we had brought our stores from Cairo, and as the baskets were required for the next day's work, Mr. Hunt and I set to work at nine o'clock in the evening to stow away the papyri. The task was only finished at three in the morning; and on the following night we had a repetition of it, for twenty-five more baskets were filled before the place was exhausted.

This was our last great find, as the best ground had now all been dug; but we continued the excavations for nearly a month longer, at the end of which we packed up the papyri in twenty-five large cases, weighing altogether nearly two tons, and despatched them to Cairo. One hundred and fifty of the largest and finest rolls were taken for the Gizeh Museum; the rest is now at Oxford, where Mr. Hunt and I are engaged in the lengthy task of sorting and unrolling. The thorough examination of

this vast collection will be the work of years, and it is impossible yet to say what may be discovered in it.

Our diggers, with the exception of four trained men from the Fayûm, who had experience of digging for papyri and kept a general lookout over the others, were drawn from Behnesa and the surrounding villages. The site of Oxyrhynchus had been very little touched by antiquity-hunters, and we were fortunate therefore in obtaining a very unsophisticated body of men, who knew nothing about *anticas*, to start with, and appeared very well satisfied with the *bakhshish* which they received for all that they found. The idea of the natives with regard to the motive of the excavators is that they are in search of gold, or at least of ancient coins. That there should be any interest attaching to "old paper" is, of course, quite beyond their comprehension; and, though ready enough to make a profit out of our apparent folly, they no doubt regarded our desire for papyri as a proof of that madness which is generally attributed to Europeans by the fellaheen second only to that afforded by our taking the skulls found in the ancient cemetery back to England in order to measure them. An amusing illustration of the fellaheen's speculations on the latter subject was given us two years ago at Nagada, whence Professor Petrie took back to England all the skeletons found in the so-called "New Race" cemetery. The current explanation, we found afterwards, of our proceedings was that in England there was a great paucity of population, and that in consequence we came out to Egypt to dig up skeletons, in order that by means of magic we might bring them back to life, and so make new men out of them.

EXACT FACSIMILE OF THE RECTO SIDE OF THE PAPYRUS.

The excavator in Egypt is not much troubled by the restrictions which hamper the independence of employers of labor in this country. There is no question there about an eight-hours day. Sunrise to sunset, with an hour off at noon, makes a nine to eleven-hours day even for the youngest, and one does not hear much about "half-timers." As the papyrus digging was

comparatively light work, I had more boys than men diggers, the former being not only easier to manage and more trustworthy, but quite as keen about the work as the men, which is rather remarkable, seeing that all their earnings go to their parents. But I should think nearly every boy in the district who could walk wanted to be taken on to the work. Some of the tiny applicants really looked as though they had only recently left their cradles, if they had ever known such luxuries, which, of course, they had not. One of the smartest workers of all was also the smallest, a little chap about eight years old, who had a wonderful eye for the right kind of soil for finding papyri. I am afraid some tender-hearted persons would have thought me a very brutal taskmaster, if they could have seen some of these children lifting and carrying away heavy baskets of rubbish all day, clothed, perhaps, if the weather was hot, in nothing but a cap on their heads and a piece of string round their waists. But I think the same persons would have retracted their opinion, if they could, at the end of the day's work, have seen the said infants racing each other home over the sand dunes, while I plowed my way painfully in the rear.

People naturally think of excavating as a continuous process of looking on at the discovery of valuable things; but there is, of course, another side to it, which is, in reality, much the more prominent of the two. There are many more blanks than prizes drawn in this, perhaps the most legitimate, form of lottery, though the world does not hear much of the first. And even when Fortune is, on the whole, kind, she generally bestows her gifts at rare intervals, in the hope of which the excavator has to bear weeks and often months of monotony. Moreover, superintending excavations in Egypt means standing all day to be half choked and blinded by the peculiarly pungent dust of ancient rubbish, blended on most days with the not less irritating sand of the desert; probably drinking water which not even the East London Waterworks would have ventured to supply to its consumers, and keeping incessant watch over men who, however much you may flatter yourself to the contrary, will steal if they get the chance and think it worth their while to do so.

Still the excavator's life has a fascination possessed by few other pursuits; and though at present the task of publishing the papyri which we have found is more pressing than that of discovering new ones, I look forward to the day, not very distant, I hope, when I shall once more exchange the pen for the measuring stick, and the close atmosphere of the study for the freedom and independence of the desert.

OUR ENCAMPMENT.

THE MAKING OF A REGIMENT.

WHAT A SERVICE OF SEVEN MONTHS DID FOR A TROOP OF RAW VOLUNTEERS.

By Ira Seymour.

THE process by which men were made soldiers in our late war was one of the most remarkable things in that phenomenal conflict. Men who had no taste for military life, no desire for martial glory, and none save the most rudimentary military training were enlisted, uniformed, organized into regiments, officered often with those as ignorant of war as themselves, equipped, armed, and sent into the field within a few months, or even a few weeks, after being mustered into service. And these raw regiments were speedily molded into well-disciplined and effective battalions, fit to be members of a famous army.

All this is history more or less well known, but the way in which the result was accomplished is not so familiar, and perhaps the experience of one who was a member of one of these regiments may be worth telling.

I remember—I was but a boy then—how, at the time of the news from Sumter and the President's first call for troops, the pastor of the village church spoke on a Sunday morning to a breathless congregation and closed with the trumpet call, "Who will go to the war?"

Instantly in the gallery one man stood up. He was a veteran who had served in the regular army in Mexico. There were others, but I mention him because he was typical. Into the earliest formed regiments went the few like the soldier of Mexico who had seen actual warfare, also the pick of the members of the city militia organizations; and into these first regiments went the enthusiasm of the nation's first burst of patriotism. Then, too, the delays of the first year of the war gave opportunity for drill and discipline of the regulation sort, often under officers of West Point training. These oldest regiments were, therefore, the flower of the army, and in a peculiar way the model and foundation of it. But after Gettysburg—indeed, before that memorable battle—they had become terribly reduced in number and actually formed but a fraction of the mighty host.

THE ENLISTMENT.

The history of the later regiments was different. Enthusiasm, though it did not die, cooled. Something else took its place, something more truly characteristic of the great crisis. I do not know how to give it a name. It was a spirit that entered into the nation, a solemn and compelling impulse that seized upon men whether they would or no. Many attempted to resist, but successful resistance was blasting to peace of mind. The voice of this spirit asked insistently, "Why do you not go to the war?" And it was not easy for an able-bodied man to prove his right to stay at home. It was in obedience to this impulse that men went into regiments formed during the year of 1862. The day for illusions was passing; the grim character of the

struggle was becoming too evident. "Going to the war" meant no possibility of holiday excursion, for the stress of the crisis hastened new regiments to the front with small delay; the calls for troops were urgent, and they summoned to serious work. It was by one of these calls that we were mustered, and it was marvelous how quickly ten full companies were enlisted in the county. Local pride had its influence; the county contained one large manufacturing town and several important villages. Town vied with country, and each village with every other, in completing its quota of men. There were other influences. "A draft" was beginning to be talked of, and there were some who said, "I would rather volunteer now than be drafted a few months later." Then, too, for the first time, a bounty was promised. It was small in comparison with the sums afterwards offered, but sufficient to turn the scale with waverers. And yet the chief impulse was that imperious spirit of the hour which had begotten the feeling in every man's breast that until he had offered himself to his country he owed an unpaid debt; and when a regiment was actually in process of organization in your own neighborhood, this was brought home with redoubled force; when friends and neighbors to whom perhaps the sacrifice was greater than it possibly could be to yourself came forward, very shame made it difficult to hold back. Men really too old for service forgot a few years of their life and persuaded the mustering officer to wink at the deception. Boys, whose too glaring minority had alone prevented them thus far, yet in whose ardent hearts the spirit of the hour burned the more hotly by delay, sprang to the opportunity. In our own company there were a few men over forty-five years of age and a much larger number of whom it would be a stretch of truth to say they were eighteen. It was pretty much the same throughout the ten companies. There were laboring men and mechanics, manufacturers and their employees, storekeepers and clerks, a few farmers, and a few students. There were young men from the best families in the county and some ne'er-do-wells, but the mass of the company and of the regiment was composed of plain, intelligent men, workers in the industries of a busy community. As to nationality, there were a few Germans and a sprinkling of Irish, but the body of the regiment was American of old and solid New England and Dutch stock.

THE FIRST OFFICERS.

We enlisted on a strictly equal footing, and chose our own company officers. The field officers, the colonel, lieutenant-colonel, and major, were elected by the company officers and appointed by the governor of the State. The non-commissioned officers, the sergeants and corporals, were selected by the captains.

The captain of our own company was a jeweler and an old member of a city militia organization. Our first lieutenant was a banker's clerk, and our second lieutenant a mechanic who had in some way acquired an excellent knowledge of tactics. These were fair examples of the officers of the regiment. Out of the forty or more of them, ten had served in the State militia; a few of these ten had been with the "three months' men" who were called out at the beginning of the war; scarcely one of them had ever seen a shot fired in anger; the large majority, like the mass of the men, were destitute of any real military knowledge.

As to the colonelcy, the officers had fixed their desires upon a member of one of the old regiments, a highly qualified man; but the State authorities, in their inscrutable wisdom, refused to appoint him and sent us instead a staff officer who, though he had seen some slight service, was ignorant of infantry tactics and without experience in actual command. He was, however, an imposing individual, a fine horseman, with a decidedly military bearing and a self-assurance which temporarily concealed his defects.

THE ALPHABET OF TACTICS.

Such, then, was the regiment when it was ready to be mustered into the service. You might say, "This is not a regiment; it is a mob," and you would be wrong. The men had gone through no such process of drill as is considered essential to the making of soldiers, yet they were not utterly ignorant even in this matter. It would have been hard at that time to find a young American who did not know something of the rudiments of infantry tactics. The political campaigns immediately preceding the war, with their semi-military organizations and their nightly processions, were a preparation for what followed which has been too little noticed. And when the war began, in every village "Home Guards" or drill classes were formed, and

Hardee's and Casey's "Tactics" were well known and carefully studied books. We were all inexperienced, but only a small minority of the thousand men and officers were absolutely ignorant of military drill; moreover, the mass of them were intelligent Americans, who learned quickly and easily. When we left the home camp a few weeks after enrolment, we could march deceptively well, and the regiment actually received praise for its fine appearance from spectators whose frequent opportunities had made them critical. Yet we were sadly defective. To keep step, to march by companies, to execute self-consciously a few motions of the manual of arms, is but the alphabet of tactics. The battalion, not the company, is the tactical unit, and until a regiment has mastered the battalion drill and has learned skirmish work it is unfit for modern warfare. In these essential things we were utterly unpractised.

There is also something else more important than drill. With regularly trained troops perfection of drill is simply the index of discipline. We were, in fact, very imperfect in both. Our discipline was certainly lax, yet even this was not wholly lacking. We were not a crowd of enthusiasts. Even at home we had for a year and a half lived in an atmosphere of war; the breath of battle from afar had reached us; we knew something of what it meant to be soldiers and what we were going into. The spirit of the hour enveloped us, and when we were formally mustered in and, with our right hands raised to heaven, took the oath of service, there was no wild cheering; there was instead a feeling of awe. The soul of the army, the mysterious solidarity of the mighty compelling organization, seemed to take possession of us; we knew that we were no longer our own. Discipline is already half learned when men are thus made ready for it.

Washington was our first destination. We made the journey in freight cars, and on our arrival went into camp under canvas for the first time. It was shortly after the battle of Antietam, and the city was half camp, half hospital. Everywhere one met the monotonous blue uniforms: officers hurrying hither and thither; wounded convalescents, pale and weary, strolling about; sentries and squads of provost guards; occasionally a brigade of dusty and tattered veterans from the front, marching through the streets; and near the railroad stations, trainloads of wounded men, who had been brought in from the overcrowded field hospitals, lying on the floors of box cars, the stench of their undressed hurts filling the air. Everywhere the atmosphere of war emptied of its glamour!

The Capital was the sore heart of the nation, and our glimpse of it was a wholesome lesson. It sobered us; it took away all lingering sense of insubordination and taught us the relentless power of the mighty machine of which we had become a part, and into which we knew we must be fitted.

BEGINNING ARMY LIFE IN EARNEST.

In a few days we were sent to Frederick City, and our army life began in earnest. For more than a week we slept without tents, upon the ground, under the open sky. We also took final leave of railroad transportation. We had to learn the use of our feet and the meaning of the march. After a short stay at Frederick, orders came to proceed to Hagerstown. Western Maryland was at that time strongly held by the Union forces, yet it was not a perfectly secure country. It was subject to raids of the enemy's cavalry, and there was a spice of danger in our march. We proceeded by easy stages; though, unseasoned as we were, the ten or twelve miles a day with our heavy loads seemed long enough; and at night when we made our bivouac we took carefully guarded positions and threw out pickets. Once there was a rumor that Stewart's raiders were in the neighborhood, and our colonel made us a little speech in his bravado style. He told us that we must not load our muskets, "that he greatly preferred the bayonet!" Fortunately, we were unmolested. Everywhere along our march through that beautiful Maryland hill country we saw the marks of war. We crossed the famous South Mountain and a corner of the Antietam battlefield. There were groups of lonely graves by the roadside, and here and there the white tents of lingering field hospitals. On one night we camped near Phil. Kearney's old brigade, one regiment of which had come from our own neighborhood. Some of us went over to their camp to visit friends whom we had not seen since the beginning of the war. We saw the evening dress parade of that choice regiment. They were fresh from the perils and hardships of the campaign; their ranks were sadly thinned, their clothes worn to rags, many

On the March.

of the men were nearly shoeless; but their rifles and their fighting equipments were in perfect order, and their dress parade was performed with a precision which could scarcely have been surpassed had they been a battalion of regulars in garrison, with spotless uniforms and white gloves.

TAKING EXAMPLE FROM THE VETERANS.

When we reached Hagerstown we found that we were assigned to a brigade of veterans, Yankees from the far North, who had come from their ancestral mountain farms at the first call of their country. They were, in many respects, a contrast to our friends whose dress parade we had witnessed. For those military forms and ceremonies so dear to the heart of the professional soldier they had small regard. They were noted foragers. Their commander, an officer of the regular army who afterwards became a distinguished division chief, said of them, with mingled vexation and admiration, "I never saw such men. It is impossible to tire them out. No matter how far or how hard you march them, at night they will be all over the country stealing pigs and chickens." Their five regiments were all from one State, and their *esprit de corps* was very strong. With quaint Yankee drawl they used to boast, "This old brigade has never been broke, and it never shall be." And I think they made good their word to the end. They obeyed their officers with prompt devotion, but only because they knew that this was a necessary part of discipline; they had small reverence for rank or place. One of them once said to me, "When I am on guard, if I see an officer coming I always try to be at the other end of my beat, so that I won't have to salute him." And yet in small essentials these men were very precise soldiers. One evening one of them came over from his regiment to visit us. The enemy suddenly opened fire from his batteries away beyond the river. It was a common occurrence. There was no special danger; the regiments were not even formed in line; yet this veteran promptly took his leave. "You know," he said, "that when firing begins a man ought to be in his place in his own company." It was so always. With all their independence and contempt for conventionalities, the discipline prevailing in that brigade was really most rigid. They were not fond of reviews, and took no special pains to make a show on such occasions; but to see the splendid line they kept in that deadly charge on the Fredericksburg heights, when one of their small regiments lost over a hundred men in a few moments, was enough to bring tears of admiration from a soldier's eyes; and at Salem Heights, when at evening Stonewall Jackson's men, concentrated in overwhelming force, came down upon us in sudden savage charge, and the brigade at our right was "smashed like a pitcher thrown against a rock," when every other hope seemed gone, these Yankees stood firm, with unbroken ranks, and saved the Sixth Corps from disaster.

These were the soldiers whose example became our chief teacher in the art of war. Greenhorns as we were, they received us kindly into their fellowship, and, while they criticized freely, they were ever ready to give us full meed of praise for anything we did well.

INTO THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY.

We were scarcely settled in our brigade camp before orders came which set the whole army in motion. From picturesque Hagerstown we marched toward the Potomac, and encamped for a few days in a

grove of magnificent oaks. There was some musical talent of the popular sort in our regiment, and it had crystallized into a glee club whose free concerts about the camp-fires were the delight of the whole brigade and did much to make us pleasantly acquainted with our new friends. One of the men was an expert performer on the banjo, and he had brought his dearly beloved instrument with him. Poor fellow, he was more fit for the concert-room than for a soldier's life, and a few weeks afterward he succumbed to the toil of the march. He "straggled" and was gobbled, banjo and all, by the Confederate cavalry, and we saw him no more.

On the Picket Line.

Reluctantly we left our pleasant camp under the oaks, and a short march brought us to the banks of the Potomac and in view of a pontoon bridge. That river was a Rubicon. On the other side of it lay the debatable land, the region of bloody battle, and the bridge which, like a dark line of fate, lay across the water in the glow of twilight, seemed the final decision of our destiny. We had dreamed that we were to be employed in garrison duty to relieve older and more experienced troops. Now we knew that we must take our share, raw as we were, in the toil and peril of the coming campaign. Soldiers never know their destination on the march. Even the officers, unless they be corps or division commanders, are usually as much in the dark as the humblest privates, and the river, with its pontoon bridge, was a revelation to our veteran friends as well as to ourselves. We listened to their comments with hushed attention. "Well, here we are once more; here is the river and there are the pontoons, and we are going over into Virginia again. The inhabitants of the land are all rebels, and yet the last time we were over there our generals were mighty tender towards them. No foraging was allowed, and we submitted tamely; we spared the inhabitants. But this time, may the gods do so to us and more also if we spare them!"

There was something of the Cromwellian spirit among these Yankees, and in spite of the provost guard, they made good their threat.

REAL EXPERIENCE OF THE MARCH.

The crossing of that river in the morning marked a new stage in the making of the regiment. We entered upon our first real discipline, and it was that of the march. Our tramp through Maryland, which had seemed so severe, was really child's play. Now we were part of a great campaigning host, a mere unit in the moving mass, in which we must perforce keep our place. The discipline of the march may seem very simple, and it is, in fact, simpler in some ways than people suppose who have formed their ideas from what they have seen in city parades. The tactics of the march are elementary. The soldier must know how to keep his place in a column of fours; the regiment must be able instantly to form in line. That is about all. On the march there is no attempt at keeping step; there is far less apparent order than in a political parade. Each man carries his gun as he pleases, only so that he interferes with no one else. Yet, with loose order and apparent freedom there is really severest restraint. The ranks must be kept closed up; to lag, even when you are most weary, is a fault; to drop out of your place and "straggle" is a crime. A man is but a cog in the wheels of a remorseless machine, and he must move with it. The march is an art which some otherwise well-drilled troops are slow in acquiring. A regiment of infantry is seldom allowed the road. When an army is moving through a hostile country, the roads are monopolized by the artillery and the supply and ammunition

trains; foot soldiers must take to the fields, find a way over plowed ground or meadow, through fences, through brush, through woods, across bridgeless streams. In spite of obstacles the column must press on, keeping its formation intact, and keep closed up. This is no simple matter.

Battle is one trial of a soldier's quality; the march is another scarcely less severe. It tries endurance. Did you ever walk twenty miles in a day? It is not a long walk, and it may be delightful. But if you have had to carry even a light satchel or a fish-basket, with your wading-boots, you know how the trifling load tells before the day is over; how you try it first in one position, then in another, and each seems worse than the last. Now suppose yourself loaded with knapsack containing your half of a shelter tent, your blanket, and a few other necessaries; haversack filled with three days' rations; cartridge-box with from forty to sixty rounds of ammunition; canteen of water, heavy musket and bayonet—fifty or sixty pounds in all. Your twenty miles will equal forty without the load; yes, more than that, even if you could walk at will and choose the easiest paths, which is precisely what the soldier cannot do. You must stumble over stony places, and push through briars, and wallow through swampy ground, or toil through soft fields; now and then you must wade a brook up to your knees or deeper, and for the next hour your shoes will weigh a pound more than they ought and gather mud and absorb gravel. Perhaps the regiment may take the highroad for a time, and the dust, beaten small and deep by preceding hoofs and wheels, will enshroud you in a horrible cloud from which there is no escape, and penetrate every crevice of your clothing, and fill your eyes and ears and mouth and nostrils, and blind and choke you.

There is no martial music to cheer you on; only the monotonous command, "Close up, men!" You lose consciousness of your soul; you know only that your have a body. Even that seems not to belong to you; it seems a badly oiled machine, part of a greater machine. And, then, on hot days the thirst! Your canteen will soon be exhausted; you will look with longing eyes at every stagnant puddle, and when a brook is reached—I have then seen men break through all restraint and madly dash at the water in spite of the drawn swords of officers vainly struggling to keep the ranks whole. As the day wanes the weariness amounts to agony. Every bone aches, every nerve is unstrung; strong men lose their self-control, sometimes almost their manhood.

The moods of men on the march are a curious study. Perhaps early in the day the whole line will break into song, especially if the route happens to be through an inhabited town. The Maryland villages used to ring with

> "John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the grave,
> But his soul goes marching on."

Then silence will fall on every one as the burden begins to tell. Not a word will be spoken until some one breaks out with an oath, and then, all up and down the line, every man who ever swears will answer, and the air will be blue with blasphemy.

War takes no account of Sabbaths. We often marched day after day until we fairly lost track of time, and you might hear a dialogue like the following:

"Bill, what day is this?"

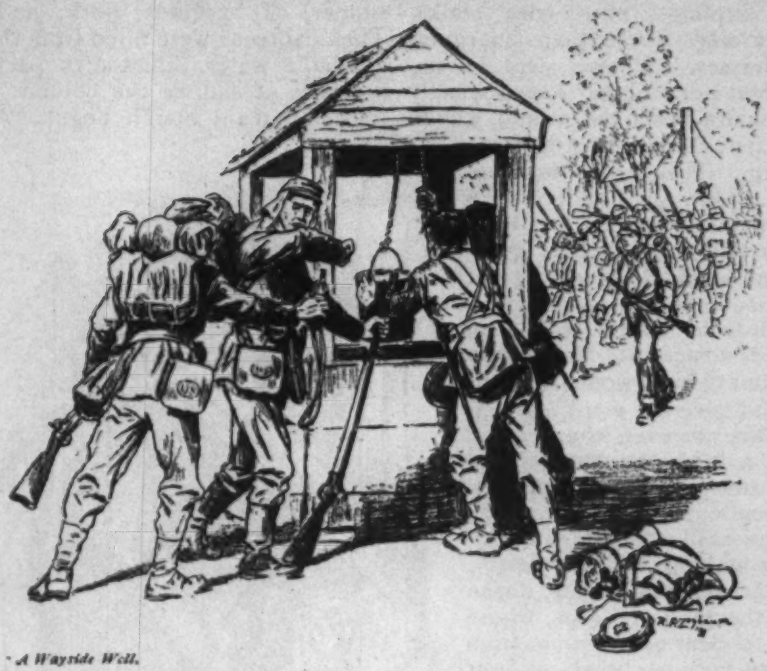
"Why, don't you know? This is Sunday."

"By George! is that so? Well, there's no rest for the wicked!"

And then the men would begin to talk about home, and somehow over the rudeness of war and the weariness of the march a breath of hallowed air would seem to waft itself, and the far-off sound of Sabbath bells would seem to steal, and the dim faces of distant loved ones would rise before us, until the spell would perhaps be broken by another chorus of profanity.

WEEDING OUT THE INEFFICIENT.

By force of stern necessity we became a good marching regiment long before we had half learned tactical drill, and the discipline did several important things for us. Our marching was not peaceful; it was through a hostile country. The enemy's cavalry hung about our flanks and rear, and the sound of cannon was frequent. We had as yet no fighting, but we were constantly threatened, and that helped the discipline. It taught us unceasing vigilance and the need of perpetual readiness; it also tried the nerves of our officers. The unfit ones began to drop off. First our lieutenant-colonel, then our major, was smitten with what the men called "cannon fever." Their health failed suddenly, their resignations were offered and accepted, and we were well rid of them. The captain of Company A, who now be-



A Wayside Well.

came major, was a fine type of the class of men by whom our volunteer army was mainly officered. He was a plain citizen who had been superintendent in a manufactory, and his military knowledge was only such as could be gained in a militia company. He had, however, a strong soldierly instinct, and, better still, his personal character compelled respect. Familiar in manner, with no "airs," yet always dignified and firm; modest, yet, as we found when the test came, unflinchingly brave; with keen natural intelligence, quick to grasp a situation and prompt in action, he proved that good officers are born, not made. His awkwardness on horseback afforded amusement only for a little while. In a few weeks he rode like a cavalryman, and every fresh trial of his quality raised him in our esteem and affection.

The weeding process worked among the men in a different way. The old and weak and physically unfit broke down. Some of them died; a number of them were discharged from the service. At the end of a month we had lost more officers and as many men as a smartly contested battle would have cost us, and instead of being weaker, we were distinctly stronger for it. The law of the survival of the fittest was beginning to work. In another way the weeding process proceeded. Every army requires a great many non-combatants as its servants. There must be wagoners, clerks at headquarters, ambulance drivers, hospital attendants, "detailed men" of many sorts, and each regiment has to furnish its quota of these. When, therefore, an order would come to detail a man, perhaps for ambulance driver, the colonel would send it down to a captain with the hint, "Detail the worst dead beat in your company." Sometimes these non-combatant positions were sought by those who had no stomach for the fight, and thus, in different ways, our thinned ranks became cleaner.

EATING AND SLEEPING ON THE MARCH.

We learned other things by the discipline of the march. We learned to live as soldiers must. Life in a well-ordered camp and camp life in the field are vastly different. The army lived in shelter tents. These were simply pieces of cotton cloth about six feet square, and each man carried one piece on his knapsack. Two or three buttoned together and stretched over such poles or sticks as could be found, or over muskets set in the ground when nothing else could be had, formed our habitation. We literally carried our houses on our backs. We slept on the ground, or, rather, we learned not to sleep on the ground. Pine branches made a luxurious bed, but anything served—dried grass,

boughs of saplings, even corn stalks, though they were worse than boarding-house mattresses. I have slept on unthreshed wheat—anything to keep the body from direct contact with the ground, which, even in summer, chills one through before morning. Then, wood for fires must be had. Through the hill country of Virginia we used the fences. When the welcome halt was called at evening and arms stacked, it was a sight to see eight or nine hundred men joining with wild cheers in a mad charge on the nearest rail fence. Sometimes our colonel would draw us up in line and give the word, so that all might have an even chance, and then, after a brisk scrimmage, the fence would disappear as if by magic. Dry rails made the best of campfires, but the skill which men developed at fire-making was wonderful. We had few axes beside the dozen carried by the pioneer corps, whose duty it was to clear obstructions from the road; we had to break up our rails or break down branches as best we could. Our jack-knives did yeoman service. Often green wood alone was available; and I have actually seen fires kindled in the midst of pouring rain with nothing but such apparently impossible materials as green pine saplings.

Two men from each company were detailed as cooks. They were seldom favorites with the men. On the march, and, finally, almost altogether, their services were dispensed with. We preferred to do our own cooking, especially when it came to the coffee. Coffee was our chief comfort and our main necessity. We carried it in the haversack, in a little bag with a partition: on one side ground coffee, on the other, smaller side, a little brown sugar; and we made it generously, and drank it strong. Coffee, hardtack, and salt pork were the standard marching rations.

It was curious to notice how men treated the rations question. Three days' supply at a time was dealt out to us. Some of the men would make way with their stock in two days, and then go begging among their comrades. Upon others excessive weariness acted as a stay upon appetite, and the three days' rations would be more than enough. I think these were the men who stood the hardship of the march best. After supper came sleep, the sleep of exhaustion; and then at daybreak, the reveille, roll-call, hasty breakfast (like the supper, of hardtack, pork, and coffee). Then canteens were filled from the nearest available water, knapsacks packed, and precisely at sunrise the column would be formed and the march begun. The rule

The Captain's Quarters.

was, march two hours, rest ten minutes, except at noon, when twenty minutes' rest was allowed.

At these rests the men would lie down wherever they happened to be, and think the hard ground blessed and the time too short. Sometimes, though this was later, during the battle season, we had night marches, and as illustrating the result of the discipline of the march even upon new troops, I have seen men, when halt was called at night, lie down in the dusty road and fall instantly fast asleep; but at the low-spoken order, "Fall in, men!" they would as instantly rise, and, before they were fully awake, step into their proper places in the line. Under the discipline of the march, in three months' time we had learned lessons which the best trained city militia regiments never learn and which made us veterans in comparison with them.

If you ask how we learned, I can only answer that we did as we saw the old

troops about us doing. And it is but justice to our colonel to say that he knew the duties of the march, and especially those of the camp, and was strict to the point of severity, with the officers especially.

Mating Camp.

An army of a hundred thousand men on the march would be a wonderful sight if one could see it, but the columns stretch too far to be visible all at once. They reach for miles, and woods or hills or valleys hide them. But occasionally we had impressive views from some height into the country below, over which the endless lines moved like vast serpents, and sometimes we had curious surprises. I remember how one day our regiment took an unfrequented road and we seemed to be alone. No other troops were in sight, and all day long we speculated upon our destination. Some thought we were being sent back to Washington for garrison duty; others that we were detached for some special, perhaps perilous, service. There were all sorts of surmises, but finally night came, and we camped on the hillside of a long and deep valley. We lighted our fires, and, in apparent response, other fires began to twinkle from the hills beyond and beside us and from down in the valley, and, as it grew darker, the fires increased in numbers and in brightness until, in every direction, as far as the eye could see, the lonely woods seemed changed as if by magic into a vast city. We were in the very midst of the great army; we had been marching with it all day.

THE FIRST BATTLE.

Our first battle was that of Fredericksburg, and we went into it under every disadvantage. Our showy colonel was absent on sick-leave, our only field officer was our yet untried major; in fact, not a single one of our officers had ever been really under fire, and, beside our imperfection in drill, we were wretchedly armed. In the haste to put us into the field, we had been supplied with Harper's Ferry smooth-bore muskets — antiquated weapons utterly unfit for modern warfare. We knew they were useless except at short range; we suspected that some of them would prove more dangerous to ourselves than to the enemy. The men despised them, and called them "stuffed clubs;" but they saved us from being sacrificed.

I was never prouder of my regiment than at the moment when we were ordered to the front. We had been for hours exposed to a long-range artillery fire, and one regiment after another of the brigade had been sent forward until we were left alone. We knew the helplessness of our inexperience and the uselessness of our old guns; yet when the command came there was no faltering. The men marched away with cheerful readiness, and in better line than we could often show on parade. But ere we reached the battle's bloody edge we were ordered back again. The commander of the brigade protested. He said that, armed and officered as we were, it would be sheer murder to send us in.

And so it happened that we saw that awful battle from afar, though for two days we endured one of the most trying of the ordeals which come to soldiers. We had to lie still and be shot at. Few indeed are hit by long-range artillery fire, but every catastrophe seems doubly dreadful because you see it all and can do nothing but wonder if it will be your turn next. You fall into a dolefully speculative mood and into watching for the sound of the howling shells. You can

A Ford.

tell if one is coming your way, but never just how near. Sometimes a shot will strike close in front and cover you with a shower of gravel, or a shell will explode over your head and rend the air with demoniac shrieks of flying fragments. Death seems even nearer and more horrible than in close battle, where you can do as well as suffer.

The panorama of that battle was a never-to-be-forgotten sight. From the amphitheater of hills on either side the river a hundred cannon roared. The space between seemed filled with a chorus of demons. In the lulls of this pandemonium, for miles along the line, the mournful, far-away skirmish fire echoed constantly, and ever and anon on that tragic Saturday, away at our right, we could hear the shouts of charging men coming like a fateful wail across the field, and then the steady roll of the Confederate file fire from the deadly stone wall, against which fourteen brigades were successively and vainly hurled. And every charging shout meant that men for duty's sake, but hopelessly, were meeting death by hundreds.

Incidents of that battle will always dwell in my memory. There I saw a soldier's death for the first time. We were in line with other troops well up toward the front. Beyond, in the open fields, the skirmishers were at work. We could see little of them save the puffs of smoke from their rifles. A man came over from a neighboring regiment to speak to a friend near me. As he stood talking, a bullet from the skirmish line struck him in the breast, and he fell at our feet. I can feel the shock that went through me even now.

Tragedy is scarcely ever without its by-play of comedy. We were for a time lying at rest behind a low, bare ridge, which slightly protected us from the enemy's fire. Suddenly a rabbit started up from a little clump of bushes. Three or four soldiers instantly sprang after him. Presently the rabbit neared the ridge and ran to the top of it, but his pursuers, now in full chase, forgot all danger and followed. And the picture in my mind is that of the rabbit and his reckless hunters darkly silhouetted upon the summit of the ridge and punctuated here and there with the sudden white cloud of a bursting shell. I think the rabbit escaped; the men, I know, came off unharmed.

We had had no breakfast, and when the enemy's fire lulled, several of the men tried to do a little cooking. A comrade near me was busily engaged in frying a piece of pork in a pan extemporized from an old canteen. Suddenly the batteries reopened; several stacks of muskets were struck, with the effect of making them look like a nest of snakes. Our commander said, "Some of you men might as well move up nearer the ridge, where there is better protection." I could see that my friend of the frying-pan was growing anxious. He looked at his pork and then at the shelter. It was hard to abandon his

breakfast; but life was growing dearer every moment, and with sudden impulse he left all and ran for refuge. How big Corporal J——, lying near me, laughed as he rescued and appropriated the burning pork! The man did not hear the last of that frying-pan incident for months; yet he was a brave fellow, and afterwards did his duty nobly in the face of far greater danger than any we saw that day.

Men will do queer things in battle. I knew of a regiment sent to support a battery when the enemy was about to charge. The men went to their post at the double quick with fixed bayonets, and just in front of the battery they were ordered to lie down so that the guns might fire over their heads. As they did so one man accidentally pricked another with his bayonet, and the fellow, enraged, struck at him. They dared not stand up to fight for fear of having their heads blown off by the battery close behind, and, therefore, on their knees, under the guns, they had it out in a fisticuff duel before the officers could interfere and stop them.

"A GOOD COLONEL MAKES A GOOD REGIMENT."

We lost only a few men at Fredericksburg, but we gained a great experience. The battle took place in December, and after it the army went into winter quarters. A field officer from one of the old regiments of the brigade was detailed to command us in the protracted absence of our colonel. He knew our defects. We needed drill. He gave it to us without stint, and worked us as we had never been worked before—company and skirmish drill in the morning, battalion drill all the afternoon, so that after the evening dress parade we were as weary as bricklayers. Nothing escaped his notice, and he made you feel that his eyes were on you personally, and his orders came in a sharp, explosive tone that made men jump. After an hour's hard work on the drill ground, some of us would grow careless, and then that rasping voice would startle the whole battalion. "Why don't that man hold that gun *properly*?" and a half dozen muskets would straighten up with a jerk.

Under our own colonel the discipline of the regiment had been excessive in unimportant details and lax in essentials. All this was changed. We felt ourselves ruled with an iron hand, yet with just discrimination, so that while we stood in awe of our new commander, we learned to like him greatly; the more so when we found that he liked us, and in a lurid, unrepeatable epigram expressed his opinion of what might have been made of us if he could have had us from the first. Then, too, he looked carefully after our comfort and our necessities. Some rascally quartermaster had nearly starved us with bad rations. He quickly stopped that. Moreover, to our great satisfaction, new rifles for the regiment arrived. We gladly bade good-by to our old "stuffed clubs," and we had occasional target practice with our new and effective weapons. A fresh spirit came into us; we imagined ourselves fit for anything.

Yet the regiment was really like a great boy who begins to think himself a man. The weeding process was still incomplete and progressing. Captains and lieutenants disappeared one by one. Some who were otherwise competent had broken down in health; others had been proved unfit. Their places were filled by promotions, mainly, of non-commissioned officers.

Our experience was precisely that of almost every volunteer regiment in the army. After the first twelve months' service the line was usually transformed. Sergeants and corporals, men who had been appointed because of fitness rather than chosen because of popularity or influence, came into command as company officers. In much less than a year not a single one of our original field officers remained, and only three of the ten original captains of companies.

As to the men in general, the weeding process showed some results worthy of record. It proved that very few men over forty years of age were fit for war, either physically or morally, and that boys from eighteen to twenty made excellent soldiers. It was not simply that the young fellows were more reckless, but they never worried about coming danger. They were more cheerful; they fretted less over privations; they actually endured hardships better than older and stronger men. Our losses among the boys were chiefly in battle; our losses among the old men were mainly by sickness and physical exhaustion. Doubtless it might be different with a body of men carefully selected and gradually inured to a soldier's life; but in our volunteer regiments, hastily enlisted, and composed of men whose habit of life was suddenly changed, the facts as observed in our experience would, I think, always hold good.

The monotony of camp life was broken

In Action.

by frequent picket duty. This was sometimes dangerous and often trying, especially to the non-commissioned officers, on whom special responsibility rested; yet in pleasant weather, at least, it was a welcome change from the dull routine of camp. It was also an essential part of our education. Pickets are the antennæ of an army. In the face of the enemy the antennæ become formidable as skirmishers. A picket line, in case of need, is quickly transformed into a skirmish line. Nothing teaches vigilance, the use of independent judgment, prompt action in emergency, and, at the same time, strict subordination, like outpost or skirmish work. We had some exciting and some amusing experiences.

One night the line ran through a swamp. It was moonlight, and in the small hours toward morning things looked weird and ghostly. In visiting my sentries I came to one of our boys, a mere stripling, whom I found in a state of high excitement. "Sergeant," he said, "I wish I could be relieved; I'm afraid to stay here." I asked him what the trouble was, and he anwered, "There's a wolf out there," pointing to a dismal clump of bushes. "I saw him come out of the woods and go across the swamp into those bushes. He was close to me. I do wish I could be relieved; I'm afraid to stay here alone!"

I knew it was a trick of the imagination, or possibly a stray fox, and told him so; but it was of no use. The poor fellow's terror was pitiful. Yet that same boy was afterward as bold as a lion when bullets were flying thick and men were falling about him.

A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE IN THE FAMOUS "MUD MARCH."

Toward the end of January there were rumors in the air. They furnished food for camp gossip, and were beginning to leave us skeptical, when orders came suddenly, and we found ourselves one gray morning actually on the move—where or why we knew not, though it was clear that no ordinary enterprise was at hand; for the whole army was in motion, and, in all our experience, never had a march been so forced. It was hurry, hurry, almost at a trot, with rests so infrequent and so short that men, from sheer inability to keep the pace, began to drop out of the ranks. The roads were good, but the sky was overcast, and when, early in the evening, we halted and pitched our shelter tents for the night, the weather was threatening. Before morning a cold, northeast storm had set in; all day long the icy rain poured down. The Virginia roads were speedily melting into muddy creeks. The movement of artillery or pontoon trains was fast becoming an impossibility; but at nightfall a desperate attempt was made. Our regiment was among the unfortunates detailed to extricate the ponderous pontoon train from its muddy fetters. Imagine a bridge of boats loaded upon wagons, each great flat-bottomed boat about twenty feet long, and, alternating with the boats, wagon-trucks loaded with bridge timbers,

Cold Steel.

six or eight horses to each of these unwieldy vehicles, and the whole train hopelessly mired in a rough wood road, wheels sunk to the hubs, horses floundering helplessly, some of them half dead with their terrible work; the night dark, the half-frozen rain pouring pitilessly—and then perhaps you may picture the task which was ours. Muskets, equipments, even overcoats were left at our tents. We were marched about a mile to the place where the pontoons were stalled; ropes were made fast to the wagons, and, with a hundred men to each, we dragged them one after another out of the woods into the open ground. There they sunk more hopelessly than ever. The force of men had to be doubled. We could have drawn them far more easily without wheels; but at last, when it was nearly midnight, they were all ranged upon solid ground on a little knoll.

As to ourselves, we were drenched with the rain, bruised with our falls, half frozen with the cold, and plastered with mud from head to foot. And in this plight we were kept standing idly for a bitter hour, waiting for another division of the pontoon train. But it never came, and finally we were permitted to return to our tents, where we found everything, even our blankets, soaked with the merciless rain.

The work and exposure had been horrible. I remember, as we marched back to camp, seeing one poor fellow, a member of a veteran regiment, who had apparently gone crazy under the strain; he was screaming and swearing wildly, while his comrades vainly strove to calm him.

By morning the failure of the enterprise, which was an attempt to surprise the enemy, was evident. The retreat of the army through the mud and the rain which followed was an experience the horror of which none that shared it can forget. The elements were the foes which prevailed against us then, and the demoralization of the army was worse than any we ever saw inflicted by battle with mortals. Many men died from exposure and exhaustion. This was the famous "mud march."

Winter passed quickly after this, and with the spring came preparation for a new campaign. Our jaunty colonel had recovered his health and returned to duty; the list of field officers was completed by the appointment of a new lieutenant-colonel. All that we knew of him was that he had served with distinction upon General Hancock's staff. He was eccentric in manner, and evidently unpractised in the handling of an infantry regiment, and we took to him none too kindly at first. But when we came to know him, his high character, his resourcefulness, and his noble courage won our admiration and our profound respect. He was destined soon to become the commander of the regiment.

A GLORIOUS CHARGE—THE LAST STEP IN THE MAKING OF THE REGIMENT.

The last step, the most important of all, in the making of the regiment was now before us. At the first Fredericksburg

we had endured the trial of battle in part and passively. The more real and active experience was now before us. We were members of Sedgwick's Corps, whose brilliant capture of the Fredericksburg heights turned the tide of disaster at the battle of Chancellorsville and failed to pluck victory from defeat only because of the unaccountable inertness of the commander of the Union forces. Our regiment was one of those chosen to form part of one of the storming columns. It may seem strange that new troops should be selected for such perilous and difficult duty, yet this was often done. The new regiments were strong in numbers; they had not been decimated by battle and disease; and though less reliable than older battalions, when no complicated manœuvers were required, when the only thing was to go straight forward against a fire from the front, their wild *élan* sometimes accomplished wonders. They were seldom spared in close battle; it was a way, though a costly one, to break them in and make soldiers of them. The heaviest losses often fell upon them.

Placed between two other regiments of the brigade, in a sunken road, where we were sheltered from the enemy's fire, we anxiously awaited the signal for the assault. We could see something of the work before us. Nearly a mile of open field lay between us and the base of the hills whose crests were crowned with the Confederate earthworks, and every foot of that open ground was swept by their fire. It must be crossed before the storming column could reach the heaviest part of its task and begin the real assault upon those deadly hills. All along at our right, away up into the streets of Frederick, a mile away, other columns were stationed at intervals, some of them facing stronger defenses than those against which our attack was to be directed.

At noon precisely, the signal guns boomed out, and we sprang to the charge. From the very first our colonel blundered. He failed to obey his orders; he led us wildly in a wrong direction under the very guns of one of our batteries. The hills in front of us flamed and roared with hostile fire, and our men were beginning to fall, but this disturbed us less than the confusing orders which sent us now this way, now that. It seemed as though the regiment was doomed to disgrace, if not to destruction. Then it was that we discovered the heroic character of our lieutenant-colonel. Ignoring his incompetent and now helpless superior, he calmly assumed command, and there, in the face of the enemy's fierce fire, halted us, re-formed our disordered line, and led us forward once more. There was no lack of courage in the men; they were willing to do all that could be asked of them. Throughout the remainder of that deadly though glorious charge the regiment proved that all it needed was what it had at last found—a true leader. We gained the crest of the hills along with the rest of the column. Our first real battle was fought. We had come through it, not indeed faultlessly—few new regiments ever do that—but so that we could look with reverence upon our torn flag, and view our sadly thinned ranks with sorrow, but without shame. Not perfectly, yet not unworthily, we had endured the ordeal of battle.

In seven months the regiment, which left home little better than a mob, save for the character of its members and the spirit which animated it, had become a battalion of seasoned and well-officered soldiers, fit to take its place in a brigade of veterans. We had learned to wear the armor so hastily put on. We had fitted ourselves to it.

If the story of the making of this regiment is worth the telling, that is not because it is in any way exceptional, but because it is typical. Some regiments were more fortunate than ours in their first commanders; some met the test of battle sooner. Details vary, yet the process through which we went is a fair example of that by which hundreds of thousands of peaceful American citizens were transformed into the soldiers of one of the most formidable armies of history. The process was not ideal; it was in many ways illogical, unmilitary, and wasteful; yet its results have seldom been surpassed.

FLANAGAN

AND HIS SHORT FILIBUSTERING ADVENTURE.

By Stephen Crane,

Author of "The Red Badge of Courage," "The Third Violet," etc.

I.

"I HAVE got twenty men at me back who will fight to the death," said the warrior to the old filibuster.

"And they can be blowed, for all me," replied the old filibuster. "Common as sparrows. Cheap as cigarettes. Show me twenty men with steel clamps on their mouths, with holes in their heads where memory ought to be, and I want 'em. But twenty brave men, merely? I'd rather have twenty brave onions."

Thereupon the warrior removed sadly, feeling that no salaams were paid to valor in these days of mechanical excellence.

Valor, in truth, is no bad thing to have when filibustering, but many medals are to be won by the man who knows not the meaning of pow-wow, before or afterwards. Twenty brave men with tongues hung lightly may make trouble rise from the ground like smoke from grass because of their subsequent fiery pride, whereas twenty cow-eyed villains who accept unrighteous and far-compelling kicks as they do the rain of heaven may halo the ultimate history of an expedition with gold and plentifully bedeck their names, winning forty years of gratitude from patriots, simply by remaining silent. As for the cause, it may be only that they have no friends or other credulous furniture.

If it were not for the curse of the swinging tongue, it is surely to be said that the filibustering industry, flourishing now in the United States, would be pie. Under correct conditions, it is merely a matter of dealing with some little detectives whose skill at search is rated by those who pay them at a value of twelve or twenty dollars each week. It is nearly axiomatic that normally a twelve-dollar-per-week detective cannot defeat a one-hundred-thousand-dollar filibustering excursion. Against the criminal the detective represents the commonwealth; but in this other case he represents his desire to show cause why his salary should be paid. He represents himself, merely, and he counts no more than a grocer's clerk.

But the pride of the successful filibuster often smites him and his cause like an ax, and men who have not confided in their mothers go prone with him. It can make the dome of the Capitol tremble and incite the Senators to overturning benches. It can increase the salaries of detectives who could not detect the location of a pain in the chest. It is a wonderful thing, this pride.

Filibustering was once such a simple game. It was managed blandly by gentle captains and smooth and undisturbed gentlemen who at other times dealt in the law, soap, medicine, and bananas. It was a great pity that the little cote of doves in Washington was obliged to rustle officially, and naval men were kept from their berths at night, and sundry custom-house people got wiggings, all because the returned adventurer pow-wowed in his pride. A yellow and red banner would have been long since smothered in a shame of defeat if a contract to filibuster had been let to some admirable organization like one of our trusts.

And yet the game is not obsolete. It is still played by the wise and the silent, men whose names are not display-typed and blathered from one end of the country to the other.

There is in mind now a man who knew one side of a fence from the other side when he looked sharply. They were hunting for captains then to command the first vessels of what has since become a famous little fleet. One was recommended to this man, and he said: "Send him down to my office, and I'll look him over." He was an attorney, and he liked to lean back in his chair, twirl a paper-knife, and let the other fellow talk.

The seafaring man came, and stood, and appeared confounded. The attorney asked the terrible first question of the filibuster

to the applicant. He said: "Why do you want to go?"

The captain reflected, changed his attitude three times, and decided ultimately that he didn't know. He seemed greatly ashamed. The attorney, looking at him, saw that he had eyes that resembled a lambkin's eyes.

"Glory?" said the attorney at last.

"No-o," said the captain.

"Pay?"

"No-o. Not that, so much."

"Think they'll give you a land grant when they win out?"

"No. Never thought."

"No glory. No immense pay. No land grant. What are you going for, then?"

"Well, I don't know," said the captain, with his glance on the floor, and shifting his position again. "I don't know. I guess it's just for fun, mostly." The attorney asked him out to have a drink.

When he stood on the bridge of his outgoing steamer, the attorney saw him again. His shore meekness and uncertainty were gone. He was clear-eyed and strong, aroused like a mastiff at night. He took his cigar out of his mouth and yelled some sudden language at the deck.

This steamer had about her a quality of unholy mediæval disrepair which is usually accounted the principal prerogative of the United States revenue marine. There is many a seaworthy icehouse if she was a good ship. She swashed through the seas as genially as an old wooden clock, burying her head under waves that came only like children at play, and on board it cost a ducking to go from anywhere to anywhere.

The captain had commanded vessels that shore people thought were liners, but when a man gets the ant of desire-to-see-what-it's-like stirring in his heart, he will wallow out to sea in a pail. The thing surpasses a man's love for his sweetheart. The great tank-steamer "Thunder Voice" had long been Flanagan's sweetheart, but he was far happier off Hatteras, watching this wretched little portmanteau boom down the slant of a wave.

The crew scraped acquaintance, one with another, gradually. Each man came ultimately to ask his neighbor what particular turn of ill-fortune or inherited deviltry caused him to try this voyage. When one frank, bold man saw another frank, bold man aboard, he smiled, and they became friends. There was not a mind on board the ship that was not fastened to the dangers of the coast of Cuba and taking wonder at this prospect and delight in it. Still, in jovial moments, they termed each other accursed idiots.

At first there was some trouble in the engine-room, where there were many steel animals, for the most part painted red, and in other places very shiny, bewildering, complex, incomprehensible to anyone who don't care, usually thumping, thumping, thumping with the monotony of a snore.

It seems that this engine was as whimsical as a gas-meter. The chief engineer was a fine old fellow with a gray mustache, but the engine told him that it didn't intend to budge until it felt better. He came to the bridge, and said: "The blamed old thing has laid down on us, sir."

"Who was on duty?" roared the captain.

"The second, sir."

"Why didn't he call you?"

"Don't know, sir." Later the stokers had occasion to thank the stars that they were not second engineers.

The "Foundling" was soundly thrashed by the waves for loitering while the captain and the engineers fought the obstinate machinery. During this wait on the sea, the first gloom came to the faces of the company. The ocean is wide, and a ship is a small place for the feet, and an ill ship is worriment. Even when she was again under way, the gloom was still upon the crew. From time to time men went to the engine-room doors and, looking down, wanted to ask questions of the chief engineer, who slowly prowled to and fro and watched with careful eye his red-painted mysteries. No man wished to have a companion know that he was anxious, and so questions were caught at the lips. Perhaps none commented save the first mate, who remarked to the captain: "Wonder what the bally old thing will do, sir, when we're chased by a Spanish cruiser?"

The captain merely grinned. Later he looked over the side and said to himself with scorn: "Sixteen knots! Sixteen knots! Sixteen hinges on the inner gates of Hades! Sixteen knots! Seven is her gait, and nine if you crack her up to it."

There may never be a captain whose crew can't sniff his misgivings. They scent it as a herd scents the menace far through the trees and over the ridges. A captain that does not know that he is on a foundering ship sometimes can take his men to tea and buttered toast twelve min-

utes before the disaster; but let him fret for a moment in the loneliness of his cabin, and in no time it affects the liver of a distant and sensitive seaman. Even as Flanagan reflected on the "Foundling," viewing her as a filibuster, word arrived that a winter of discontent had come to the stoke-room.

The captain knew that it requires sky to give a man courage. He sent for a stoker and talked to him on the bridge. The man, standing under the sky, instantly and shamefacedly denied all knowledge of the business. Nevertheless a jaw had presently to be broken by a fist because the "Foundling" could only steam nine knots and because the stoke-room has no sky, no wind, no bright horizon.

When the "Foundling" was somewhere off Savannah, a blow came from the northeast, and the steamer, headed southeast, rolled like a boiling potato. The first mate was a fine officer, and so a wave crashed him into the deck-house and broke his arm. The cook was a good cook, and so the heave of the ship flung him heels over head with a pot of boiling water, and caused him to lose interest in everything save his legs. "By the piper," said Flanagan to himself, "this filibustering is no trick with cards."

Later there was more trouble in the stoke-room. All the stokers participated save the one with a broken jaw, who had become discouraged. The captain had an excellent chest development. When he went aft, roaring, it was plain that a man could beat carpets with a voice like that one.

II.

One night the "Foundling" was off the southern coast of Florida and running at half speed toward the shore. The captain was on the bridge. "Four flashes at intervals of one minute," he said to himself, gazing steadfastly toward the beach. Suddenly a yellow eye opened in the black face of the night, and looked at the "Foundling," and closed again. The captain studied his watch and the shore. Three times more the eye opened and looked at the "Foundling" and closed again. The captain called to the vague figures on the deck below him. "Answer it." The flash of a light from the bow of the steamer displayed for a moment in golden color the crests of the inriding waves.

The "Foundling" lay to and waited. The long swells rolled her gracefully, and her two stub masts, reaching into the darkness, swung with the solemnity of batons timing a dirge. When the ship had left Boston she had been as encrusted with ice as a Dakota stage-driver's beard; but now the gentle wind of Florida softly swayed the lock on the forehead of the coatless Flanagan, and he lit a new cigar without troubling to make a shield of his hands.

Finally a dark boat came plashing over the waves. As it came very near, the captain leaned forward and perceived that the men in her rowed like seamstresses, and at the same time a voice hailed him in bad English. "It's a dead sure connection," said he to himself.

At sea, to load two hundred thousand rounds of rifle ammunition, seven hundred and fifty rifles, two rapid-fire field guns, with a hundred shells, forty bundles of machetes, and a hundred pounds of dynamite, from yawls and by men who are not born stevedores, and in a heavy ground swell and with the search-light of a United States cruiser sometimes flashing like lightning in the sky to the southward, is no business for a Sunday-school class. When at last the "Foundling" was steaming for the open, over the gray sea, at dawn, there was not a man of the forty come aboard from the Florida shore, nor of the fifteen sailed from Boston, who was not glad, standing with his hair matted to his forehead with sweat, smiling at the broad wake of the "Foundling" and the dim streak on the horizon which was Florida.

But there is a point of the compass in these waters which men call the northeast. When the strong winds come from that direction, they kick up a turmoil that is not good for a "Foundling" stuffed with coal and war-stores. In the gale which came, this ship was no more than a drunken soldier.

The Cuban leader, standing on the bridge with the captain, was presently informed that of his men thirty-nine out of a possible thirty-nine were seasick. And in truth they were seasick. There are degrees in this complaint, but that matter was waived between them. They were all sick to the limits. They strewed the deck in every posture of human anguish; and when the "Foundling" ducked and water came sluicing down from the bows, they let it sluice. They were satisfied if they could keep their heads clear of the wash; and if they could not keep their heads clear of the wash, they didn't

care. Presently the "Foundling" swung her course to the southeast, and the waves pounded her broadside. The patriots were all ordered below decks, and there they howled and measured their misery one against another. All day the "Foundling" plopped and foundered over a blazing bright meadow of an ocean whereon the white foam was like flowers.

The captain on the bridge mused and studied the bare horizon. He said a strong word to himself, and the word was more in amazement than in indignation or sorrow. "Thirty-nine seasick passengers, the mate with a broken arm, a stoker with a broken jaw, the cook with a pair of scalded legs, and an engine likely to be taken with all these diseases, if not more. If I get back to a home port with a spoke of the wheel gripped in my hands, it'll be fair luck."

There is a kind of corn whisky bred in Florida which the natives declare is potent in the proportion of seven fights to a drink. Some of the Cuban volunteers had had the forethought to bring a small quantity of this whisky aboard with them, and being now in the fire-room and seasick, and feeling that they would not care to drink liquor for two or three years to come, they gracefully tendered their portions to the stokers. The stokers accepted these gifts without avidity, but with a certain earnestness of manner.

As they were stokers and toiling, the whirl of emotion was delayed, but it arrived ultimately and with emphasis. One stoker called another stoker a weird name, and the latter, righteously inflamed at it, smote his mate with an iron shovel, and the man fell headlong over a heap of coal which crashed gently, while piece after piece rattled down upon the deck.

A third stoker was providentially enraged at the scene, and assailed the second stoker. They fought for some moments, while the seasick Cubans sprawled on the deck watched with languid, rolling glances the ferocity of this scuffle. One was so indifferent to the strategic importance of the space he occupied that he was kicked in the shins.

When the second engineer came to separate the combatants, he was sincere in his efforts, and he came near to disabling them for life.

The captain said, "I'll go down there and—" But the leader of the Cubans restrained him. "No, no," he cried, "you must not. We must treat them like children, very gently, all the time, you see, or else when we get back to a United States port they will—what you call—spring? Yes—spring the whole business. We must—jolly them. You see?"

"You mean," said the captain, thoughtfully, "they are likely to get mad and give the expedition dead away when we reach port again unless we blarney them now?"

"Yes, yes," cried the Cuban leader, "unless we are so very gentle with them they will make many troubles afterwards for us in the newspapers and then in court."

"Well, but I won't have my crew—" began the captain.

"But you must," interrupted the Cuban. "You must. It is the only thing. You are like the captain of a pirate ship. You see? Only you can't throw them overboard like him. You see?"

"Hum," said the captain, "this here filibustering business has got a lot to it when you come to look it over."

He called the fighting stokers to the bridge, and the three came meek and considerably battered. He was lecturing them soundly, but sensibly, when he suddenly tripped a sentence and cried: "Here! Where's that other fellow? How does it come he wasn't in the fight?"

The row of stokers cried at once eagerly: "He's hurt, sir. He's got a broken jaw, sir."

"So he has. So he has," murmured the captain, much embarrassed.

And because of all these affairs the "Foundling" steamed toward Cuba with its crew in a sling, if one may be allowed to speak in that way.

III.

At night the "Foundling" approached the coast like a thief. Her lights were muffled so that from the deck the sea shone with its own radiance, like the faint shimmer of some kinds of silk. The men on deck spoke in whispers, and even down in the fire-room the hidden stokers, working before the blood-red furnace doors, used no words and walked tip-toe. The stars were out in the blue-velvet sky, and their light with the soft shine of the sea caused the coast to appear black as the side of a coffin. The surf boomed in low thunder on the distant beach.

The "Foundling's" engines ceased their thumping for a time. She glided quietly forward until a bell chimed faintly

in the engine-room. Then she paused, with a flourish of phosphorescent waters.

"Give the signal," said the captain. Three times a flash of light went from the bow. There was a moment of waiting. Then an eye like the one on the coast of Florida opened and closed, opened and closed, opened and closed. The Cubans, grouped in a great shadow on deck, burst into a low chatter of delight. A hiss from their leader silenced them.

"Well?" said the captain.

"All right," said the leader.

At the giving of the word it was not apparent that anyone on board of the "Foundling" had ever been seasick. The boats were lowered swiftly, too swiftly. Boxes of cartridges were dragged from the hold and passed over the side with a rapidity that made men in the boats exclaim against it. They were being bombarded. When a boat headed for shore, its rowers pulled like madmen. The captain paced slowly to and fro on the bridge. In the engine-room the engineers stood at their station, and in the stoke-hole the firemen fidgeted silently around the furnace doors.

On the bridge Flanagan reflected. "Oh, I don't know," he observed, "this filibustering business isn't so bad. Pretty soon I'll be off to sea again, with nothing to do but some big lying when I get into port."

In one of the boats returning from shore came twelve Cuban officers, the greater number of them convalescing from wounds, while two or three of them had been ordered to America on commissions from the insurgents. The captain welcomed them, and assured them of a speedy and safe voyage.

Presently he went again to the bridge and scanned the horizon. The sea was lonely like the spaces amid the suns. The captain grinned, and softly smote his chest. "It's dead easy," he said.

It was near the end of the cargo, and the men were breathing like spent horses, although their elation grew with each moment, when suddenly a voice spoke from the sky. It was not a loud voice, but the quality of it brought every man on deck to full stop and motionless, as if they had all been changed to wax. "Captain," said the man at the masthead, "there's a light to the west'ard, sir. Think it's a steamer, sir."

There was a still moment until the captain called: "Well, keep your eye on it now." Speaking to the deck, he said: "Go ahead with your unloading."

The second engineer went to the galley to borrow a tin cup. "Hear the news, second?" asked the cook. "Steamer coming up from the west'ard."

"Gee!" said the second engineer. In the engine-room he said to the chief: "Steamer coming up to the west'ard, sir."

The chief engineer began to test various little machines with which his domain was decorated. Finally he addressed the stoke-room. "Boys, I want you to look sharp now. There's a steamer coming up to the west'ard."

"All right, sir," said the stoke-room.

From time to time the captain hailed the masthead. "How is she now?"

"Seems to be coming down on us pretty fast, sir."

The Cuban leader came anxiously to the captain. "Do you think we can save all the cargo? It is rather delicate business. No?"

"Go ahead," said Flanagan. "Fire away. I'll wait for you."

There continued the hurried shuffling of feet on deck and the low cries of the men unloading the cargo. In the engine-room the chief and his assistant were staring at the gong. In the stoke-room the firemen breathed through their teeth. A shovel slipped from where it leaned against the side and banged on the floor. The stokers started and looked around quickly.

Climbing to the rail and holding on to a stay, the captain gazed westward. A light had raised out of the deep. After watching this light for a time he called to the Cuban leader, "Well, as soon as you're ready now, we might as well be skipping out."

Finally the Cuban leader told him: "Well, this is the last load. As soon as the boats come back you can be off."

"Shan't wait for the boats," said the captain. "That fellow is too close." As the last boat went shoreward, the "Foundling" turned, and like a black shadow stole seaward to cross the bows of the oncoming steamer. "Waited about ten minutes too long," said the captain to himself.

Suddenly the light in the west vanished. "Hum," said Flanagan, "he's up to some meanness." Everyone outside of the engine-room was set on watch. The "Foundling," going at full speed into the northeast, slashed a wonderful trail of blue silver on the dark bosom of the sea.

A man on deck cried out hurriedly,

"There she is, sir." Many eyes searched the western gloom, and one after another the glances of the men found a tiny black shadow on the deep, with a line of white beneath it. "He couldn't be heading better if he had a line to us," said Flanagan.

There was a thin flash of red in the darkness. It was long and keen like a crimson rapier. A short, sharp report sounded, and then a shot whined swiftly in the air and blipped into the sea. The captain had been about to take a bite of plug tobacco at the beginning of this incident, and his arm was raised. He remained like a frozen figure while the shot whined, and then, as it blipped in the sea, his hand went to his mouth and he bit the plug. He looked wide-eyed at the shadow with its line of white.

The senior Cuban officer came hurriedly to the bridge. "It is no good to surrender," he cried; "they would only shoot or hang all of us."

There was another thin red flash and a report. A loud, whirring noise passed over the ship.

"I'm not going to surrender," said the captain, hanging with both hands to the rail. He appeared like a man whose traditions of peace are clinched in his heart. He was as astonished as if his hat had turned into a dog. Presently he wheeled quickly and said: "What kind of a gun is that?"

"It is a one-pounder," cried the Cuban officer. "The boat is one of those little gunboats made from a yacht. You see?"

"Well, if it's only a yawl, he'll sink us in five more minutes," said Flanagan. For a moment he looked helplessly off at the horizon. His under jaw hung low. But, a moment later, something touched him like a stiletto point of inspiration. He leaped to the pilot house and roared at the man at the wheel. The "Foundling" sheered suddenly to starboard, made a clumsy turn, and Flanagan was bellowing through the tube to the engine-room before anybody discovered that the old basket was heading straight for the Spanish gunboat. The ship lunged forward like a draught-horse on the gallop.

This strange manœuver by the "Foundling" first dealt consternation on board. Men instinctively crouched on the instant, and then swore their supreme oath, which was unheard by their own ears.

Later, the manœuver of the "Foundling" dealt consternation on board of the gunboat. She had been going victoriously forward, dim-eyed from the fury of her pursuit. Then this tall, threatening shape had suddenly loomed over her like a giant apparition.

The people on board the "Foundling" heard panic shouts, hoarse orders. The little gunboat was paralyzed with astonishment.

Suddenly Flanagan yelled with rage and sprang for the wheel. The helmsman had turned his eyes away. As the captain whirled the wheel far to starboard, he heard a crunch as the "Foundling," lifted on a wave, smashed her shoulder against the gunboat, and he saw, shooting past, a little launch sort of a thing with men on her that ran this way and that way. The Cuban officers, joined by the cook and a seaman, emptied their revolvers into the surprised terror of the seas.

There was naturally no pursuit. Under comfortable speed the "Foundling" stood to the northward.

The captain went to his berth chuckling. "There, now," he said. "There, now!"

IV.

When Flanagan came again on deck, the first mate, his arm in a sling, walked the bridge. Flanagan was smiling a wide smile. The bridge of the "Foundling" was dipping afar and then afar. With each lunge of the little steamer the water seethed and boomed alongside and the spray dashed high and swiftly.

"Well," said Flanagan, inflating himself, "we've had a great deal of a time, and we've come through it all right, and thank heaven it is all over."

The sky in the northeast was of a dull brick-red in tone, shaded here and there by black masses that billowed out in some fashion from the flat heavens.

"Look there," said the mate.

"Hum," said the captain. "Looks like a blow, don't it?"

Later the surface of the water rippled and flickered in the preliminary wind. The sea had become the color of lead. The swashing sound of the waves on the sides of the "Foundling" was now provided with some manner of ominous significance. The men's shouts were hoarse.

A squall struck the "Foundling" on her starboard quarter, and she leaned under the force of it as if she were never to return to the even keel. "I'll be glad when we get in," said the mate. "I'm going to quit then. I've got enough."

The steamer crawled on into the northwest. The white water sweeping out from her deadened the chug-chug-chug of the tired old engines.

Once, when the boat careened, she laid her shoulder flat on the sea and rested in that manner. The mate, looking down the bridge, which slanted more than a coal-chute, whistled softly to himself. Slowly, heavily, the "Foundling" arose to meet another sea.

At night, waves thundered mightily on the bows of the steamer, and water, lit with the beautiful phosphorescent glamour, went boiling and howling along the deck.

By good fortune the chief engineer crawled safely, but utterly drenched, to the galley for coffee. "Well, how goes it, chief?" said the cook, standing with his fat arms folded, in order to prove that he could balance himself under any condition.

The engineer shook his head slowly. "This old biscuit-box will never see port again. Why, she'll fall to pieces."

Finally, at night, the captain said: "Launch the boats." The Cubans hovered about him. "Is the ship going to sink?" The captain addressed them politely. "Gentlemen, we are in trouble, but all I ask of you is that you do just what I tell you, and no harm will come to anybody."

The mate directed the lowering of the first boat, and the men performed this task with all decency, like people at the side of a grave.

A young oiler came to the captain. "The chief sends word, sir, that the water is almost up to the fires."

"Keep at it as long as you can."

"Keep at it as long as we can, sir."

Flanagan took the senior Cuban officer to the rail, and, as the steamer sheered high on a great sea, showed him a yellow dot on the horizon. It was smaller than a needle when its point is toward you.

"There," said the captain. The wind-driven spray was lashing his face. "That's Jupiter Light on the Florida coast. Put your men in the boat we've just launched, and the mate will take you to that light."

Afterward Flanagan turned to the chief engineer. "We can never beach her," said the old man. "The stokers have got to quit in a minute." Tears were in his eyes.

The "Foundling" was a wounded thing. She lay on the water with gasping engines, and each wave resembled her death blow.

Now the way of a good ship on the sea is finer than sword-play. But this is when she is alive. If a time comes that the ship dies, then her way is the way of a floating old glove, and she has that much vim, spirit, buoyancy. At this time many men on the "Foundling" suddenly came to know that they were clinging to a corpse.

The captain went to the stoke-room, and what he saw as he swung down the companion suddenly turned him hesitant and dumb. He had served the sea for many years, but this fire-room said something to him which he had not heard in his other voyages. Water was swirling to and fro with the roll of the ship, fuming greasily around half-strangled machinery that still attempted to perform its duty. Steam arose from the water, and through its clouds shone the red glare of the dying fires. As for the stokers, death might have been with silence in this room. One lay in his berth, his hands under his head, staring moodily at the wall. One sat near the foot of the companion, his face hidden in his arms. One leaned against the side, and gazed at the snarling water as it rose and its mad eddies among the machinery. In the unholy red light and gray mist of this stifling dim inferno they were strange figures with their silence and their immobility. The wretched "Foundling" groaned deeply as she lifted, and groaned deeply as she sank into the trough, while hurried waves then thundered over her with the noise of landslides.

But Flanagan took control of himself suddenly, and then he stirred the fire-room. The stillness had been so unearthly that he was not altogether inapprehensive of strange and grim deeds when he charged into them, but precisely as they had submitted to the sea so they submitted to Flanagan. For a moment they rolled their eyes like hurt cows, but they obeyed the voice. The situation simply required a voice.

When the captain returned to the deck, the hue of this fire-room was in his mind, and then he understood doom and its weight and complexion.

When finally the "Foundling" sank, she shifted and settled as calmly as an animal curls down in the bush grass. Away over the waves three bobbing boats paused to witness this quiet death. It was a slow manœuver, altogether without the pageantry of uproar, but it flashed pallor into the faces of all men who saw it, and they groaned when they said: "There she goes!" Suddenly the captain whirled and knocked his head on the gunwale. He

sobbed for a time, and then he sobbed and swore also.

There was a dance at the Imperial Inn. During the evening some irresponsible young men came from the beach, bringing the statement that several boatloads of people had been perceived off shore. It was a charming dance, and none cared to take time to believe this tale. The fountain in the courtyard plashed softly, and couple after couple paraded through the aisles of palms where lamps with red shades threw a rose light upon the gleaming leaves. High on some balcony a mocking-bird called into the evening. The band played its waltzes slumberously, and its music to the people among the palms came faintly and like the melodies in dreams.

Sometimes a woman said: "Oh, it is not really true, is it, that there was a wreck out at sea?"

A man usually said: "No, of course not."

At last, however, a youth came violently from the beach. He was triumphant in manner. "They're out there," he cried. "A whole boatload!" He received eager attention, and he told all that he supposed. His news destroyed the dance. After a time the band was playing delightfully to space. The guests had donned wraps and hurried to the beach. One little girl cried: "Oh, mamma, may I go too?" Being refused permission, she pouted.

As they came from the shelter of the great hotel, the wind was blowing swiftly from the sea, and at intervals a breaker shone livid. The women shuddered, and their bending companions seized opportunity to draw the cloaks closer. The sand of the beach was wet, and dainty slippers made imprints in it clear and deep.

"Oh, dear," said a girl, "supposin' they were out there drowning while we were dancing!"

"Oh, nonsense!" said her younger brother; "that don't happen."

"Well, it might, you know, Roger. How can you tell?"

A man who was not her brother gazed at her then with profound admiration. Later she complained of the damp sand, and drawing back her skirts, looked ruefully at her little feet.

A mother's son was venturing too near to the water in his interest and excitement. Occasionally she cautioned and reproached him from the background.

Save for the white glare of the breakers, the sea was a great wind-crossed void. From the throng of charming women floated the perfume of many flowers. Later there floated to them a body with a calm face of an Irish type. The expedition of the "Foundling" will never be historic.

WHEN I HEARD THE LEARN'D ASTRONOMER.

When I heard the learn'd astronomer,
When the proofs, the figures, were ranged in columns before me,
When I was shown the charts and diagrams, to add, divide, and measure them,
When I sitting heard the astronomer where he lectured with much applause in the lecture-room,
How soon unaccountable I became tired and sick,
Till rising and gliding out I wander'd off by myself,
In the mystical moist night-air, and from time to time,
Look'd up in perfect silence at the stars.

From "Leaves of Grass," by Walt Whitman;
David McKay, Publisher, Philadelphia.
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UNKNOWN LIFE MASKS OF GREAT AMERICANS.

By Charles Henry Hart.

THE LONG HIDDEN CASTS OF THE LIVING FEATURES OF ADAMS, JEFFERSON, MADISON, AND OTHERS, MADE BY A SECRET PROCESS BY J. H. I. BROWERE, ABOUT 1825, AND THE STORY OF THEIR PRODUCTION, CONCEALMENT FROM THE PUBLIC, AND RECENT RECOVERY.

WHAT one generation fails to appreciate, and therefore decries and sneers at, a subsequent one comprehends and applauds. It is conspicuously so in discovery, in science, in poetry, and in art; so much depends upon the point of view and the environment of the observed and the observer. Were this not so, the very remarkable collection of busts from life masks taken at the beginning of the second quarter of this century by John Henri Isaac Browere, almost an unknown name to-day, would not have been hidden away until now, while the circumstances that led to their discovery are as curious as that the busts should have been neglected and forgotten for so long.

I was familiar with the tragic story told by Henry S. Randall, in his ponderous life of President Jefferson, of how the venerated sage of Monticello, within a year of his decease, was nearly suffocated by "an artist from New York," Browere, who attempted to take a mask of his living features, and how, in fear of bodily harm from the ex-President's irate black body-servant, "*the artist shattered his cast in an instant*," and was glad to depart hence quickly with the fragments which he was permitted to pick up.

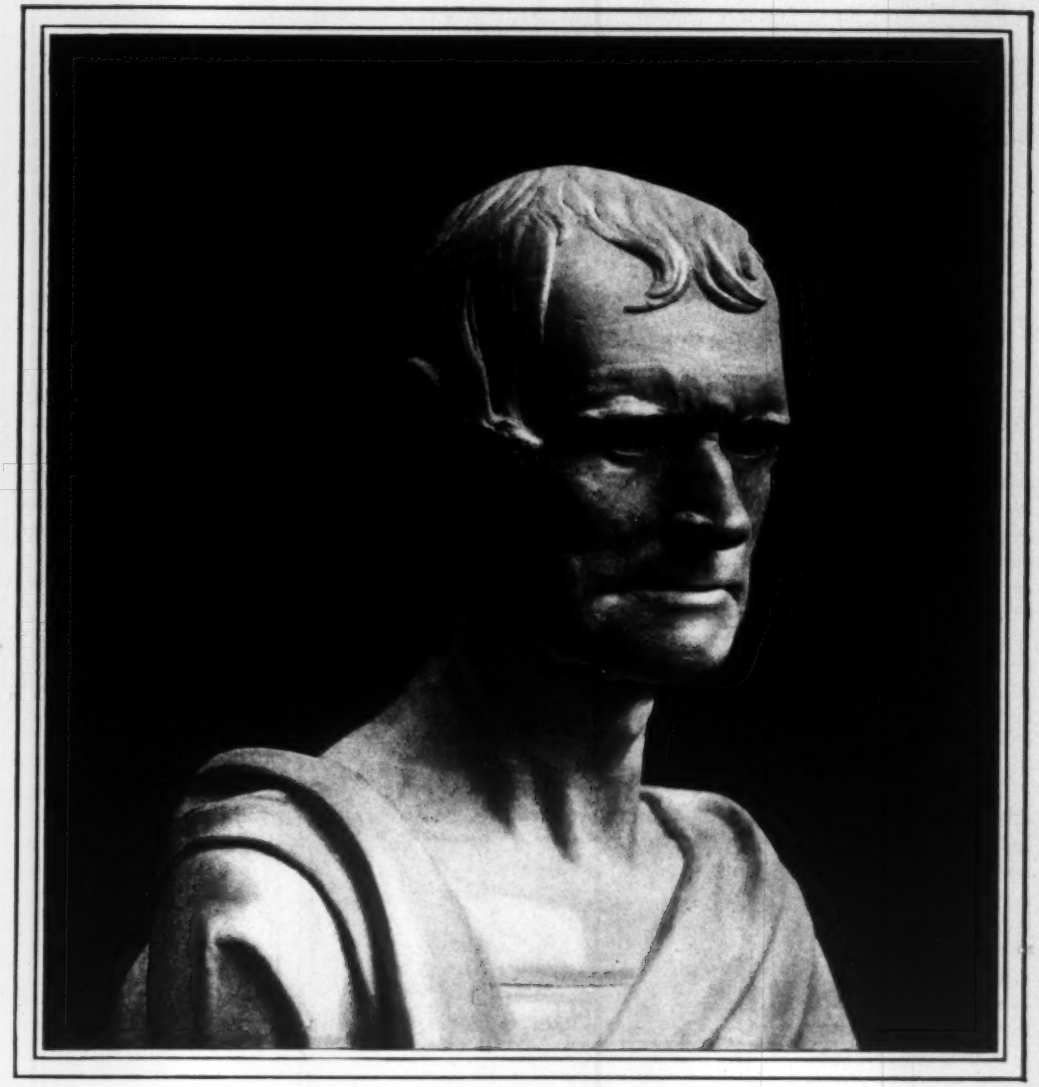
JOHN HENRI ISAAC BROWERE.

From the original water-color, of the same size as the reproduction, painted by his son, Albertus D. O. Browere, and now owned by Mrs. Frank Van Benschoten, Hudson, N. Y.

With this statement fixed in my mind, I came across a letter from James Madison to Henry D. Gilpin, written October 25, 1827, in which Madison writes, respecting Jefferson's appearance, "Browere's bust in plaster, from his mode of taking it, will probably show a perfect likeness."

I was struck, of course, by the utter inconsistency of Randall's circumstantial account of the shattered cast picked up in fragments and Madison's pointed observations upon "Browere's bust" as then in existence, fifteen months after Jefferson's death. Thus it became important to ascertain the exact status of the subject; a task I

Editor's Note.—The recovery of these busts has an uncommon human and historical importance, for they give us the first true revelation of these great men's faces. Now, after so many years, when our knowledge of their personal appearance, owing to the varied interpretations of artists, is largely traditional, we have them before us in the flesh, so that at a glance we know them as we know our friends—as living men.

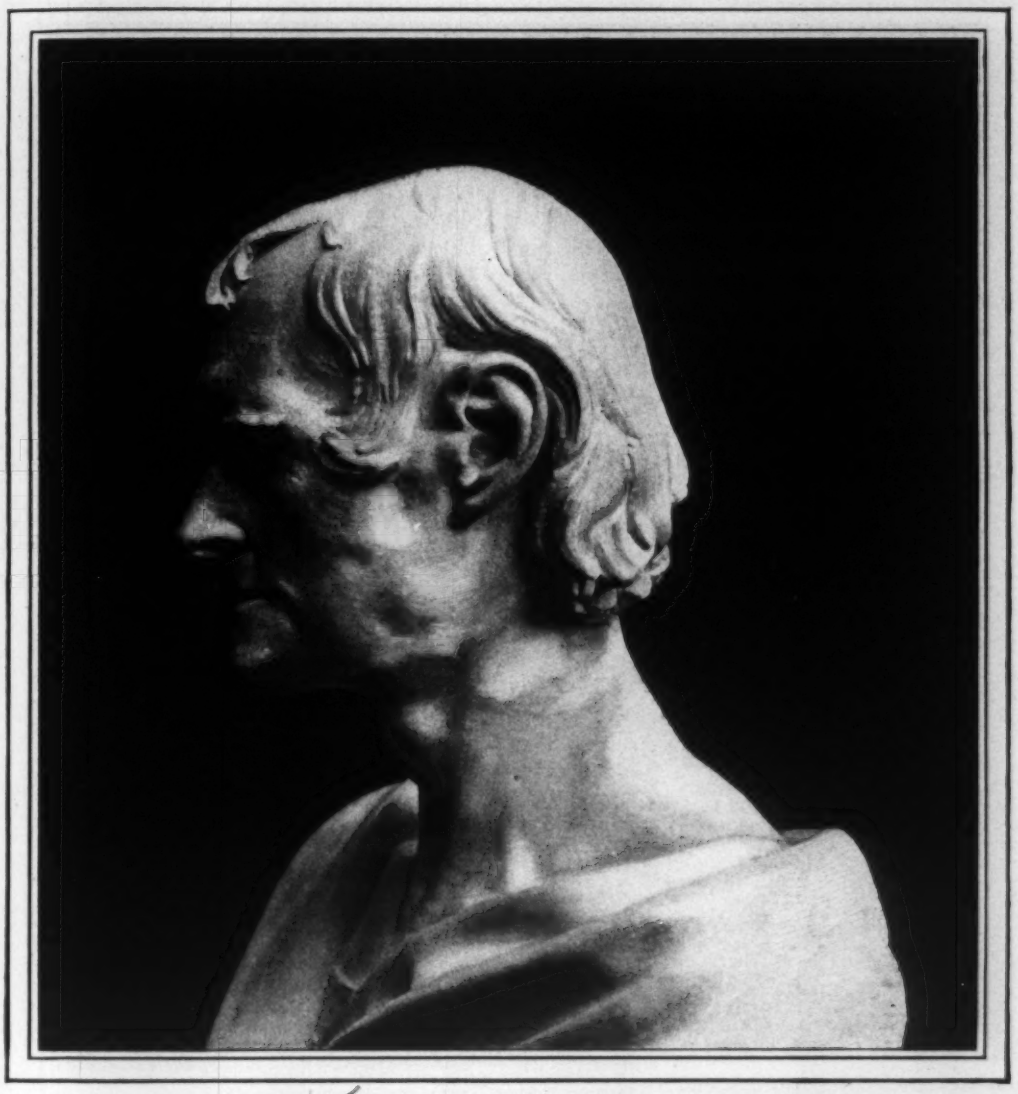


THOMAS JEFFERSON. AGE 82. FROM THE ORIGINAL BUST FROM A LIFE MASK TAKEN AT MONTICELLO, OCTOBER 15, 1825, BY J. H. I. BROWERE. FIRST PHOTOGRAPHED AND ENGRAVED FOR McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

found comparatively easy through the calendars of Jefferson and Madison correspondence in the State Department at Washington, an examination of which, with the newspapers of the day, showing that Mr. Randall's method of writing history was to accept and repeat irresponsible country gossip rather than turn to documents at his hand that would explain and refute the gossip.

The one-time existence of the bust of Jefferson by Browere being thus established, the next and more difficult search was to discover its whereabouts, if still extant. But persistent and systematic inquiry discovered it, with a number of other busts by Browere, of persons of greater or less consideration, in the custody of the artist's family, through whose courtesy the works of their ancestor, John Henri Isaac Browere, are now for the first time published.

John Henri Isaac Browere was born in New York, November 18, 1792, and died in the city of his birth, September 10, 1834. He was of Dutch descent, and early turned his attention to art, becoming a pupil of Archibald Robertson, at the well known Columbian Academy. Determined to further improve himself, Browere went abroad, and traveled on foot for nearly two years on the continent, studying art and more

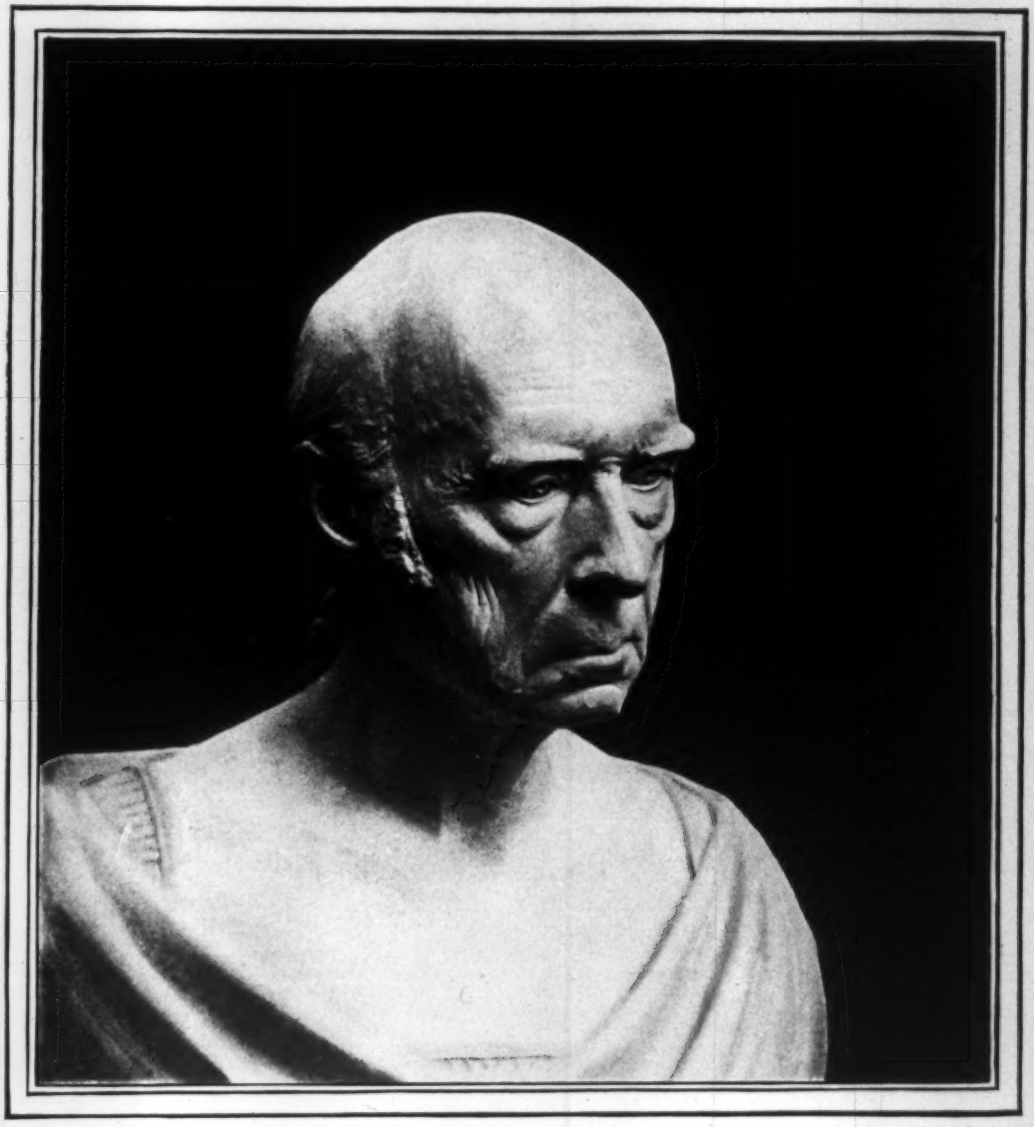


THOMAS JEFFERSON, AGE 82. SIDE VIEW OF THE BUST SHOWN ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.

especially sculpture. He returned to New York in 1820, and began modeling; but being of an inventive turn, he experimented to obtain casts from the living face, in a manner and with a composition different from those usually employed by sculptors.

His first satisfactory achievement was a cast of his friend and preceptor, Robertson, and his second that of Judge Pierrepont Edwards, of Connecticut. But it was left for "The Nation's Guest" to lift Browere into prominence in his art. At the request of the Common Council of New York, Lafayette permitted Browere to make a cast of his head, neck, and shoulders on July 11, 1825. But a slight accident happened to the cast, and the operation was repeated a week later at Philadelphia. The result of the second trial was a likeness so admirable and of such remarkable fidelity that De Witt Clinton, S. F. B. Morse, and many others came forward and enthusiastically bore witness to its being "a perfect facsimile" of the distinguished Frenchman.

From this on, Browere devoted his time and means to making casts of the most noted men in the country's history who were then living, with the purpose of forming a national gallery of the busts of famous Americans. But after years of labor and the expenditure, as he writes to Madison, of $12,087, the scheme was abandoned, owing to lack of support

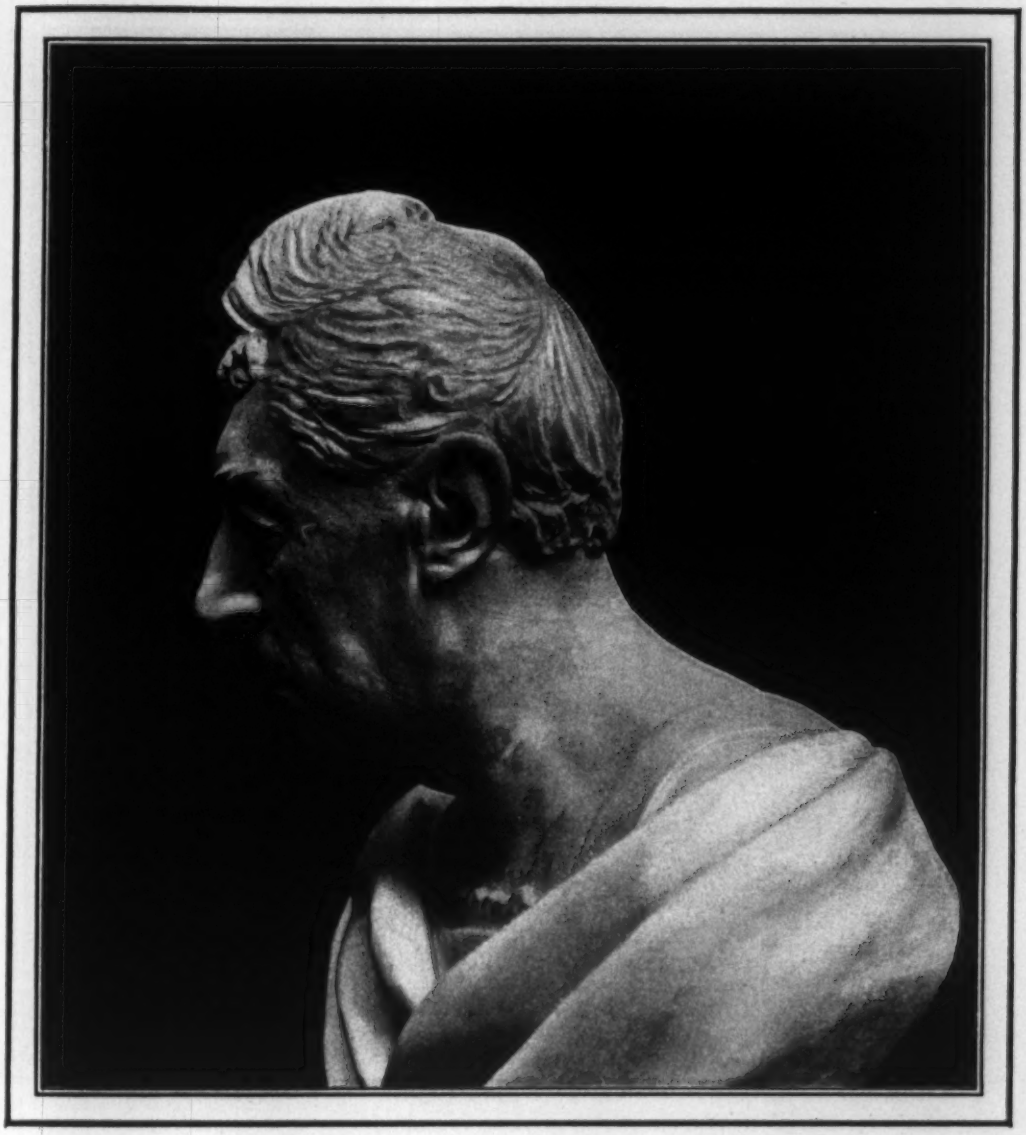


JAMES MADISON. AGE 74. FROM THE ORIGINAL BUST FROM A LIFE MASK TAKEN AT MONTPELIER, OCTOBER 19, 1825, BY J. H. I. BROWERE. FIRST PHOTOGRAPHED AND ENGRAVED FOR McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

and direct opposition from his brother artists, who maligned his pretensions because he was honest enough to call his method "*a process.*" Surely, judging from results, it was superior to any other method of obtaining a life mask, and therefore it is most unfortunate that his "process" has to be counted among "the lost arts;" for neither he nor his son, who was acquainted with both the composition and the method of applying it, has left a word of information on the subject.

When the public press attacked Browere for his rumored maltreatment of President Jefferson, he replied: "Mr. Browere never has followed and never will follow the usual course, knowing it to be fallacious and absolutely bad. The manner in which he executes portrait busts from life is unknown to all but himself, and the invention is his own, for which he claims exclusive rights, but it is infinitely milder than the usual course."

That Browere's method of taking life casts was accomplished without discomfort to the subject is fully attested by the number of persons who submitted to it, as also by the certificates that exist from Jefferson, Adams, Madison, Lafayette, Gilbert Stuart, and others. Notwithstanding this, the report of the discomfort suffered by the venerable Jefferson was so

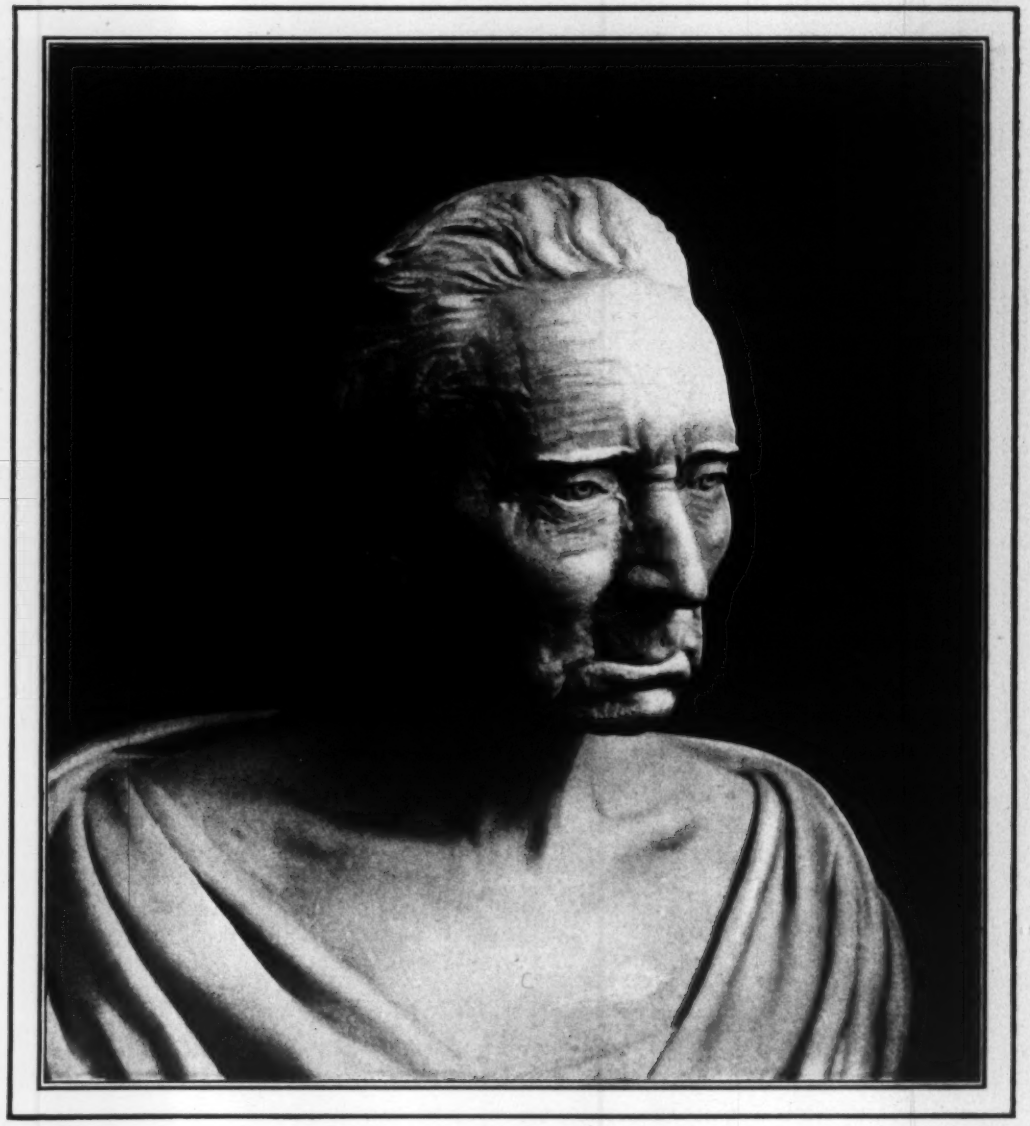


THE MARQUIS DE LA FAYETTE. AGE 67. FROM THE ORIGINAL BUST FROM A LIFE MASK TAKEN AT PHILADELPHIA, JULY 19, 1825, BY J. H. I. BROWERE. FIRST PHOTOGRAPHED AND ENGRAVED FOR McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

widely circulated that the artist's career was seriously affected by it; and so chagrined was he at this unmerited treatment, that on his death-bed he directed the heads to be sawed off the most important busts and boxed up for forty years, at the end of which period he hoped their exhibition would elicit recognition for their merit and value as historical portraits from life.

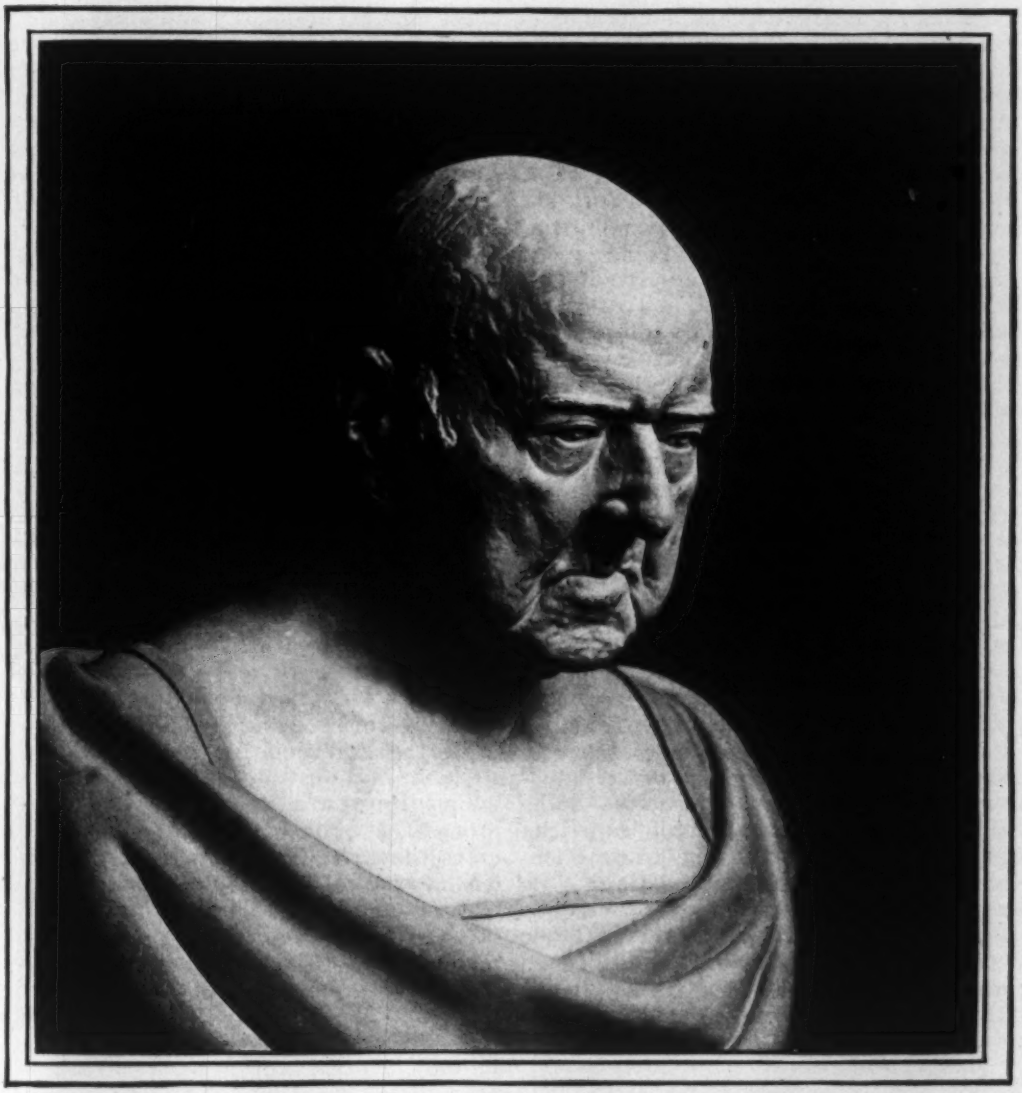
The positive statement of Randall, frequently repeated by others, that Browere's cast from Jefferson's face *was destroyed*, and the indisputable fact that the bust *exists* and is here reproduced, give the incidents connected with the taking of the original life cast an importance that justifies stating them at length, so that there may remain no possibility for further question or doubt on the subject. My authorities are Jefferson, Madison, and Browere, as preserved in their individual autographs in the State Department at Washington.

Thomas Jefferson was born in 1743 and died in 1826, on the semi-centennial of the adoption of the immortal instrument of which he was the recognized father. Through the intercession of President Madison, Jefferson consented, in Browere's words, "to submit to the ordeal of my



CHARLES CARROLL OF CARROLLTON. AGE 88.—FROM THE ORIGINAL BUST FROM A LIFE MASK TAKEN AT BALTIMORE, JULY 10, 1826, BY J. H. I. BROWERE. FIRST PHOTOGRAPHED AND ENGRAVED FOR McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

new and perfect mode of taking the human features and form." In order to take the cast Browere visited Monticello on the 15th of October, 1825. At this time Jefferson was in his eighty-third year, and was suffering the infirmities incident to his advanced age. He was attended during the operation by his faithful man-servant Burwell, who prepared him for "the ordeal" by removing all of his clothing to the waist, excepting his undershirt, from which the sleeves were cut. He was then placed on his back, and the material applied down to the waist, including both arms, which were folded across the body. The entire procedure lasted ninety minutes, with rests every ten or fifteen minutes, when Jefferson got up and walked about. The material was on his face for eighteen minutes, and the whole of the mold of his features was removed therefrom before the alarmed entrance of the Misses Randolph into the room, brought there by their brother, who had been constantly peeping in at the window and begging for admission, which was denied him. It was his exaggerated report of what he thought he saw that induced the sudden entrance of his sisters, and this report found its way subsequently into the local



JOHN ADAMS. AGE 90. FROM THE ORIGINAL BUST FROM A LIFE MASK TAKEN AT QUINCY, NOVEMBER 22, 1825, BY J. H. I. BROWERE. FIRST PHOTOGRAPHED AND ENGRAVED FOR McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

newspapers of Virginia, with the remarkable results indicated.

The intrusion of the Randolphs into the room caused delay in removing other parts of the mold, and this did cause the venerable subject to feel a little faint and to experience some other discomforts. But Browere remained at Monticello over night, dining with Jefferson and the Randolphs, and chatting with his host through the evening until bedtime, which would scarcely have been the case had he nearly suffocated and otherwise maltreated his subject, so that the cast had to be shattered to pieces. But we do not have to speculate and surmise. We have direct and unimpeachable proof to the contrary.

The very day on which, according to Randall and his followers, the "suffocation" and "shattering" took place, Jefferson wrote:

> At the request of the Honorable James Madison and Mr. Browere of the city of New York, I hereby certify that Mr. Browere has this day made a mould in plaster composition from my person for the purpose of making a portrait bust and statue for his contemplated National Gallery. Given under my hand at Monticello, in Virginia, this 15th day of October, 1825. Th: Jefferson.

From Monticello Browere journeyed to Quincy, to preserve, in like manner as he had the features of Jefferson, those of the only other signer of the Declaration of Independence who became President and also

died on its semi-centennial anniversary—old John Adams. But the Virginia story had gotten there before him, and it was with difficulty he could persuade Mr. Adams to submit. But the old Spartan finally did submit, and on November 23, 1825, he wrote, "This certifies that John H. I. Browere Esq. of the City of New York has yesterday and to-day made two portrait bust moulds on my person and made a cast of the first which has been approved of by my family. John Adams." To this his son Judge Thomas B. Adams adds, "P. S. I am authorized by the Ex President to say that the moulds were made on his person without injury, pain or inconvenience."

The newspapers, however, were getting too rabid for Browere, and he published in the Boston "Daily Advertiser" of November 30, 1825, a two-column letter in which he says, concerning the libel in the Richmond "Enquirer," the most virulent of his assailants, "a libel false in almost all its parts and which I am now determined to prove so by laying before the public every circumstance relating to that operation on our revered ex-President Thomas Jefferson." A copy of this letter Browere sent to Jefferson under cover of May 20, 1826, apprising him of his intention to make "a full length statue of the author of the Declaration of American Independence which, if the ex-president be not in New York on the 4th of July next, I intend presenting on that day to the corporation of New York." These communications Jefferson acknowledged within a month of his decease in a letter of such great importance in this connection, as *settling the question forever*, that I copy it in full.

MONTICELLO, *June* 6, '26.

Sir:—The subject of your letter of May 20, has attracted more notice certainly than it merited. That the operé to which it refers was painful to a certain degree I admit. But it was short lived and there would have ended as to myself. My age and the state of my health at that time gave an alarm to my family which I neither felt nor expressed. What may have been said in newspapers I know not, reading only a single one and that giving little room to things of that kind. I thought no more of it until your letter brot. it again to mind, but can assure you it has left not a trace of dissatisfaction as to yourself and that with me it is placed among the things which have never happened. Accept this assurance with my friendly salutes.

TH. JEFFERSON.

How dare any man presume to write history and set down on his pages such statements as did Randall about Browere's cast of Jefferson, without first exhausting every channel of inquiry and every means of search and research to ascertain the truth? The material that I have drawn from was as accessible to him as to me. In fact, he claims to have used the Jefferson papers in his compilation. With what effect! It is indeed some gratification to have set wrong right even at this late day and done this bit of justice to Browere's reputation; but it is a far greater satisfaction to have rescued from oblivion and presented to the world his magnificent facsimile of the face and form of the immortal Jefferson.

In addition to the busts of Jefferson, Adams, Madison, Carroll, and Lafayette, here reproduced, there are, in the possession of the Browere family, busts of Henry Clay, Dolly Madison, John Quincy Adams, his son Charles Francis Adams (at the age of eighteen), Martin Van Buren, De Witt Clinton, Commodore David Porter, General Macomb, General Brown, Edwin Forrest; Paulding, Williams and Van Wart, the captors of André; and many others of more or less celebrity. The New York Historical Society owns Browere's busts of Dr. Hosack and Philip Hone, while the Redwood Library at Newport, R. I., has his bust of Gilbert Stuart.

Call Browere's work what one will—process, art, or mechanical—the result gives the most faithful portrait possible, down to the minutest detail, the very living features of the breathing man, a likeness of the greatest historical significance and importance. A single glance will show the marked difference between Browere's work and the ordinary life cast by the sculptor or modeler, no matter how skilful he may be. Browere's work is real, human, lifelike, inspiring in its truthfulness, while other life masks, even the celebrated ones by Clark Mills, who made so many, are dead and heavy, almost repulsive in their lifelessness. It seems next to marvelous how he was able to preserve, in such a marked degree, the naturalness of expression. His busts are imbued with animation; the individual character is there, so simple and direct that, next to the living man, he has preserved for us the best that we can have—a perfect *facsimile*. One experiences a satisfaction in contemplating these busts similar to that afforded by the reflected image of the daguerreotype. Both may be "inartistic" in the sense that the artist's conception is wanting; but for historical human documents they outweigh all the portraits ever limned or modeled. *Esto perpetua!*

ST. IVES.

THE ADVENTURES OF A FRENCH PRISONER IN ENGLAND.

By Robert Louis Stevenson,

Author of "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped," etc.

BEGUN IN THE MARCH NUMBER—SUMMARY OF EARLIER CHAPTERS.

Viscount Anne de St. Ives, under the name of Champdivers, while held a prisoner of war in Edinburgh Castle, attracts the sympathy of Flora Gilchrist, who, out of curiosity, visits the prisoners, attended by her brother Ronald. On her account St. Ives kills a comrade, Goguelat, in a duel, fought secretly in the night, with the divided blades of a pair of scissors. An officer of the prison, Major Chevenix, discovers the secret of the duel and of St. Ives's interest in the young lady. Making a bold escape from the prison, St. Ives steals out to the home of Flora Gilchrist, at the edge of the town. Discovered there by the aunt with whom Flora lives, he is regarded with suspicion; but still is helped to escape across the border, under the guidance of two drovers, Todd and Candlish. On the way a fray arises between the drovers and some standing foes of theirs; St. Ives rushes in to aid them, and kills, or nearly kills, a man. Later, in consequence, the drovers are arrested and thrown into jail. St. Ives makes his way to Amersham Place, the seat of Count de Kéroual, his uncle. Another nephew of the count's, Alain de St. Ives, who was to have been his heir, has proved unworthy; and the count, now on the point of dying, adopts St. Ives in Alain's stead, and makes him an immediate gift of a despatch-box containing ten thousand pounds in bank notes. Alain, on learning of these transactions, sets out to procure the rearrest of St. Ives; and the latter takes again to flight, accompanied by a servant named Rowley. The fugitives journey toward Scotland, traveling in a claret-colored chaise purchased by the way.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE RUNAWAY COUPLE.

THE country had for some time back been changing in character. By a thousand indications I could judge that I was again drawing near to Scotland. I saw it written in the face of the hills, in the growth of the trees, and in the glint of the waterbrooks that kept the highroad company. It might have occurred to me, also, that I was, at the same time, approaching a place of some fame in Britain—Gretna Green. Over these same leagues of road—which Rowley and I now traversed in the claret-colored chaise, to the note of the flageolet and the French lesson—how many pairs of lovers had gone bowling northward to the music of sixteen scampering horseshoes; and how many irate persons—parents, uncles, guardians, evicted rivals—had come tearing after, clapping the frequent red face to the chaise window, lavishly shedding their gold about the post-houses, sedulously loading and reloading, as they went, their avenging pistols! But I doubt if I had thought of it at all before a wayside hazard swept me into the thick of an adventure of this nature and I found myself playing providence with other people's lives, to my own admiration at the moment—and subsequently to my own brief but passionate regret.

At rather an ugly corner of an uphill reach, I came on the wreck of a chaise lying on one side in the ditch, a man and a woman in animated discourse in the middle of the road, and the two postilions, each with his pair of horses, looking on and laughing from the saddle.

"Morning breezes! here's a smash!" cried Rowley, pocketing his flageolet in the middle of the "Tight Little Island."

I was perhaps more conscious of the moral smash than the physical—more alive to broken hearts than to broken chaises; for, as plain as the sun at morning, there was a screw loose in this runaway match. It is always a bad sign when the lower classes laugh; their taste in humor is both poor and sinister; and for a man running the posts with four horses, presumably with open pockets, and in the company of the most entrancing little creature conceivable, to have come down so far as to be laughed at by his own postilions, was only to be explained on the double hypothesis that he was a fool and no gentleman.

I have said they were man and woman. I should have said man and child. She was certainly not more than seventeen, pretty as an angel, just plump enough to damn a saint, and dressed in various shades of blue, from her stockings to her saucy cap, in a kind of taking gamut, the

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top note of which she flung me in a beam from her too appreciative eye. There was no doubt about the case: I saw it all. From a boarding-school, a blackboard, a piano, and Clementi's "Sonatinas," the child had made a rash adventure upon life in the company of a half-bred hawbuck; and she was already not only regretting it, but expressing her regret with point and pungency.

As I alighted, they both paused with that unmistakable air of being interrupted in a scene. I uncovered to the lady, and placed my services at their disposal.

It was the man who answered. "There's no use in shamming, sir," said he. "This lady and I have run away, and her father's after us: road to Gretna, sir. And here have these nincompoops spilt us in the ditch and smashed the chaise!"

"Very provoking," said I.

"I don't know when I've been so provoked!" cried he, with a glance down the road of mortal terror.

"The father is no doubt very much incensed," I pursued, civilly.

"Oh, much!" cried the hawbuck. "In short, you see, we must get out of this. And I'll tell you what—it may seem cool, but necessity has no law—if you would lend us your chaise to the next post-house, it would be the very thing, sir."

"I confess it seems cool," I replied.

"What's that you say, sir?" he snapped.

"I was agreeing with you," said I. "Yes, it does seem cool; and what is more to the point, it seems unnecessary. This thing can be arranged in a more satisfactory manner otherwise, I think. You can doubtless ride?"

This opened a door on the matter of their previous dispute, and the fellow appeared life-sized in his true colors. "That's what I've been telling her: that she must ride," he broke out. "And if the gentleman's of the same mind, why, you shall!"

As he said so he made a snatch at her wrist, which she evaded with horror.

I stepped between them.

"No, sir," said I; "the lady shall not."

He turned on me, raging. "And who are you, to interfere?" he roared.

"There is here no question of who I am," I replied. "I may be the devil or the Archbishop of Canterbury for what you know, or need know. The point is that I can help you—it appears that nobody else can; and I will tell you how I propose to do it. I will give the lady a seat in my chaise if you will return the compliment by allowing my servant to ride one of your horses."

I thought he would have sprung at my throat.

"You have always the alternative before you to wait here for the arrival of papa," I added.

And that settled him. He cast another haggard look down the road, and capitulated.

"I am sure, sir, the lady is very much obliged to you," he said, with an ill grace.

I gave her my hand; she mounted like a bird into the chaise. Rowley, grinning from ear to ear, closed the door behind us. The two impudent rascals of post-boys cheered and laughed aloud as we drove off, and my own postilion urged his horses at once into a rattling trot. It was plain I was supposed by all to have done a very dashing act, and ravished the bride from the ravisher.

In the meantime I stole a look at the little lady. She was in a state of pitiable discomposure, and her arms shook on her lap in her black-lace mittens.

"Madam—" I began.

And she, in the same moment, finding her voice: "Oh, what must you think of me!"

"Madam," said I, "what must any gentleman think when he sees youth, beauty, and innocence in distress? I wish I could tell you that I was old enough to be your father; I think we must give that up," I continued, with a smile. "But I will tell you something about myself which ought to do as well and to set that little heart at rest in my society. I am a lover. May I say it of myself—for I am not quite used to all the niceties of English—that I am a true lover? There is one whom I admire, adore, obey; she is no less good than she is beautiful. If she were here, she would take you to her arms. Conceive that she has sent me—that she has said to me, 'Go, be her knight!'"

"Oh, I know she must be sweet, I know she must be worthy of you!" cried the little lady. "She would never forget female decorum—nor make the terrible *erratum* I've done!"

And at this she lifted up her voice and wept.

This did not forward matters; it was in vain that I begged her to be more composed and to tell me a plain, consecutive tale of her misadventures; but she continued instead to pour forth the most extraordinary mixture of the correct school miss and the poor untutored little piece

of womanhood in a false position—of engrafted pedantry and incoherent nature.

"I am certain it must have been judicial blindness," she sobbed. "I can't think how I didn't see it, but I didn't; and he isn't, is he? And then a curtain rose . . . oh, what a moment was that! But I knew at once that *you were;* you had but to appear from your carriage, and I knew it. Oh, she must be a fortunate young lady! And I have no fear with you, none—a perfect confidence."

"Madam," said I, "a gentleman—"

"That's what I mean—a gentleman," she exclaimed. "And he—and that—*he* isn't. Oh, how shall I dare meet father!" And disclosing to me her tear-stained face and opening her arms with a tragic gesture: "And I am quite disgraced before all the young ladies, my school companions!" she added.

"Oh, not so bad as that!" I cried. "Come, come, you exaggerate, my dear Miss ——? Excuse me if I am too familiar; I have not yet heard your name."

"My name is Dorothy Greensleeves, sir. Why should I conceal it? I fear it will only serve to point an adage to future generations, and I had meant so differently! There was no young female in the county more emulous to be thought well of than I. And what a fall was there! Oh, dear me, what a wicked, piggish donkey of a girl I have made of myself, to be sure. And there is no hope! Oh, Mr. ——"

And at that she paused and asked my name.

I am not writing my eulogium for the Academy; I will admit it was unpardonably imbecile, but I told it her. If you had been there—and seen her, ravishingly pretty and little, a baby in years and mind—and heard her talking like a book, with so much of schoolroom propriety in her manner, with such an innocent despair in the matter—you would probably have told her yours. She repeated it after me.

"I shall pray for you all my life," she said. "Every night, when I retire to rest, the last thing I shall do is to remember you by name."

Presently I succeeded in winning from her her tale, which was much what I had anticipated: a tale of a schoolhouse, a walled garden, a fruit-tree that concealed a bench, an impudent raff posturing in church, an exchange of flowers and vows over the garden wall, a silly schoolmate for a confidante, a chaise and four, and the most immediate and perfect disenchantment on the part of the little lady.

"And there is nothing to be done!" she wailed in conclusion. "My error is irretrievable. I am quite forced to that conclusion. Oh, Monsieur de Saint-Yves! who would have thought that I could have been such a blind, wicked donkey!"

I should have said before—only that I really do not know when it came in—that we had been overtaken by the two post-boys, Rowley, and Mr. Bellamy, which was the hawbuck's name, bestriding the four post-horses; and that these formed a sort of cavalry escort, riding now before, now behind the chaise, and Bellamy occasionally posturing at the window and obliging us with some of his conversation. He was so ill received that I declare I was tempted to pity him, remembering from what a height he had fallen and how few hours ago it was since the lady had herself fled to his arms, all blushes and ardor. Well, these great strokes of fortune usually befall the unworthy, and Bellamy was now the legitimate object of my commiseration and the ridicule of his own post-boys!

"Miss Dorothy," said I, "you wish to be delivered from this man?"

"Oh, if it were possible!" she cried. "But not by violence."

"Not in the least, ma'am," I replied. "The simplest thing in life. We are in a civilized country; the man's a malefactor—"

"Oh, never!" she cried. "Do not even dream it! With all his faults, I know he is not *that.*"

"Anyway, he's in the wrong in this affair—on the wrong side of the law, call it what you please," said I; and with that, our four horsemen having for the moment headed us by a considerable interval, I hailed my post-boy and inquired who was the nearest magistrate and where he lived. Archdeacon Clitheroe, he told me, a prodigious dignitary, and one who lived but a lane or two back and at the distance of only a mile or two out of the direct road. I showed him the king's medallion.

"Take the lady there, and at full gallop," I cried.

"Right, sir! Mind yourself," said the postilion.

And before I could have thought it possible, he had turned the carriage to the right-about, and we were galloping south.

Our outriders were quick to remark and imitate the manœuver, and came flying after us with a vast deal of indiscriminate shouting; so that the fine, sober picture of a carriage and escort that we had

presented but a moment back, was transformed in the twinkling of an eye into the image of a noisy fox-chase. The two postilions and my own saucy rogue were, of course, disinterested actors in the comedy; they rode for the mere sport, keeping in a body, their mouths full of laughter, waving their hats as they came on, and crying (as the fancy struck them): "Tally-ho!" "Stop thief!" "A highwayman! A highwayman!" It was otherguess work with Bellamy. That gentleman no sooner observed our change of direction than he turned his horse with so much violence that the poor animal was almost cast upon her side, and launched her in immediate and desperate pursuit. As he approached I saw that his face was deadly white and that he carried a drawn pistol in his hand. I turned at once to the poor little bride that was to have been and now was not to be; she, upon her side, deserting the other window, turned as if to meet me.

"Oh, oh, don't let him kill me!" she screamed.

"Never fear," I replied.

Her face was distorted with terror. Her hands took hold upon me with the instinctive clutch of an infant. The chaise gave a flying lurch, which took the feet from under me and tumbled us anyhow upon the seat. And almost in the same moment the head of Bellamy appeared in the window which Missy had left free for him.

Conceive the situation! The little lady and I were falling—or had just fallen—backward on the seat, and offered to the eye a somewhat ambiguous picture. The chaise was speeding at a furious pace, and with the most violent leaps and lurches, along the highway. Into this bounding receptacle Bellamy interjected his head, his pistol arm, and his pistol; and since his own horse was traveling still faster than the chaise, he must withdraw all of them again in the inside of the fraction of a minute. He did so, but he left the charge of the pistol behind him—whether by design or accident I shall never know, and I dare say he has forgotten. Probably he had only meant to threaten, in hopes of causing us to arrest our flight. In the same moment came the explosion and a pitiful cry from Missy; and my gentleman, making certain he had struck her, went down the road pursued by the furies, turned at the first corner, took a flying leap over the thorn hedge, and disappeared across country in the least possible time.

Rowley was ready and eager to pursue; but I withheld him, thinking we were excellently quit of Mr. Bellamy, at no more cost than a scratch on the forearm and a bullet-hole in the left-hand claret-colored panel. And accordingly, but now at a more decent pace, we proceeded on our way to Archdeacon Clitheroe's. Missy's gratitude and admiration were aroused to a high pitch by this dramatic scene and what she was pleased to call my wound. She must dress it for me with her handkerchief, a service which she rendered me even with tears. I could well have spared them, not loving on the whole to be made ridiculous and the injury being in the nature of a cat's scratch. Indeed, I would have suggested for her kind care rather the cure of my coat-sleeve, which had suffered worse in the encounter, but I was too wise to risk the anti-climax. That she had been rescued by a hero, that the hero should have been wounded in the affray and his wound bandaged with her handkerchief (which it could not even bloody), ministered incredibly to the recovery of her self-respect; and I could hear her relate the incident to "the young ladies, my school-companions," in the most approved manner of Mrs. Radcliffe. To have insisted on the torn coat-sleeve would have been unmannerly, if not inhuman.

Presently the residence of the archdeacon began to heave in sight. A chaise and four smoking horses stood by the steps, and made way for us on our approach; and even as we alighted there appeared from the interior of the house a tall ecclesiastic, and beside him a little, headstrong, ruddy man, in a towering passion, and brandishing over his head a roll of paper. At sight of him Miss Dorothy flung herself on her knees with the most moving adjurations, calling him father, assuring him she was wholly cured and entirely repentant of her disobedience, and entreating forgiveness; and I soon saw that she need fear no great severity from Mr. Greensleeves, who showed himself extraordinarily fond, loud, greedy of caresses, and prodigal of tears.

To give myself a countenance, as well as to have all ready for the road when I should find occasion, I turned to quit scores with Bellamy's two postilions. They had not the least claim on me, but one of which they were quite ignorant—that I was a fugitive. It is the worst feature of that false position that every gratuity becomes a case of conscience. You must not leave behind you any one discontented nor any one grateful. But the whole business had been such a "hurrah-boys"

from the beginning, and had gone off in the fifth act so like a melodrama, in explosions, reconciliations, and the rape of a post-horse, that it was plainly impossible to keep it covered. It was plain it would have to be talked over in all the inn-kitchens for thirty miles about, and likely for six months to come. It only remained for me, therefore, to settle on that gratuity which should be least conspicuous—so large that nobody could grumble, so small that nobody would be tempted to boast. My decision was hastily and not wisely taken. The one fellow spat on his tip (so he called it) for luck; the other, developing a sudden streak of piety, prayed God bless me with fervor. It seemed a demonstration was brewing, and I determined to be off at once. Bidding my own post-boy and Rowley to be in readiness for an immediate start, I reascended the terrace and presented myself, hat in hand, before Mr. Greensleeves and the archdeacon.

"You will excuse me, I trust," said I. "I think shame to interrupt this agreeable scene of family effusion, which I have been privileged in some small degree to bring about."

And at these words the storm broke.

"Small degree! small degree, sir!" cries the father; "that shall not pass, Mr. St. Eaves! If I've got my darling back, and none the worse for that vagabone rascal, I know whom I have to thank. Shake hands with me—up to the elbows, sir! A Frenchman you may be, but you're one of the right breed, and, sir, you may have anything you care to ask of me, down to Dolly's hand!"

All this he roared out in a voice surprisingly powerful from so small a person. Every word was audible to the servants, who had followed them out of the house and now congregated about us on the terrace, as well as to Rowley and the five postilions on the gravel sweep below. The sentiments expressed were popular; some ass, whom the devil moved to be my enemy, proposed three cheers, and they were given with a will. To hear my own name resounding amid acclamations in the hills of Westmoreland was flattering, perhaps; but it was inconvenient at a moment when (as I was morally persuaded) police handbills were already speeding after me at the rate of a hundred miles a day.

Nor was that the end of it. The archdeacon must present his compliments and press upon me some of his West India sherry, and I was carried into a vastly fine library, where I was presented to his lady wife. While we were at sherry in the library, ale was handed round upon the terrace. Speeches were made, hands were shaken, Missy (at her father's request) kissed me farewell, and the whole party reaccompanied me to the terrace, where they stood waving hats and handkerchiefs, and crying farewells to all the echoes of the mountains until the chaise had disappeared.

The echoes of the mountains were engaged in saying to me privately: "You fool, you have done it now!"

"They do seem to have got 'old of your name, Mr. Anne," said Rowley. "It weren't my fault this time."

"It was one of those accidents that can never be foreseen," said I, affecting a dignity that I was far from feeling. "Some one recognized me."

"Which on 'em, Mr. Anne?" said the rascal.

"That is a senseless question; it can make no difference who it was," I returned.

"No, nor that it can't!" cried Rowley. "I say, Mr. Anne, sir, it's what you call a jolly mess, ain't it? Looks like 'clean bowled out in the middle stump,' don't it?"

"I fail to understand you, Rowley."

"Well, what I mean is, what are we to do about this one?" pointing to the postilion in front of us, as he alternately hid and revealed his patched breeches to the trot of his horse. "He see you get in this morning under Mr. Ramornie—I was very piticular to *Mr. Ramornie* you, if you remember, sir—and he see you get in again under Mr. Saint Eaves, and whatever's he going to see you get out under? That's what worries me, sir. It don't seem to me like as if the position was what you call *strategic!*"

"*Parrrbleu!* will you let me be!" I cried. "I have to think; you cannot imagine how your constant idiotic prattle annoys me."

"Beg pardon, Mr. Anne," said he; and the next moment, "You wouldn't like for us to do our French now, would you, Mr. Anne?"

"Certainly not," said I. "Play upon your flageolet."

The which he did, with what seemed to me to be irony.

Conscience doth make cowards of us all! I was so downcast by my pitiful mismanagement of the morning's business, that I shrank from the eye of my own hired in-

fant and read offensive meanings into his idle tootling.

I took off my coat, and set to mending it, soldier-fashion, with a needle and thread. There is nothing more conducive to thought, above all in arduous circumstances; and as I sewed I gradually gained a clearness upon my affairs. I must be done with the claret-colored chaise at once. It should be sold at the next stage for what it would bring. Rowley and I must take back to the road on our four feet, and after a decent interval of trudging, get places on some coach to Edinburgh, again under new names. So much trouble and toil, so much extra risk and expense and loss of time, and all for a slip of the tongue to a little lady in blue!

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE INN-KEEPER OF KIRKBY-LONSDALE.

I HAD hitherto conceived and partly carried out an ideal that was dear to my heart. Rowley and I descended from our claret-colored chaise, a couple of correctly dressed, brisk, bright-eyed young fellows, like a pair of aristocratic mice; attending singly to our own affairs, communicating solely with each other, and that with the niceties and civilities of drill. We would pass through the little crowd before the door with high-bred preoccupation, inoffensively haughty, after the best English pattern, and disappear within, followed by the envy and admiration of the bystanders, a model master and servant, point-device in every part. It was a heavy thought to me, as we drew up before the inn of Kirkby-Lonsdale, that this scene was now to be enacted for the last time. Alas! and had I known it, it was to go off with so inferior a grace!

I had been injudiciously liberal to the post-boys of the chaise and four. My own post-boy, he of the patched breeches, now stood before me, his eyes glittering with greed, his hand advanced. It was plain he anticipated something extraordinary by way of a *pourboire;* and considering the marches and countermarches by which I had extended the stage, the military character of our affairs with Mr. Bellamy, and the bad example I had set before him at the archdeacon's, something exceptional was certainly to be done. But these are always nice questions, to a foreigner above all; a shade too little will suggest niggardliness, a shilling too much smells of hush-money. Fresh from the scene at the archdeacon's, and flushed by the idea that I was now nearly done with the responsibilities of the claret-colored chaise, I put into his hands five guineas, and the amount served only to waken his cupidity.

"Oh, come, sir, you ain't going to fob me off with this. Why, I seen fire at your side!" he cried.

It would never do to give him more. I felt I should become the fable of Kirkby-Lonsdale if I did; and I looked him in the face, sternly but still smiling, and addressed him with a voice of uncompromising firmness.

"If you do not like it, give it back," said I.

He pocketed the guineas with the quickness of a conjurer, and like a base-born cockney as he was, fell instantly to casting dirt.

"'Ave your own way of it, Mr. Ramornie—leastways Mr. St. Eaves, or whatever your blessed name may be. Look 'ere"—turning for sympathy to the stable-boys—"this is a blessed business. Blessed 'ard, I calls it. 'Ere I takes up a blessed son of a pop-gun what calls hisself anything you care to mention, and turns out to be a blessed *mounseer* at the end of it! 'Ere 'ave I been drivin' of him up and down all day, a-carrying off of gals, a-shootin' of pistyils, and a-drinkin' of sherry and hale; and wot does he up and give me but a blank, blank, blanketing blank!"

The fellow's language had become too powerful for reproduction, and I pass it by.

Meanwhile I observed Rowley fretting visibly at the bit; another moment, and he would have added a last touch of the ridiculous to our arrival by coming to his hands with the postilion.

"Rowley!" cried I, reprovingly.

Strictly it should have been Gammon, but in the hurry of the moment, my fault (I can only hope) passed unperceived. At the same time I caught the eye of the postmaster. He was long and lean and brown and bilious; he had the drooping nose of the humorist, and the quick attention of a man of parts. He read my embarrassment in a glance, stepped instantly forward, sent the post-boy to the right-about with half a word, and was back next moment at my side.

"Dinner in a private room, sir? Very well. John, No. 4! What wine would you care to mention? Very well, sir.

Will you please to order fresh horses? Not, sir? Very well."

Each of these expressions was accompanied by something in the nature of a bow, and all were prefaced by something in the nature of a smile, which I could very well have done without. The man's politeness was from the teeth outwards; behind and within, I was conscious of a perpetual scrutiny. The scene at his doorstep, the random confidences of the postboy, had not been thrown away on this observer; and it was under a strong fear of coming trouble that I was shown at last into my private room. I was in half a mind to have put off the whole business. But the truth is, now my name had got abroad, my fear of the mail that was coming, and the handbills it should contain, had waxed inordinately, and I felt I could never eat a meal in peace till I had severed my connection with the claret-colored chaise.

Accordingly, as soon as I had done with dinner, I sent my compliments to the landlord and requested he should take a glass of wine with me. He came; we exchanged the necessary civilities, and presently I approached my business.

"By the by," said I, "we had a brush down the road to-day. I dare say you may have heard of it?"

He nodded.

"And I was so unlucky as to get a pistol-ball into the panel of my chaise," I continued, "which makes it simply useless to me. Do you know any one likely to buy?"

"I can well understand that," said the landlord. "I was looking at it just now; it's as good as ruined, is that chaise. General rule, people don't like chaises with bullet-holes."

"Too much 'Romance of the Forest'?" I suggested, recalling my little friend of the morning and what I was sure had been her favorite reading—Mrs. Radcliffe's novels.

"Just so," said he. "They may be right, they may be wrong; I'm not the judge. But I suppose it's natural, after all, for respectable people to like things respectable about them; not bullet-holes, nor puddles of blood, nor men with aliases."

I took a glass of wine and held it up to the light to show that my hand was steady.

"Yes," said I, "I suppose so."

"You have papers, of course, showing you are the proper owner?" he inquired.

"There is the bill, stamped and receipted," said I, tossing it across to him.

He looked at it.

"This all you have?" he asked.

"It is enough, at least," said I. "It shows you where I bought and what I paid for it."

"Well, I don't know," he said. "You want some paper of identification."

"To identify the chaise?" I inquired.

"Not at all—to identify *you*," said he.

"My good sir, remember yourself!" said I. "The title-deeds of my estate are in that despatch-box; but you do not seriously suppose that I should allow you to examine them."

"Well, you see, this paper proves that some Mr. Ramornie paid seventy guineas for a chaise," said the fellow. "That's all well and good; but who's to prove to me that you are Mr. Ramornie?"

"Fellow!" cried I.

"Oh, fellow as much as you please!" said he. "Fellow, with all my heart! That changes nothing. I am fellow, of course—obtrusive fellow, impudent fellow, if you like—but who are you? I hear of you with two names; I hear of you running away with young ladies, and getting cheered for a Frenchman, which seems odd; and one thing I will go bail for, that you were in a blue fright when the postboy began to tell tales at my door. In short, sir, you may be a very good gentleman; but I don't know enough about you, and I'll trouble you for your papers, or to go before a magistrate. Take your choice; if I'm not fine enough, I hope the magistrates are."

"My good man," I stammered, for, though I had found my voice, I could scarce be said to have recovered my wits, "this is most unusual, most rude. Is it the custom in Westmoreland that gentlemen should be insulted?"

"That depends," said he. "When it's suspected that gentlemen are spies, it *is* the custom, and a good custom, too. No, no," he broke out, perceiving me to make a movement. "Both hands upon the table, my gentleman! I want no pistol-balls in my chaise panels."

"Surely, sir, you do me strange injustice!" said I, now the master of myself. "You see me sitting here, a monument of tranquillity. Pray may I help myself to wine without umbraging you?"

I took this attitude in sheer despair. I had no plan, no hope. The best I could imagine was to spin the business out some minutes longer, then capitulate. At least

I would not capitulate one moment too soon.

"Am I to take that for *no?*" he asked.

"Referring to your former obliging proposal?" said I. "My good sir, you are to take it, as you say, for 'No.' Certainly I will not show you my deeds; certainly I will not rise from table and trundle out to see your magistrates. I have too much respect for my digestion and too little curiosity in justices of the peace."

He leaned forward, looked me nearly in the face, and reached out one hand to the bell-rope. "See here, my fine fellow!" said he. "Do you see that bell-rope? Let me tell you, there's a boy waiting below; one jingle, and he goes to fetch the constable."

"Do you tell me so?" said I. "Well, there's no accounting for tastes! I have a prejudice against the society of constables, but if it is your fancy to have one in for the dessert—" I shrugged my shoulders lightly. "Really, you know," I added, "this is vastly entertaining. I assure you I am looking on, with all the interest of a man of the world, at the development of your highly original character."

He continued to study my face without speech, his hand still on the button of the bell-rope, his eyes in mine; this was the decisive heat. My face seemed to myself to dislimn under his gaze, my expression to change, the smile (with which I had begun) to degenerate into the grin of the man upon the rack. I was besides harassed with doubts. An innocent man, I argued, would have resented the fellow's impudence an hour ago; and by my continued endurance of the ordeal, I was simply signing and sealing my confession; in short, I had reached the end of my powers.

"Have you any objection to my putting my hands in my breeches pockets?" I inquired. "Excuse me mentioning it, but you showed yourself so extremely nervous a moment back."

My voice was not all I could have wished, but it sufficed. I could hear it tremble, but the landlord apparently could not. He turned away and drew a long breath, and you may be sure I was quick to follow his example.

"You're a cool hand, at least, and that's the sort I like," said he. "Be you what you please, I'll deal square. I'll take the chaise for a hundred pound down and throw the dinner in."

"I beg your pardon," I cried, wholly mystified by this form of words.

"You pay me a hundred down," he repeated, "and I'll take the chaise. It's very little more than it cost," he added, with a grin, "and you know you must get it off your hands somehow."

I do not know when I have been better entertained than by this impudent proposal. It was broadly funny, and I suppose the least tempting offer in the world. For all that, it came very welcome, for it gave me the occasion to laugh. This I did with the most complete abandonment, till the tears ran down my cheeks; and ever and again, as the fit abated, I would get another view of the landlord's face and go off into another paroxysm.

"You droll creature, you will be the death of me yet," I cried, drying my eyes. My friend was now wholly disconcerted; he knew not where to look, nor yet what to say, and began for the first time to conceive it possible he was mistaken. "You seem rather to enjoy a laugh, sir," said he.

"Oh, yes! I am quite an original," I replied, and laughed again.

Presently, in a changed voice, he offered me twenty pounds for the chaise. I ran him up to twenty-five, and closed with the offer. Indeed, I was glad to get anything; and if I haggled, it was not in the desire of gain, but with the view at any price of securing a safe retreat. For, although hostilities were suspended, he was yet far from satisfied; and I could read his continued suspicions in the cloudy eye that still hovered about my face. At last they took shape in words.

"This is all very well," says he; "you carry it off well, but, for all that, I must do my duty."

I had my strong effect in reserve; it was to burn my ships with a vengeance! I rose. "Leave the room," said I. "This is insufferable. Is the man mad?" And then, as if already half ashamed of my passion: "I can take a joke as well as any one," I added, "but this passes measure. Send my servant and the bill."

When he had left me alone, I considered my own valor with amazement. I had insulted him; I had sent him away alone; now, if ever, he would take what was the only sensible recourse, and fetch the constable. But there was something instinctively treacherous about the man, which shrank from plain courses. And, with all his cleverness, he missed the occasion of fame. Rowley and I were suffered to walk out of his door, with all our baggage, on foot, with no destination named, except in the vague statement that we were come "to

view the lakes;" and my friend only watched our departure with his chin in his hand, still moodily irresolute.

I think this one of my great successes. I was exposed, unmasked, summoned to do a perfectly natural act, which must prove my doom and which I had not the slightest pretext for refusing. I kept my head, stuck to my guns, and, against all likelihood, here I was once more at liberty and in the king's highway. This was a strong lesson never to despair; and at the same time, how many hints to be cautious! and what a perplexed and dubious business the whole question of my escape now appeared! That I should have risked perishing upon a trumpery question of a *pourboire*, depicted, in lively colors, the perils that perpetually surrounded us. Though, to be sure, the initial mistake had been committed before that; and if I had not suffered myself to be drawn a little deep in confidences to the innocent Dolly, there need have been no tumble at the inn of Kirkby-Lonsdale. I took the lesson to heart, and promised myself in the future to be more reserved. It was none of my business to attend to broken chaises or shipwrecked travelers. I had my hands full of my own affairs; and my best defense would be a little more natural selfishness and a trifle less imbecile good-nature.

CHAPTER XXV.

I MEET A CHEERFUL EXTRAVAGANT.

I PASS over the next fifty or sixty leagues of our journey without comment. The reader must be growing weary of scenes of travel; and, for my own part, I have no cause to recall these particular miles with any pleasure. We were mainly occupied with attempts to obliterate our trail, which (as the result showed) were far from successful; for on my cousin following, he was able to run me home with the least possible loss of time, following the claret-colored chaise to Kirkby-Lonsdale, where I think the landlord must have wept to learn what he had missed, and tracing us thereafter to the doors of the coach office in Edinburgh without a single check. Fortune did not favor me, and why should I recapitulate the details of futile precautions which deceived nobody and wearisome arts which proved to be artless?

The day was drawing to an end when Mr. Rowley and I bowled into Edinburgh, to the stirring sound of the guard's bugle and the clattering team. I was here upon my field of battle; on the scene of my former captivity, escape, and exploits; and in the same city with my love. My heart expanded; I have rarely felt more of a hero. All down the Bridges, I sat by the driver with my arms folded and my face set, unflinchingly meeting every eye, and prepared every moment for a cry of recognition. Hundreds of the population were in the habit of visiting the Castle, where it was my practice (before the days of Flora) to make myself conspicuous among the prisoners; and I think it an extraordinary thing that I should have encountered so few to recognize me. But doubtless a clean chin is a disguise in itself; and the change is great from a suit of sulphur-yellow to fine linen, a well-fitting mouse-colored great-coat, furred in black, a pair of tight trousers of fashionable cut, and a hat of inimitable curl. After all, it was more likely that I should have recognized our visitors, than that they should have identified the modish gentleman with the miserable prisoner in the Castle.

I was glad to set foot on the flagstones, and to escape from the crowd that had assembled to receive the mail. Here we were, with but little daylight before us, and that on Saturday afternoon, the eve of the famous Scottish Sabbath, adrift in the new town of Edinburgh, and overladen with baggage. We carried it ourselves; I would not take a cab, nor so much as hire a porter, who might afterwards serve as a link between my lodgings and the mail, and connect me again with the claret-colored chaise and Aylesbury. For I was resolved to break the chain of evidence for good, and to begin life afresh (so far as regards caution) with a new character. The first step was to find lodgings, and to find them quickly. This was the more needful as Mr. Rowley and I, in our smart clothes and with our cumbrous burthen, made a noticeable appearance in the streets at that time of the day and in that quarter of the town, which was largely given up to fine folk, bucks, and dandies, and young ladies, or respectable professional men on their way home to dinner.

On the north side of St. James's Square, I was so happy as to spy a bill in a third-floor window. I was equally indifferent to cost and convenience in my choice of a lodging—"any port in a storm" was the principle on which I was prepared to act; and Rowley and I made at once for the common entrance and scaled the stair.

We were admitted by a very sour-looking female in bombazine. I gathered she had all her life been depressed by a series of bereavements, the last of which might very well have befallen her the day before; and I instinctively lowered my voice when I addressed her. She admitted she had rooms to let—even showed them to us—a sitting-room and bedroom in a *suite*, commanding a fine prospect to the Firth and Fifeshire, and in themselves well proportioned and comfortably furnished, with pictures on the wall, shells on the mantelpiece, and several books upon the table, which I found afterwards to be all of a devotional character and all presentation copies, "to my Christian friend," or "to my devout acquaintance in the Lord, Bethiah McRankine." Beyond this my "Christian friend" could not be made to advance: no, not even to do that which seemed the most natural and pleasing thing in the world—I mean to name her price—but stood before us shaking her head, and at times mourning like the dove, the picture of depression and defense. She had a voice the most querulous I have ever heard, and with this she produced a whole regiment of difficulties and criticisms.

She could not promise us attendance.

"Well, madam," said I, "and what is my servant for?"

"Him?" she asked. "Be gude to us! Is *he* your servant?"

"I am sorry, ma'am, he meets with your disapproval."

"Na, I never said that. But he's young. He'll be a great breaker, I'm thinkin'. Ay! he'll be a great responsibeelity to ye, like. Does he attend to his releegion?"

"Yes, m'm," returned Rowley, with admirable promptitude, and, immediately closing his eyes, as if from habit, repeated the following distich with more celerity than fervor:

> "Matthew, Mark, Luke and John,
> Bless the bed that I lie on!"

"Nhm!" said the lady, and maintained an awful silence.

"Well, ma'am," said I, "it seems we are never to hear the beginning of your terms, let alone the end of them. Come—a good movement! and let us be either off or on."

She opened her lips slowly. "Ony raferences?" she inquired, in a voice like a bell.

I opened my pocket-book and showed her a handful of bankbills. "I think, madam, that these are unexceptionable," said I.

"Ye'll be wantin' breakfast late?" was her reply.

"Madam, we want breakfast at whatever hour it suits you to give it, from four in the morning till four in the afternoon!" I cried. "Only tell us your figure, if your mouth be large enough to let it out!"

"I couldnae give ye supper the nicht," came the echo.

"We shall go out to supper, you incorrigible female!" I vowed, between laughter and tears. "Here—this is going to end! I want you for a landlady—let me tell you that!—and I am going to have my way. You won't tell me what you charge? Very well; I will do without! I can trust you! You don't seem to know when you have a good lodger; but I know perfectly well when I have an honest landlady! Rowley, unstrap the valises!"

Will it be credited? The monomaniac fell to rating me for my indiscretion! But the battle was over; these were her last guns, and more in the nature of a salute than of renewed hostilities. And presently she condescended on very moderate terms, and Rowley and I were able to escape in quest of supper. Much time had, however, been lost; the sun was long down, the lamps glimmered along the streets, and the voice of a watchman already resounded in the neighboring Leith Road. On our first arrival I had observed a place of entertainment not far off, in a street behind the Register House. Thither we found our way, and sat down to a late dinner alone. But we had scarce given our orders before the door opened, and a tall young fellow entered with a lurch, looked about him, and approached the same table.

"Give you good evening, most grave and reverend seniors!" said he. "Will you permit a wanderer, a pilgrim—the pilgrim of love, in short—to come to temporary anchor under your lee? I care not who knows it, but I have a passionate aversion from the bestial practice of solitary feeding!"

"You are welcome, sir," said I, "if I may take upon me so far as to play the host in a public place."

He looked startled, and fixed a hazy eye on me, as he sat down.

"Sir," said he, "you are a man not without some tincture of letters, I perceive. What shall we drink?"

I mentioned I had already called for a pot of porter.

"A modest pot—the seasonable quencher?" said he. "Well, I do not know but what I could look at a modest pot myself! I am, for the moment, in precarious health. Much study hath heated my brain, much walking wearied my—well, it seems to be more my eyes!"

"You have walked far, I daresay?" I suggested.

"Not so much far as often," he replied. "There is in this city—to which, I think, you are a stranger? Sir, to your very good health, and our better acquaintance! —there is, in this city of Dunedin, a certain implication of streets which reflects the utmost credit on the designer and the publicans—at every hundred yards is seated the Judicious Tavern, so that persons of contemplative mind are secure, at moderate distances, of refreshment. I have been doing a trot in that favored quarter, favored by art and nature. A few chosen comrades—enemies of publicity and friends to wit and wine—obliged me with their society. 'Along the cool, sequestered vale' of Register Street we kept the uneven tenor of our way, sir."

"It struck me as you came in—" I began.

"Oh, don't make any bones about it!" he interrupted. "Of course it struck you! And, let me tell you, I was devilish lucky not to strike myself. When I entered this apartment I shone 'with all the pomp and prodigality of brandy and water,' as the poet Gray has in another place expressed it. Powerful bard, Gray! but a niminy-piminy creature, afraid of a petticoat and a bottle—not a man, sir, not a man! Excuse me for being so troublesome, but what the devil have I done with my fork? Thank you, I am sure. *Temulentia, quoad me ipsum, brevis colligo est.* I sit and eat, sir, in a London fog. I should bring a link-boy to table with me; and I would, too, if the little brutes were only washed! I intend to found a Philanthropical Society for Washing the Deserving Poor, and Shaving Soldiers. I am pleased to observe that, although not of an unmilitary bearing, you are apparently shaved. In my calendar of the virtues, shaving comes next to drinking. A gentleman may be a low-minded ruffian, without sixpence, but he will always be close-shaved. See me, with the eye of fancy, in the chill hours of the morning, say about a quarter to twelve, noon—see me awake! First thing of all, without one thought of the plausible but unsatisfactory small beer, or the healthful though insipid soda-water, I take the deadly razor in my vacillating grasp; I proceed to skate upon the margin of eternity. Stimulating thought! I bleed, perhaps, but with medicable wounds. The stubble reaped, I pass out of my chamber, calm but triumphant. To employ a hackneyed phrase, I would not call Lord Wellington my uncle! I, too, have dared, perhaps bled, before the imminent deadly shaving-table."

In this manner the bombastic fellow continued to entertain me all through dinner, and by a common error of drunkards, because he had been extremely talkative himself, leaped to the conclusion that he had chanced on very genial company. He told me his name, his address; he begged we should meet again; finally he proposed that I should dine with him in the country at an early date.

"The dinner is official," he explained. "The office-bearers and Senatus of the University of Cramond—an educational institution in which I have the honor to be Professor of Nonsense—meet to do honor to our friend Icarus, at the old-established *howff*, Cramond Bridge. One place is vacant, fascinating stranger,—I offer it to you!"

"And who is your friend Icarus?" I asked.

"The aspiring son of Dædalus!" said he. "Is it possible that you have never heard the name of Byfield?"

"Possible and true," said I.

"And is fame so small a thing?" cried he. "Byfield, sir, is an aeronaut. He apes the fame of a Lunardi, and is on the point of offering to the inhabitants—I beg your pardon, to the nobility and gentry of our neighborhood, the spectacle of an ascension. As one of the gentry concerned, I may be permitted to remark that I am unmoved. I care not a tinker's damn for his ascension. No more—I breathe it in your ear—does anybody else. The business is stale, sir, stale. Lunardi did it, and overdid it. A whimsical, fiddling, vain fellow, by all accounts—for I was at that time rocking in my cradle. But once was enough. If Lunardi went up and came down, there was the matter settled. We prefer to grant the point. We do not want to see the experiment repeated *ad nauseam* by Byfield, and Brown, and Butler, and Brodie, and Bottomley. Ah! if they would go up and *not* come down again! But this is by the question. The University of Cramond delights to honor merit in the man, sir, rather than utility in the profession; and Byfield, though an

ignorant dog, is a sound, reliable drinker, and really not amiss over his cups. Under the radiance of the kindly jar, partiality might even credit him with wit."

It will be seen afterwards that this was more my business than I thought it at the time. Indeed, I was impatient to be gone. Even as my friend maundered ahead, a squall burst, the jaws of the rain were opened against the coffee-house windows, and at that inclement signal I remembered I was due elsewhere.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE COTTAGE AT NIGHT.

At the door I was nearly blown back by the unbridled violence of the squall, and Rowley and I must shout our parting words. All the way along Princes Street (whither my way led) the wind hunted me behind and screamed in my ears. The city was flushed with bucketfuls of rain, that tasted salt from the neighboring ocean. It seemed to darken and lighten again in the vicissitudes of the gusts. Now you would say the lamps had been blown out from end to end of the long thoroughfare; now, in a lull, they would revive, re-multiply, shine again on the wet pavements, and make darkness sparingly visible.

By the time I had got to the corner of the Lothian Road there was a distinct improvement. For one thing, I had now my shoulder to the wind; for a second, I came in the lee of my old prison-house, the Castle; and, at any rate, the excessive fury of the blast was itself moderating. The thought of what errand I was on reawoke within me, and I seemed to breast the rough weather with increasing ease. With such a destination, what mattered a little buffeting of wind or a sprinkle of cold water? I recalled Flora's image, I took her in fancy to my arms, and my heart throbbed. And the next moment I had recognized the inanity of that fool's paradise. If I could spy her taper as she went to bed, I might count myself lucky.

I had about two leagues before me of a road mostly up-hill and now deep in mire. So soon as I was clear of the last street lamp, darkness received me—a darkness only pointed by the lights of occasional rustic farms, where the dogs howled with uplifted head as I went by. The wind continued to decline: it had been but a squall, not a tempest. The rain, on the other hand, settled into a steady deluge, which had soon drenched me thoroughly. I continued to tramp forward in the night, contending with gloomy thoughts and accompanied by the dismal ululation of the dogs. What ailed them that they should have been thus wakeful and perceived the small sound of my steps amid the general reverberation of the rain, was more than I could fancy. I remembered tales with which I had been entertained in childhood. I told myself some murderer was going by, and the brutes perceived upon him the faint smell of blood; and the next moment, with a physical shock, I had applied the words to my own case!

Here was a dismal disposition for a lover. "Was ever lady in this humor wooed?" I asked myself, and came near turning back. It is never wise to risk a critical interview when your spirits are depressed, your clothes muddy, and your hands wet! But the boisterous night was in itself favorable to my enterprise: now, or perhaps never, I might find some way to have an interview with Flora; and if I had one interview (wet clothes, low spirits, and all), I told myself there would certainly be another.

Arrived in the cottage garden, I found the circumstances mighty inclement. From the round holes in the shutters of the parlor, shafts of candle-light streamed forth; elsewhere the darkness was complete. The trees, the thickets, were saturated; the lower parts of the garden turned into a morass. At intervals, when the wind broke forth again, there passed overhead a wild coil of clashing branches; and between whiles the whole enclosure continuously and stridently resounded with the rain. I advanced close to the window and contrived to read the face of my watch. It was half-past seven; they would not retire before ten, they might not before midnight, and the prospect was unpleasant. In a lull of the wind I could hear from the inside the voice of Flora reading aloud; the words of course inaudible—only a flow of undecipherable speech, quiet, cordial, colorless, more intimate and winning, more eloquent of her personality, but not less beautiful than song. And the next moment the clamor of a fresh squall broke out about the cottage; the voice was drowned in its bellowing, and I was glad to retreat from my dangerous post.

For three egregious hours I must now suffer the elements to do their worst upon me, and continue to hold my ground in patience. I recalled the least fortunate of

my services in the field: being out-sentry of the pickets in weather no less vile, sometimes unsuppered and with nothing to look forward to by way of breakfast but musket-balls; and they seemed light in comparison. So strangely are we built: so much more strong is the love of woman than the mere love of life.

At last my patience was rewarded. The light disappeared from the parlor, and reappeared a moment after in the room above. I was pretty well informed for the enterprise that lay before me. I knew the lair of the dragon—that which was just illuminated. I knew the bower of my Rosamond, and how excellently it was placed on the ground level, round the flank of the cottage and out of earshot of her formidable aunt. Nothing was left but to apply my knowledge. I was then at the bottom of the garden, whither I had gone (Heaven save the mark!) for warmth, that I might walk to and fro unheard and keep myself from perishing. The night had fallen still, the wind ceased; the noise of the rain had much lightened, if it had not stopped, and was succeeded by the dripping of the garden trees. In the midst of this lull, and as I was already drawing near to the cottage, I was startled by the sound of a window-sash screaming in its channels; and a step or two beyond I became aware of a rush of light upon the darkness. It fell from Flora's window, which she had flung open on the night, and where she now sat, roseate and pensive, in the shine of two candles falling from behind, her tresses deeply embowering and shading her; the suspended comb still in one hand, the other idly clinging to the iron stanchions with which the window was barred.

Keeping to the turf, and favored by the darkness of the night and the patter of the rain which was now returning, though without wind, I approached until I could almost have touched her. It seemed a grossness of which I was incapable to break up her reverie by speech. I stood and drank her in with my eyes; how the light made a glory in her hair and (what I have always thought the most ravishing thing in nature) how the planes ran into each other, and were distinguished, and how the hues blended and varied, and were shaded off, between the cheek and neck. At first I was abashed: she wore her beauty like an immediate halo of refinement; she discouraged me like an angel—or like what I suspect to be the next most discouraging, a modern lady. But as I continued to gaze, hope and life returned to me; I forgot my timidity, I forgot the sickening pack of wet clothes with which I stood burdened, I tingled with new blood.

Still unconscious of my presence, still gazing before her upon the illuminated image of the window, the straight shadows of the bars, the glinting of pebbles on the path, and the impenetrable night on the garden and the hills beyond it, she heaved a deep breath that struck upon my heart like an appeal.

"Why does Miss Gilchrist sigh?" I whispered. "Does she recall absent friends?"

She turned her head swiftly in my direction; it was the only sign of surprise she deigned to make. At the same time I stepped forward into the light and bowed profoundly.

"You!" she said. "Here?"

"Yes, I am here," I replied. "I have come very far, it may be a hundred and fifty leagues, to see you. I have waited all this night in your garden. Will Miss Gilchrist not offer her hand—to a friend in trouble?"

She extended it between the bars, and I dropped upon one knee on the wet path, and kissed it twice. At the second it was withdrawn suddenly, methought with more of a start than she had hitherto displayed. I regained my former attitude, and we were both silent awhile. My timidity returned on me tenfold. I looked in her face for any signals of anger, and seeing her eyes to waver and fall aside from mine, augured that all was well.

"You must have been mad to come here!" she broke out. "Of all places under heaven, this is no place for you to come. And I was just thinking you were safe in France."

"You were thinking of me!" I cried.

"Mr. St. Ives, you cannot understand your danger," she replied. "I am sure of it, and yet I cannot find it in my heart to tell you. Oh, be persuaded, and go!"

"I believe I know the worst. But I was never one to set an undue value on life, the life that we share with beasts. My university has been in the wars, not a famous place of education, but one where a man learns to carry his life in his hand as lightly as a glove, and for his lady or his honor to lay it as lightly down. You appeal to my fears, and you do wrong. I have come to Scotland with my eyes quite open, to see you and to speak with you—it may be for the last time. With my eyes

quite open, I say; and if I did not hesitate at the beginning, do you think I would draw back now?"

"You do not know!" she cried, with rising agitation. "This country, even this garden, is death to you. They all believe it; I am the only one that does not. If they hear you now, if they heard a whisper —I dread to think of it. Oh, go, go this instant. It is my prayer."

"Dear lady, do not refuse me what I have come so far to seek; and remember that out of all the millions in England there can be no other but yourself in whom I can dare confide. I have all the world against me; you are my only ally; and as I have to speak, you have to listen. All is true that they say of me, and all is false at the same time. I did kill this man Goguelat—it was that you meant?"

She mutely signed to me that it was; she had become deadly pale.

"But I killed him in fair fight. Till then, I had never taken a life unless in battle, which is my trade. But I was grateful, I was on fire with gratitude, to one who had been good to me, who had been better to me than I could have dreamed of an angel, who had come into the darkness of my prison like sunrise. The man Goguelat insulted her. Oh, he had insulted *me* often, it was his favorite pastime, and he might insult me as he pleased —for who was I? But with that lady it was different. I could never forgive myself if I had let it pass. And we fought, and he fell, and I have no remorse."

I waited anxiously for some reply. The worst was now out, and I knew that she had heard of it before; but it was impossible for me to go on with my narrative without some shadow of encouragement.

"You blame me?"

"No, not at all. It is a point I cannot speak on—I am only a girl. I am sure you were in the right, I have always said so—to Ronald. Not, of course, to my aunt. I am afraid I let her speak as she will. You must not think me a disloyal friend, and even with the Major—I did not tell you he had become quite a friend of ours—Major Chevenix, I mean—he has taken such a fancy to Ronald! It was he that brought the news to us of that hateful Clausel being captured, and all that he was saying. I was indignant with him. I said—I daresay I said too much—and I must say he was very good-natured. He said, 'You and I, who are his friends, *know* that Champdivers is innocent. But what is the use of saying it?' All this was in the corner of the room, in what they call an aside. And then he said, 'Give me a chance to speak to you in private; I have much to tell you.' And he did. And told me just what you did—that it was an affair of honor, and no blame attached to you. Oh, I must say I like that Major Chevenix!"

At this I was seized with a great pang of jealousy. I remembered the first time that he had seen her, the interest that he seemed immediately to conceive; and I could not but admire the dog for the use he had been ingenious enough to make of our acquaintance in order to supplant me. All is fair in love and war. For all that, I was now no less anxious to do the speaking myself than I had been before to hear Flora. At least, I could keep clear of the hateful image of Major Chevenix. Accordingly I burst at once on the narrative of my adventures. It was the same as you have read, but briefer, and told with a very different purpose. Now every incident had a particular bearing, every byway branched off to Rome—and that was Flora.

When I had begun to speak, I had kneeled upon the gravel withoutside the low window, rested my arms upon the sill, and lowered my voice to the most confidential whisper. Flora herself must kneel upon the other side, and this brought our heads upon a level, with only the bars between us. So placed, so separated, it seemed that our proximity, and the continuous and low sounds of my pleading voice, worked progressively and powerfully on her heart, and perhaps not less so on my own. For these spells are double-edged. The silly birds may be charmed with the pipe of the fowler, which is but a tube of reeds. Not so with a bird of our own feather! As I went on and my resolve strengthened, and my voice found new modulations, and our faces were drawn closer to the bars and to each other, not only she, but I, succumbed to the fascination and were kindled by the charm. We make love, and thereby ourselves fall the deeper in it. It is with the heart only that one catches a heart.

"And now," I continued, "I will tell you what you can still do for me. I run a little risk just now, and you see for yourself how unavoidable it is for any man of honor. But if—but in case of the worst, I do not choose to enrich either my enemies or the Prince Regent. I have here the bulk of what my uncle gave me. Eight thousand odd pounds. Will you take

care of it for me? Do not think of it merely as money; take and keep it as a relic of your friend or some precious piece of him. I may have bitter need of it ere long. Do you know the old country story of the giant who gave his heart to his wife to keep for him, thinking it safer to repose on her loyalty than his own strength? Flora, I am the giant—a very little one: will you be the keeper of my life? It is my heart I offer you in this symbol. In the sight of God, if you will have it, I give you my name, I endow you with my money. If the worst come, if I may never hope to call you wife, let me at least think you will use my uncle's legacy as my widow."

"No, not that," she said. "Never that."

"What then?" I said. "What else, my angel? What are words to me? There is but one name that I care to know you by. Flora, my love!"

"Anne!" she said.

What sound is so full of music as one's own name uttered for the first time in the voice of her we love!

"My darling!" said I.

The jealous bars, set at the top and bottom in stone and lime, obstructed the rapture of the moment; but I took her to myself as wholly as they allowed. She did not shun my lips. My arms were wound round her body, which yielded itself generously to my embrace. As we so remained, entwined and yet severed, bruising our faces unconsciously on the cold bars, the irony of the universe—or as I prefer to say, envy of some of the gods—again stirred up the elements of that stormy night. The wind blew again in the tree-tops; a volley of cold sea-rain deluged the garden, and, as the deuce would have it, a gutter which had been hitherto choked up, began suddenly to play upon my head and shoulders with the vivacity of a fountain. We parted with a shock; I sprang to my feet, and she to hers, as though we had been discovered. A moment after, but now both standing, we had again approached the window on either side.

"Flora," I said, "this is but a poor offer I can make you."

She took my hand in hers and clasped it to her bosom.

"Rich enough for a queen!" she said, with a lift in her breathing that was more eloquent than words. "Anne, my brave Anne! I would be glad to be your maid-servant; I could envy that boy Rowley. But, no!" she broke off, "I envy no one—I need not—I am yours."

"Mine," said I, "forever! By this and this, mine!"

"All of me," she repeated, "altogether and forever!"

And if the god were envious, he must have seen with mortification how little he could do to mar the happiness of mortals. I stood in a mere waterspout; she herself was wet, not from my embrace only, but from the splashing of the storm. The candles had guttered out; we were in darkness. I could scarce see anything but the shining of her eyes in the dark room. To her I must have appeared as a silhouette, haloed by rain and the spouting of the ancient Gothic gutter above my head.

Presently we became more calm and confidential; and when that squall, which proved to be the last of the storm, had blown by, fell into a talk of ways and means. It seemed she knew Mr. Robbie, to whom I had been so slenderly accredited by Romaine—was even invited to his house for the evening of Monday, and gave me a sketch of the old gentleman's character, which implied a great deal of penetration in herself and proved of great use to me in the immediate sequel. It seemed he was an enthusiastic antiquary, and in particular a fanatic of heraldry. I heard it with delight, for I was myself, thanks to M. de Culemberg, fairly grounded in that science, and acquainted with the blazons of most families of note in Europe. And I had made up my mind—even as she spoke it was my fixed determination, though I was a hundred miles from saying it—to meet Flora on Monday night as a fellow guest in Mr. Robbie's house.

I gave her my money—it was, of course, only paper I had brought. I gave it her to be her marriage portion, I declared.

"Not so bad a marriage portion for a private soldier," I told her, laughing, as I passed it through the bars.

"Oh, Anne, and where am I to keep it?" she cried. "If my aunt should find it! What would I say?"

"Next your heart," I suggested.

"Then you will always be near your treasure," she cried, "for you are always there!"

We were interrupted by a sudden clearness that fell upon the night. The clouds dispersed; the stars shone in every part of the heavens; and, consulting my watch, I was startled to find it already hard on five in the morning.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE SABBATH DAY.

It was indeed high time I should be gone from Swanston; but what I was to do in the meanwhile was another question. Rowley had received his orders last night: he was to say that I had met a friend, and Mrs. McRankine was not to expect me before morning. A good enough tale in itself; but the dreadful pickle I was in made it out of the question. I could not go home till I had found harborage, a fire to dry my clothes at, and a bed where I might lie till they were ready.

Fortune favored me again. I had scarce got to the top of the first hill when I spied a light on my left, about a furlong away. It might be a case of sickness; what else it was likely to be—in so rustic a neighborhood, and at such an ungodly time of the morning—was beyond my fancy. A faint sound of singing became audible, and gradually swelled as I drew near, until at last I could make out the words, which were singularly appropriate both to the hour and to the condition of the singers. "The cock may craw, the day may daw," they sang; and sang it with such laxity both in time and tune, and such sentimental complaisance in the expression, as assured me they had got far into the third bottle at least.

I found a plain rustic cottage by the wayside, of the sort called double, with a signboard over the door; and, the lights within streaming forth and somewhat mitigating the darkness of the morning, I was enabled to decipher the inscription: "The Hunters' Tryst, by Alexander Hendry. Porter, Ales, and British Spirits. Beds."

My first knock put a period to the music, and a voice challenged tipsily from within.

"Who goes there?" it said; and I replied, "A lawful traveler."

Immediately after, the door was unbarred by a company of the tallest lads my eyes had ever rested on, all astonishingly drunk, and very decently dressed, and one (who was perhaps the drunkest of the lot) carrying a tallow candle, from which he impartially bedewed the clothes of the whole company. As soon as I saw them I could not help smiling to myself to remember the anxiety with which I had approached. They received me and my hastily concocted story, that I had been walking from Peebles and had lost my way, with incoherent benignity; jostled me among them into the room where they had been sitting, a plain, hedgerow alehouse parlor, with a roaring fire in the chimney and a prodigious number of empty bottles on the floor; and informed me that I was made, by this reception, a temporary member of the "Six-Feet-High Club," an athletic society of young men in a good station, who made the Hunters' Tryst a frequent resort. They told me I had intruded on an "all-night sitting," following upon an "all-day Saturday tramp" of forty miles; and that the members would all be up and "as right as ninepence" for the noonday service at some neighboring church—Collingwood, if memory serves me right. At this I could have laughed, but the moment seemed ill chosen. For, though six feet was their standard, they all exceeded that measurement considerably; and I tasted again some of the sensations of childhood, as I looked up to all these lads from a lower plane, and wondered what they would do next. But the Six-Footers, if they were very drunk, proved no less kind. The landlord and servants of the Hunters' Tryst were in bed and asleep long ago. Whether by natural gift or acquired habit, they could suffer pandemonium to reign all over the house and yet lie ranked in the kitchen like Egyptian mummies, only that the sound of their snoring rose and fell ceaselessly, like the drone of a bagpipe. Here the Six-Footers invaded them—in their citadel, so to speak; counted the bunks and the sleepers; proposed to put me in bed to one of the lasses, proposed to have one of the lasses out to make room for me, fell over chairs, and made noise enough to waken the dead: the whole illuminated by the same young torch-bearer, but now with two candles and rapidly beginning to look like a man in a snowstorm. At last a bed was found for me, my clothes were hung out to dry before the parlor fire, and I was mercifully left to my repose.

I awoke about nine with the sun shining in my eyes. The landlord came at my summons, brought me my clothes dried and decently brushed, and gave me the good news that the "Six-Feet-High Club" were all abed and sleeping off their excesses. Where they were bestowed was a puzzle to me, until (as I was strolling about the garden patch waiting for breakfast) I came on a barn door, and, looking in, saw all the red faces mixed in the straw like plums in a cake. Quoth the stalwart maid who brought me my porridge and

bade me "eat them while they were hot": "Ay, they were a' on the ran-dan last nicht! Hout! they're fine lads, and they'll be nane the waur of it. Forby Farbes's coat: I dinna see wha's to get the creish off that!" she added, with a sigh; in which, identifying Forbes as the torch-bearer, I mentally joined.

It was a brave morning when I took the road; the sun shone, spring seemed in the air, it smelt like April or May, and some over-venturous birds sang in the coppices as I went by. I had plenty to think of, plenty to be grateful for, that gallant morning; and yet I had a twitter at my heart. To enter the city by daylight might be compared to marching on a battery; every face that I confronted would threaten me like the muzzle of a gun; and it came into my head suddenly with how much better a countenance I should be able to do it if I could but improvise a companion. Hard by Merchistop, I was so fortunate as to observe a bulky gentleman in broadcloth and gaiters, stooping with his head almost between his knees before a stone wall. Seizing occasion by the forelock, I drew up as I came alongside and inquired what he had found to interest him.

He turned upon me a countenance not much less broad than his back.

"Why, sir," he replied, "I was even marveling at my own indefeasible stupeedity: that I should walk this way every week of my life, weather permitting, and should never before have *notticed* that stone," touching it at the same time with a goodly oak staff.

I followed the indication. The stone, which had been built sideways into the wall, offered traces of heraldic sculpture. At once there came a wild idea into my mind: his appearance tallied with Flora's description of Mr. Robbie; a knowledge of heraldry would go far to clinch the proof; and what could be more desirable than to scrape an informal acquaintance with the man whom I must approach next day with my tale of the drovers, and whom I yet wished to please? I stooped in turn.

"A chevron," I said; "on a chief three mullets? Looks like Douglas, does it not?"

"Yes, sir, it does; you are right," said he; "it *does* look like Douglas; though, without the tinctures, and the whole thing being so battered and broken up, who shall venture an opinion? But allow me to be more personal, sir. In these degenerate days I am astonished you should display so much proficiency."

"Oh, I was well grounded in my youth by an old gentleman, a friend of my family, and I may say my guardian," said I; "but I have forgotten it since. God forbid I should delude you into thinking me a herald, sir! I am only an ungrammatical amateur."

"And a little modesty does no harm even in a herald," says my new acquaintance, graciously.

In short, we fell together on our onward way, and maintained very amicable discourse along what remained of the country road, past the suburbs, and on into the streets of the new town, which was as deserted and silent as a city of the dead. The shops were closed, no vehicle ran, cats sported in the midst of the sunny causeway; and our steps and voices re-echoed from the quiet houses. It was the high-water, full and strange, of that weekly trance to which the city of Edinburgh is subjected: the apotheosis of the *Sawbath;* and I confess the spectacle wanted not grandeur, however much it may have lacked cheerfulness. There are few religious ceremonies more imposing. As we thus walked and talked in a public seclusion, the bells broke out ringing through all the bounds of the city, and the streets began immediately to be thronged with decent church-goers.

"Ah!" said my companion, "there are the bells! Now, sir, as you are a stranger, I must offer you the hospitality of my pew. I do not know whether you are at all used with our Scottish form; but in case you are not, I will find your places for you; and Dr. Henry Gray, of St. Mary's, (under whom I sit) is as good a preacher as we have to show you."

This put me in a quandary. It was a degree of risk I was scarce prepared for. Dozens of people, who might pass me by in the street with no more than a second look, would go on from the second to the third, and from that to a final recognition, if I were set before them, immobilized in a pew, during the whole time of service. An unlucky turn of the head would suffice to arrest their attention. "Who is that?" they would think: "surely, I should know him!" and, a church being the place in all the world where one has least to think of, it was ten to one they would end by remembering me before the benediction. However, my mind was made up: I thanked my obliging friend, and placed myself at his disposal.

Our way now led us into the northeast quarter of the town, among pleasant new faubourgs, to a decent new church of a good size, where I was soon seated by the side of my good Samaritan, and looked upon by a whole congregation of menacing faces. At first the possibility of danger kept me awake; but by the time I had assured myself there was none to be apprehended and the service was not in the least likely to be enlivened by the arrest of a French spy, I had to resign myself to the task of listening to Dr. Henry Gray.

As we moved out, after this ordeal was over, my friend was at once surrounded and claimed by his acquaintance of the congregation; and I was rejoiced to hear him addressed by the expected name of Robbie.

So soon as we were clear of the crowd —"Mr. Robbie?" said I, bowing.

"The very same, sir," said he.

"If I mistake not, a lawyer?"

"A writer to his Majesty's Signet, at your service."

"It seems we were predestined to be acquaintances!" I exclaimed. "I have here a card in my pocket intended for you. It is from my family lawyer. It was his last word, as I was leaving, to ask to be remembered kindly, and to trust you would pass over so informal an introduction."

And I offered him the card.

"Ay, ay, my old friend Daniel!" says he, looking on the card. "And how does my old friend Daniel?"

I gave a favorable view of Mr. Romaine's health.

"Well, this is certainly a whimsical incident," he continued. "And since we are thus met already—and so much to my advantage!—the simplest thing will be to prosecute the acquaintance instantly. Let me propose a snack between sermons, a bottle of my particular green seal—and, when nobody is looking, we can talk blazons, Mr. Ducie!" which was the name I then used and had already incidentally mentioned, in the vain hope of provoking a return in kind.

"I beg your pardon, sir: do I understand you to invite me to your house?" said I.

"That was the idea I was trying to convey," said he. "We have the name of hospitable people up here, and I would like you to try mine."

"Mr. Robbie, I shall hope to try it some day, but not yet," I replied. "I hope you will not misunderstand me. My business, which brings me to your city, is of a peculiar kind. Till you shall have heard it, and, indeed, till its issue is known, I should feel as if I had stolen your invitation."

"Well, well," said he, a little sobered, "it must be as you wish, though you would hardly speak otherwise if you had committed homicide! Mine is the loss. I must eat alone; a very pernicious thing for a person of my habit of body, content myself with a pint of skinking claret, and meditate the discourse. But about this business of yours: if it is so particular as all that, it will doubtless admit of no delay."

"I must confess, sir, it presses," I acknowledged.

"Then let us say to-morrow at half-past eight in the morning," said he; "and I hope, when your mind is at rest (and it does you much honor to take it as you do), that you will sit down with me to the postponed meal, not forgetting the bottle. You have my address?" he added, and gave it me—which was the only thing I wanted.

At last, at the level of York Place, we parted with mutual civilities, and I was free to pursue my way through the mobs of people returning from church, to my lodgings in St. James's Square.

Almost at the house door, whom should I overtake but my landlady, in a dress of gorgeous severity and dragging a prize in her wake: no less than Rowley, with the cockade in his hat, and a smart pair of tops to his boots. When I said he was in the lady's wake, I spoke but in metaphor. As a matter of fact, he was squiring her, with the utmost dignity, on his arm; and I followed them up the stairs, smiling to myself.

Both were quick to salute me as soon as I was perceived, and Mrs. McRankine inquired where I had been. I told her boastfully, giving her the name of the church and the divine, and ignorantly supposing I should have gained caste. But she soon opened my eyes. In the roots of the Scottish character there are knots and contortions that not only no stranger can understand, but no stranger can follow; he walks among explosives; and his best course is to throw himself upon their mercy—"Just as I am, without one plea," a citation from one of the lady's favorite hymns.

The sound she made was unmistakable in meaning, though it was impossible to

be written down; and I at once executed the manœuver I have recommended.

"You must remember I am a perfect stranger in your city," said I. "If I have done wrong, it was in mere ignorance, my dear lady; and this afternoon, if you will be so good as to take me, I shall accompany *you*."

But she was not to be pacified at the moment, and departed to her own quarters murmuring.

"Well, Rowley," said I; "and have you been to church?"

"If you please, sir," he said.

"Well, you have not been any less unlucky than I have," I returned. "And how did you get on with the Scottish form?"

"Well, sir, it was pretty 'ard, the form was, and reether narrow," he replied. "I don't know w'y it is, but it seems to me like as if things were a good bit changed since William Wallace! That was a main queer church she took me to, Mr. Anne! I don't know as I could have sat it out, if she 'adn't 'a' give me peppermints. She ain't a bad one at bottom, the old girl; she do pounce a bit, and she do worry, but, law bless you, Mr. Anne, it ain't nothink really—she don't *mean* it. W'y, she was down on me like a 'undredweight of bricks this morning. You see, last night she 'ad me in to supper, and, I beg your pardon, sir, but I took the freedom of playing her a chune or two. She didn't mind a bit; so this morning I began to play to myself, and she flounced in, and flew up, and carried on no end about Sunday!"

"You see, Rowley," said I, "they're all mad up here, and you have to humor them. See, and don't quarrel with Mrs. McRankine; and, above all, don't argue with her, or you'll get the worst of it. Whatever she says, touch your forelock and say, 'If you please!' or 'I beg pardon, ma'am.' And let me tell you one thing: I am sorry, but you have to go to church with her again this afternoon. That's duty, my boy!"

As I had foreseen, the bells had scarce begun before Mrs. McRankine presented herself to be our escort, upon which I sprang up with readiness and offered her my arm. Rowley followed behind. I was beginning to grow accustomed to the risks of my stay in Edinburgh, and it even amused me to confront a new churchful. I confess the amusement did not last until the end; for if Dr. Gray were long, Mr. McCraw was not only longer, but more incoherent, and the matter of his sermon (which was a direct attack, apparently, on all the churches of the world, my own among the number), where it had not the tonic quality of personal insult, rather inclined me to slumber. But I braced myself for my life, kept up Rowley with the end of a pin, and came through it awake, but no more.

Bethiah was quite conquered by this "mark of grace," though, I am afraid, she was also moved by more worldly considerations. The fact is, the lady had not the least objection to go to church on the arm of an elegantly dressed young gentleman and be followed by a spruce servant with a cockade in his hat. I could see it by the way she took possession of us, found us the places in the Bible, whispered to me the name of the minister, passed us lozenges, which I (for my part) handed on to Rowley, and at each fresh attention stole a little glance about the church to make sure she was observed. Rowley was a pretty boy; you will pardon me, if I also remembered that I was a favorable-looking young man. When we grow elderly, how the room brightens, and begins to look as it ought to look, on the entrance of youth, grace, health, and comeliness! You do not want them for yourself, perhaps not even for your son, but you look on smiling; and when you recall their images—again it is with a smile. I defy you to see or think of them and not smile with an infinite and intimate, but quite impersonal, pleasure. Well, either I know nothing of women, or that was the case with Bethiah McRankine. She had been to church with a cockade behind her, on the one hand; on the other, her house was brightened by the presence of a pair of good-looking young fellows of the other sex, who were always pleased and deferential in her society and accepted her views as final.

These were sentiments to be encouraged; and, on the way home from church—if church it could be called—I adopted a most insidious device to magnify her interest. I took her into the confidence, that is, of my love affair, and I had no sooner mentioned a young lady with whom my affections were engaged than she turned upon me a face of awful gravity.

"Is she bonny?" she inquired.

I gave her full assurances upon that.

"To what denoamination does she beloang?" came next, and was so unexpected as almost to deprive me of breath.

"Upon my word, ma'am, I have never

inquired," cried I; "I only know that she is a heartfelt Christian, and that is enough."

"Ay!" she sighed, "if she has the root of the maitter! There's a remnant practically in most of the denoaminations. There's some in the McGlashanites, and some in the Glassites, and mony in the McMillanites, and there's a leeven even in the Estayblishment."

"I have known some very good Papists even, if you go to that," said I.

"Mr. Ducie, think shame to yoursel'!" she cried.

"Why, my dear madam! I only—" I began.

"You shouldnae jest in sairious maitters," she interrupted.

On the whole she entered into what I chose to tell her of our idyl with avidity, like a cat licking her whiskers over a dish of cream; and, strange to say, and so expansive a passion is that of love!—that I derived a perhaps equal satisfaction from confiding in that breast of iron. It made an immediate bond: from that hour we seemed to be welded into a family party; and I had little difficulty in persuading her to join us and to preside over our tea-table. Surely there was never so ill-matched a trio as Rowley, Mrs. McRankine, and the Viscount Anne! But I am of the Apostle's way, with a difference: all things to all women! When I cannot please a woman, hang me in my cravat!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

EVENTS OF MONDAY: THE LAWYER'S PARTY.

By half-past eight o'clock on the next morning, I was ringing the bell of the lawyer's office in Castle Street, where I found him ensconced at a business table, in a room surrounded by several tiers of green tin cases. He greeted me like an old friend.

"Come away, sir, come away!" said he. "Here is the dentist ready for you, and I think I can promise you that the operation will be practically painless."

"I am not so sure of that, Mr. Robbie," I replied, as I shook hands with him. "But at least there shall be no time lost with me."

I had to confess to having gone a-roving with a pair of drovers and their cattle, to having used a false name, to having murdered or half-murdered a fellow-creature in a scuffle on the moors, and to having suffered a couple of quite innocent men to lie some time in prison on a charge from which I could have immediately freed them. All this I gave him the first of all, to be done with the worst of it; and all this he took with gravity, but without the least appearance of surprise.

"Now, sir," I continued, "I expect to have to pay for my unhappy frolic, but I would like very well if it could be managed without my personal appearance or even the mention of my real name. I had so much wisdom as to sail under false colors in this foolish jaunt of mine; my family would be extremely concerned if they had wind of it; but at the same time, if the case of this Faa has terminated fatally, and there are proceedings against Todd and Candlish, I am not going to stand by and see them vexed, far less punished; and I authorize you to give me up for trial if you think that best—or, if you think it unnecessary, in the meanwhile to make preparations for their defence. I hope, sir, that I am as little anxious to be Quixotic, as I am determined to be just."

"Very fairly spoken," said Mr. Robbie. "It is not much in my line, as doubtless your friend, Mr. Romaine, will have told you. I rarely mix myself up with anything on the criminal side, or approaching it. However, for a young gentleman like you, I may stretch a point, and I daresay I may be able to accomplish more than perhaps another. I will go at once to the Procurator Fiscal's office and inquire."

"Wait a moment, Mr. Robbie," said I. "You forget the chapter of expenses. I had thought, for a beginning, of placing a thousand pounds in your hands."

"My dear sir, you will kindly wait until I render you my bill," said Mr. Robbie severely.

"It seemed to me," I protested, "that, coming to you almost as a stranger, and placing in your hands a piece of business so contrary to your habits, some substantial guarantee of my good faith—"

"Not the way that we do business in Scotland, sir," he interrupted, with an air of closing the dispute.

"And yet, Mr. Robbie," I continued, "I must ask you to allow me to proceed. I do not merely refer to the expenses of the case. I have my eye besides on Todd and Candlish. They are thoroughly deserving fellows; they have been subjected through me to a considerable term of imprisonment; and I suggest, sir, that you shall not spare money for their indemnifi-

cation. This will explain," I added, smiling, "my offer of the thousand pounds. It was in the nature of a measure by which you should judge the scale on which I can afford to have this business carried through."

"I take you perfectly, Mr. Ducie," said he. "But the sooner I am off, the better this affair is like to be guided. My clerk will show you into the waiting-room, and give you the day's 'Caledonian Mercury' and the last 'Register,' to amuse yourself with in the interval."

I believe Mr. Robbie was at least three hours gone. I saw him descend from a cab at the door, and almost immediately after I was shown again into his study, where the solemnity of his manner led me to augur the worst. For some time he had the inhumanity to read me a lecture as to the incredible silliness, "not to say immorality," of my behavior. "I have the more satisfaction in telling you my opinion, because it appears that you are going to get off scot free," he continued, where, indeed, I thought he might have begun.

"The man, Faa, has been discharged cured; and the two men, Todd and Candlish, would have been leeberated long ago, if it had not been for their extraordinary loyalty to yourself, Mr. Ducie—or Mr. St. Ivey, as I believe I should now call you. Never a word would either of the two old fools volunteer that in any manner pointed at the existence of such a person; and when they were confronted with Faa's version of the affair, they gave accounts so entirely discrepant with their own former declarations, as well as with each other, that the Fiscal was quite nonplussed, and imagined there was something behind it. You may believe I soon laughed him out of that! And I had the satisfaction of seeing your two friends set free, and very glad to be on the causeway again."

"Oh, sir," I cried, "you should have brought them here."

"No instructions, Mr. Ducie!" said he. "How did I know you wished to renew an acquaintance which you had just terminated so fortunately? And, indeed, to be frank with you, I should have set my face against it, if you had! Let them go! They are paid and contented, and have the highest possible opinion of Mr. St. Ivey! When I gave them fifty pounds apiece—which was rather more than enough, Mr. Ducie, whatever you may think—the man Todd, who has the only tongue of the party, struck his staff on the ground. 'Weel,' says he, 'I aye said he was a gentleman!' 'Man Todd,' said I, 'that was just what Mr. St. Ivey said of yourself!'"

"So it was a case of 'compliments fly when gentlefolk meet.'"

"No, no, Mr. Ducie; man Todd and man Candlish are gone out of your life, and a good riddance! They are fine fellows in their way, but no proper associates for the like of yourself; and do you finally agree to be done with all eccentricity—take up with no more drovers, or rovers, or tinkers, but enjoy the naitural pleesures for which your age, your wealth, your intelligence, and (if I may be allowed to say it) your appearance so completely fit you. And the first of these," quoth he, looking at his watch, "will be to step through to my dining-room and share a bachelor's luncheon."

Over the meal, which was good, Mr. Robbie continued to develop the same theme. "You're, no doubt, what they call a dancing-man?" said he. "Well, on Thursday night there is the Assembly Ball. You must certainly go there, and you must permit me besides to do the honors of the ceety and send you a ticket. I am a thorough believer in a young man being a young man—but no more drovers or rovers, if you love me! Talking of which puts me in mind that you may be short of partners at the Assembly—oh, I have been young myself!—and if ye care to come to anything so portentiously tedious as a tea-party at the house of a bachelor lawyer, consisting mainly of his nieces and nephews, and his grand-nieces and grand-nephews, and his wards, and generally the whole clan of the descendants of his clients, you might drop in to-night towards seven o'clock. I think I can show you one or two that are worth looking at, and you can dance with them later on at the Assembly."

He proceeded to give me a sketch of one or two eligible young ladies whom I might expect to meet. "And then there's my parteecular friend, Miss Flora," said he. "But I'll make no attempt of a description. You shall see her for yourself."

It will be readily supposed that I accepted his invitation; and returned home to make a toilet worthy of her I was to meet and the good news of which I was the bearer. The toilet, I have reason to believe, was a success. Mr. Rowley dismissed me with a farewell: "Crikey! Mr. Anne, but you do look prime!" Even the stony Bethiah was—how shall I say?—

dazzled, but scandalized, by my appearance; and while, of course, she deplored the vanity that led to it, she could not wholly prevent herself from admiring the result.

"Ay, Mr. Ducie, this is a poor employment for a wayfaring Christian man!" she said. "Wi' Christ despised and rejectit in all pairts of the world, and the flag of the Covenant flung doon, you will be muckle better on your knees! However, I'll have to confess that it sets you weel. And if it's the lassie ye're gaun to see the nicht, I suppose I'll just have to excuse ye! Bairns maun be bairns!" she said, with a sigh. "I mind when Mr. McRankine came courtin', and that's lang by-gane—I mind I had a green gown, passementit, that was thocht to become me to admiration. I was nae just exactly what ye would ca' bonny; but I was pale, penetratin', and interestin'." And she leaned over the stair-rail with a candle to watch my descent as long as it should be possible.

It was but a little party at Mr. Robbie's—by which I do not so much mean that there were few people, for the rooms were crowded, as that there was very little attempted to entertain them. In one apartment there were tables set out, where the elders were solemnly engaged upon whist; in the other and larger one, a great number of youth of both sexes entertained themselves languidly, the ladies sitting upon their chairs to be courted, the gentlemen standing about in various attitudes of insinuation or indifference. Conversation appeared the sole resource, except in so far as it was modified by a number of keepsakes and annuals which lay dispersed upon the tables, and of which the young beaux displayed the illustrations to the ladies. Mr. Robbie himself was customarily in the card-room; only now and again, when he cut out, he made an incursion among the young folks, and rolled about jovially from one to another, the very picture of the general uncle.

It chanced that Flora had met Mr. Robbie in the course of the afternoon. "Now, Miss Flora," he had said, "come early, for I have a Phœnix to show you—one Mr. Ducie, a new client of mine that, I vow, I have fallen in love with;" and he was so good as to add a word or two on my appearance, from which Flora conceived a suspicion of the truth. She had come to the party, in consequence, on the knife-edge of anticipation and alarm; had chosen a place by the door, where I found her, on my arrival, surrounded by a *posse* of vapid youths; and, when I drew near, sprang up to meet me in the most natural manner in the world, and, obviously, with a prepared form of words.

"How do you do, Mr. Ducie?" she said. "It is quite an age since I have seen you!"

"I have much to tell you, Miss Gilchrist," I replied. "May I sit down?"

For the artful girl, by sitting near the door, and the judicious use of her shawl, had contrived to keep a chair empty by her side.

She made room for me, as a matter of course, and the youths had the discretion to melt before us. As soon as I was once seated her fan flew out, and she whispered behind it:

"Are you mad?"

"Madly in love," I replied; "but in no other sense."

"I have no patience. You cannot understand what I am suffering!" she said. "What are you to say to Ronald, to Major Chevenix, to my aunt?"

"Your aunt?" I cried, with a start. "*Peccavi!* is she here?"

"She is in the card-room at whist," said Flora.

"Where she will probably stay all the evening," I suggested.

"She may," she admitted; "she generally does!"

"Well, then, I must avoid the card-room," said I, "which is very much what I had counted upon doing. I did not come here to play cards, but to contemplate a certain young lady to my heart's content—if it can ever be contented!—and to tell her some good news."

"But there are still Ronald and the major!" she persisted. "They are not card-room fixtures! Ronald will be coming and going. And, as for Mr. Chevenix, he—"

"Always sits with Miss Flora?" I interrupted. "And they talk of poor St. Ives? I had gathered as much, my dear; and Mr. Ducie has come to prevent it! But pray dismiss these fears! I mind no one but your aunt."

"Why my aunt?"

"Because your aunt is a lady, my dear, and a very clever lady, and, like all clever ladies, a very rash lady," said I. "You can never count upon them, unless you are sure of getting them in a corner, as I have got you, and talking them over rationally, as I am just engaged on with yourself! It would be quite the same to your aunt to make the worst kind of a

scandal, with an equal indifference to my danger and to the feelings of our good host!"

"Well," she said, "and what of Ronald, then? Do you think *he* is above making a scandal? You must know him very little!"

"On the other hand, it is my pretension that I know him very well!" I replied. "I must speak to Ronald first—not Ronald to me—that is all!"

"Then, please, go and speak to him at once!" she pleaded. "He is there—do you see?—at the upper end of the room, talking to that girl in pink."

"And so lose this seat before I have told you my good news?" I exclaimed. "Catch me! And besides, my dear one, think a little of me, and my good news! I thought the bearer of good news was always welcome! I hoped he might be a little welcome for himself! Consider! I have but one friend; and let me stay by her! And there is only one thing I care to hear; and let me hear it!"

"Oh, Anne," she sighed, "if I did not love you, why should I be so uneasy? I am turned into a coward, dear! Think, if it were the other way round—if you were quite safe and I was in, oh, such danger!"

She had no sooner said it than I was convicted of being a dullard. "God forgive me, dear!" I made haste to reply, "I never saw before that there were two sides to this!" And I told her my tale as briefly as I could, and rose to seek Ronald. "You see, my dear, you are obeyed," I said.

She gave me a look that was a reward in itself; and as I turned away from her, with a strong sense of turning away from the sun, I carried that look in my bosom like a caress. The girl in pink was an arch, ogling person, with a good deal of eyes and teeth, and a great play of shoulders and rattle of conversation. There could be no doubt, from Master Ronald's attitude, that he worshipped the very chair she sat on. But I was quite ruthless. I laid my hand on his shoulder, as he was stooping over her like a hen over a chicken.

"Excuse me for one moment, Mr. Gilchrist!" said I.

He started and span about in answer to my touch, and exhibited a face of inarticulate wonder.

"Yes!" I continued, "it is even myself! Pardon me for interrupting so agreeable a *tête-à-tête*, but you know, my good fellow, we owe a first duty to Mr. Robbie. It would never do to risk making a scene in the man's drawing-room; so the first thing I had to attend to was to have you warned. The name I go by is Ducie, too, in case of accidents."

"I—I say, you know!" cried Ronald. "Deuce take it, what are you doing here?"

"Hush, hush!" said I. "Not the place, my dear fellow—not the place. Come to my rooms, if you like, to-night after the party, or to-morrow in the morning, and we can talk it out over a cigar. But here, you know, it really won't do at all."

Before he could collect his mind for an answer, I had given him my address in St. James's Square, and had again mingled with the crowd. Alas! I was not fated to get back to Flora so easily. Mr. Robbie was in the path: he was insatiably loquacious; and as he continued to palaver I watched the insipid youths gather again about my idol, and cursed my fate and my host. He remembered suddenly that I was to attend the Assembly Ball on Thursday, and had only attended to-night by way of a preparative. This put it into his head to present me to another young lady; but I managed this interview with so much art that, while I was scrupulously polite and even cordial to the fair one, I contrived to keep Robbie beside me all the time and to leave along with him when the ordeal was over. We were just walking away, arm in arm, when I spied my friend the major approaching, stiff as a ramrod and, as usual, obtrusively clean.

"Oh! there's a man I want to know," said I, taking the bull by the horns. "Won't you introduce me to Major Chevenix?"

"At a word, my dear fellow," said Robbie; and "Major!" he cried, "come here and let me present you to my friend Mr. Ducie, who desires the honor of your acquaintance."

The major flushed visibly, but otherwise preserved his composure. He bowed very low. "I'm not very sure," he said: "I have an idea we have met before?"

"Informally," I said, returning his bow; "and I have long looked forward to the pleasure of regularizing our acquaintance."

"You are very good, Mr. Ducie," he returned. "Perhaps you could aid my memory a little? Where was it that I had the pleasure?"

"Oh, that would be telling tales out of

school," said I, with a laugh, "and before my lawyer, too!"

"I'll wager," broke in Mr. Robbie, "that, when you knew my client, Chevenix—the past of our friend Mr. Ducie is an obscure chapter full of horrid secrets—I'll wager now you knew him as St. Ivey," says he, nudging me violently.

"I think not, sir," said the major, with pinched lips.

"Well, I wish he may prove all right!" continued the lawyer, with certainly the worst-inspired jocularity in the world. "I know nothing by him! He may be a swell mobsman for me with his aliases. You must put your memory on the rack, Major, and when you've remembered when and where ye met him, be sure ye tell me."

"I will not fail, sir," said Chevenix.

"Seek to him!" cried Robbie, waving his hand as he departed.

The major, as soon as we were alone, turned upon me his impassive countenance.

"Well," he said, "you have courage."

"It is undoubted as your honor, sir," I returned, bowing.

"Did you expect to meet me, may I ask?" said he.

"You saw, at least, that I courted the presentation," said I.

"And you were not afraid?" said Chevenix.

"I was perfectly at ease. I knew I was dealing with a gentleman. Be that your epitaph."

"Well, there are some other people looking for you," he said, "who will make no bones about the point of honor. The police, my dear sir, are simply agog about you."

"And I think that that was coarse," said I.

"You have seen Miss Gilchrist?" he inquired, changing the subject.

"With whom, I am led to understand, we are on a footing of rivalry?" I asked. "Yes, I have seen her."

"And I was just seeking her," he replied.

I was conscious of a certain thrill of temper; so, I suppose, was he. We looked each other up and down.

"The situation is original," he resumed.

"Quite," said I. "But let me tell you frankly you are blowing a cold coal. I owe you so much for your kindness to the prisoner Champdivers."

"Meaning that the lady's affections are more advantageously disposed of?" he asked, with a sneer. "Thank you, I am sure. And, since you have given me a lead, just hear a word of good advice in your turn: Is it fair, is it delicate, is it like a gentleman, to compromise the young lady by attentions which (as you know very well) can come to nothing?"

I was utterly unable to find words in answer.

"Excuse me if I cut this interview short," he went on. "It seems to me doomed to come to nothing, and there is more attractive metal."

"Yes," I replied, "as you say, it cannot amount to much. You are impotent, bound hand and foot in honor. You know me to be a man falsely accused, and even if you did not know it, from your position as my rival you have only the choice to stand quite still or to be infamous."

"I would not say that," he returned, with another change of color. "I may hear it once too often."

With which he moved off straight for where Flora was sitting amidst her court of vapid youths, and I had no choice but to follow him, a bad second, and reading myself, as I went, a sharp lesson on the command of temper.

(To conclude next month.)

CHARLES A. DANA IN THE CIVIL WAR.

By Ida M Tarbell.

At the close of 1860 the army of the United States was composed of 16,000 men. Its wages that year were something under $5,000,000, and its care cost about $6,500,000. Two years later this army numbered over 800,000 men, its pay roll was $113,000,000, and its supplies cost $176,000,000. This terrible expansion was not the result of a growth, but of a fiat—and it had all the evils of a thing produced by fiat.

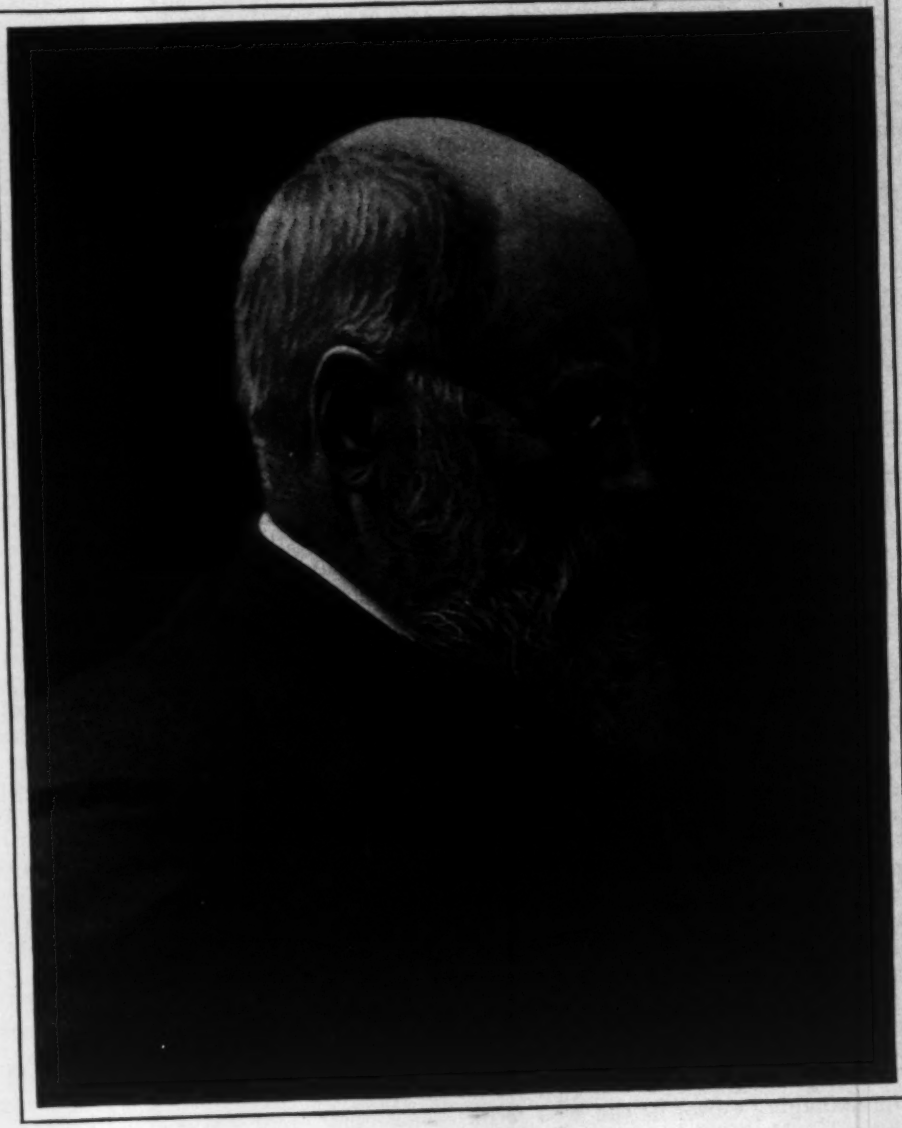
The word of the President had called this mass into existence. It was the duty of the War Department to make an effective army of it; to feed, clothe, equip, and shelter it; to transport it east or west as it was needed; to nurse its sick, punish its criminals, bury its dead. This work could only be accomplished by the aid of a great number of officers; but where were they to be found? A regular army of less than 20,000 men produces few officers. The War Department saw that to beat this raw material into form it must take men as untrained as the mass itself. Officers must be made, as the army was to be made, in the actual work of waging war.

It was a dangerous undertaking. Inefficient and dishonest men could push their way into places of trust, and there was no way of keeping them back; for where all men were untried, the usefulness of a particular man could only be known by proving him. The result was that the War Department was forced to invent methods for verifying its own work; it had to set a watch on its own appointments. One of the chief assistants whom it called to this service of critic and investigator was Mr. Charles A. Dana.

At the beginning of the war Mr. Dana was the managing editor of the New York "Tribune." He had been associated with Horace Greeley on that journal for fifteen years, and had, with James S. Pike, held it to an aggressive anti-slavery policy even when, as often happened, the courage of its editor-in-chief failed. After the battle of Bull Run Mr. Dana and Mr. Greeley differed so radically in their ideas of the war policy of the "Tribune" that in April, 1862, Mr. Dana left the paper. The Secretary of War at that date was Edwin M. Stanton. He had been but a little over three months in position, but his aggressive loyalty had been tried to the last degree by the inertia, failures, and frauds which were inevitable in an army created in the way in which the Federal army of 1862 had been. Mr. Stanton's appeals for help to men who he believed were as disinterested as himself were pathetic in their vehemence. When he heard that Mr. Dana was free from the "Tribune," he at once begged him to hold himself at the service of the War Department.

An immediate task Mr. Stanton did not offer; the nature of the service he left to circumstances. He simply assured Mr. Dana that he would be needed, and in 1862 the knowledge that the government needed one for any service whatever was enough for an honest man. Mr. Dana promised to hold himself at Mr. Stanton's call, and the relation thus begun lasted until July, 1865. The position never became one of routine. From first to last it was special service made necessary by unexpected conditions, and it was always full of surprises and adventure. Indeed, it is doubtful if any man connected with the War Department had a more varied and unique experience in the Civil War than Mr. Dana.

His first commission of particular interest came in the spring of 1863. Next to the capture of Richmond, the opening of the Mississippi was considered the most imperative duty of the war. Grant was at it, but was he the man to do the work? He did fight, that the War Department knew; but his critics said that he fought badly, that he could not be trusted. Was this true? It was imperative that the Department risk nothing by trusting an unsafe man, and it was equally imperative that it should not lose a strong man by heeding criticisms which were inspired by envy or prejudice. There were other generals in Grant's army concerning whom Lincoln and Stanton were uncertain; McClernand, Sherman, McPherson, all were men whose full value was yet unknown. The Department was in doubt not only about its generals on the Mississippi; it could not keep itself promptly and fully informed about the operations going on



CHARLES A. DANA.

From the photograph by G. C. Cox.

there. As Lincoln said later, "Grant was a 'copious' worker and fighter, but he was a very meager writer or telegrapher;" and from him only the rarest details went to Washington. In March the President was in such despair over his inability to find out what the great army on the Mississippi was doing that he was driven to telegraph himself to the officer at Memphis: "What news have you? What from Vicksburg? What from Yazoo Pass? What from Lake Providence? What generally?"

Finally it occurred to the tormented government that it might be possible to send some one down there simply to look on and write daily letters. Mr. Dana was sent for. "We want some one," Mr. Stanton told him, "who will see everything and report it without malice or prejudice. Your value to us will depend on your energy in getting about, your keenness in observing, and your clearness and impartiality in reporting. We will give you a commission which will admit you everywhere, and will endow you with the authority of the War Department. We will relieve you of all responsibility of decision or advice. Will you go?" Of course he went. Ostensibly he was to investigate the condition of the paymaster's department; really he was to be, as Lincoln said, "the eyes of the government at the front."

Arriving at Milliken's Bend just as Grant was announcing the plan of campaign by which Vicksburg was finally captured, Mr. Dana saw from that time on every detail of the operations. Most of them he saw at Grant's side, sharing every danger and hardship of that general. He watched each officer's way of doing things; studied him in camp, on the march, on the battle-field, in the siege; studied his relations to other men, and listened to criticism of him by his fellows. Almost every day he sent telegrams to Washington, telling just what he had seen done and heard said. He never glossed errors nor stinted enthusiasm, but wrote frankly as he would have talked. His despatches told exactly the things Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stanton wanted to know —the kind of things that they themselves would have noted had they been on the field. The President and the Secretary soon began to feel that they were in daily communication with the army. The operations seemed to pass under their eyes. When Vicksburg finally capitulated, they knew what each officer had been doing almost daily for three and a half months. They were no longer uncertain about him. He had demonstrated his value. At last they had found a way of learning what was really going on at the front. Mr. Stanton was not slow to show his appreciation. "Your telegrams are a great obligation," he wrote, "and are looked for with deep interest. I cannot thank you as much as I feel for the service you are now rendering."

From Vicksburg to the end of the war Mr. Dana remained the confidential reporter of the government. Whenever matters at the front became complicated and obscure, whenever a general was being tested, whenever there was a sudden change in the situation, involving new problems, Mr. Lincoln's and Mr. Stanton's first thought was, "Send Dana." When Rosecrans in September, 1863, started after the enemy, Dana went along. When Burnside was shut up in Knoxville in the fall of 1863 and Grant could not decide from Burnside's complaints just how critical his situation was, it was Dana who, at two different times, crossed East Tennessee to see just what was going on at Knoxville. When Grant began his Peninsular campaign and Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stanton got no full and satisfactory reports of what he was doing, Dana joined the army, and from Spottsylvania to Petersburg he rode at Grant's side, reporting daily to the waiting government what he saw. When Early made his raid on Washington, it was Dana whom Grant sent from the army of the Potomac to the capital to inspect the defenses. When Richmond fell, it was Dana who kept Mr. Stanton informed of all the inside transactions. When Jefferson Davis was transferred to Fortress Monroe, it was Dana again whose eyes were on prisoner and officers and who informed the War Department of all the details of that dramatic incident.

The influence of the descriptions and characterizations which Mr. Dana sent to Mr. Stanton from the front is apparent, now that the records of the war are open. It is clear that in many cases the policy of the government towards men was decided by these communications. They were so clear, full, and unbiased, that the conclusions from the facts they gave were irresistible. The few suggestions Mr. Dana made were weighty because he had led up to them naturally by his day-to-day reports. The necessity of a certain policy was apparent before the suggestion of it came. It is

not too much to say that it was Mr. Dana's reports which first convinced the government that two of its greatest generals were Sherman and Grant, which proved that McClernand should be dropped, and which showed that Grant and Thomas should take hold of the army which Rosecrans had demoralized.

To know men, to see everything that went on, and to describe all fully, was, then, Mr. Dana's chief business. In the course of it he was an observer of several of the great spectacular episodes of the war. He watched the gunboats running the batteries of Vicksburg; saw Pemberton standing out on the fortification of that city, while his army stacked their arms in sign of surrender; was driven from the field of Chickamauga in the terrible panic of September 20, 1863; beside Grant, watched the battle of Missionary Ridge; was at Cold Harbor and Petersburg. The descriptions of these events, written at the time, are surpassingly brilliant, and they are perfectly clear. One feels the roar and clash of the battle in them, and one understands what it is all about.

An intimate acquaintance with a great number of officers was naturally forced on Mr. Dana by his position. Probably no man in the War Department at that time studied so many different generals face to face as he did, and certainly nobody else wrote so fully and frankly his opinions of the men he studied. Not only did Mr. Dana know the officers of the army; in the dull times between campaigns, he remained in Washington as an assistant to Secretary Stanton. There he saw much of Mr. Lincoln and his Cabinet and of the members of Congress. His work there was scarcely less in interest than that at the front, and much of it was as truly warfare, though of a bloodless kind. It was incessant skirmishing with contractors who were watching for opportunities to cheat the government, with deserters and blockade-runners, with Confederate agents in Canada, and spies from within the enemy's lines. Often the skirmishing developed into pitched battles.

His reminiscences of this unique war experience Mr. Dana has never published save now and then a fragment, and it is with great satisfaction that the editors of McClure's Magazine announce that in the November number they will begin the publication of a series of articles by him on his life as the private war reporter of Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stanton.

In preparing these reminiscences Mr. Dana has not trusted to his memory alone. The great mass of documents he prepared for the eyes of Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stanton has been freely used; so have his voluminous correspondence with military governors and provost-marshals, carried on at the period when he was in Washington, the reports of special investigations he made for the War Department (reports never published, though influential in determining large questions of policy), and private correspondence with friends, including private letters from Mr. Stanton, General Sherman, and others. In fact, he has opened a great private storehouse of historical matter and condensed it in these reminiscences. In the work he has had free access to the great collection of Stanton papers in the hands of the Hon. George B. Gorham, and to the files of the War Department, Mr. Gorham having turned over to Mr. Dana all of the Stanton papers that could be of use to him in this connection, and the War Department having extended innumerable courtesies and aided the work in every possible way. To insure perfect accuracy in the details of military movements, the manuscript has been read by Mr. Leslie J. Perry, the well-known expert of the War Records Commission.

A narrative of a man's own experiences in such scenes and relations as those in which Mr. Dana figured through the war could not fail to be of interest even if he were rather a commonplace man. When coming from one of the keenest observers and most trenchant writers of our times, a man who from the first was the confidant of the government and had access to every secret source of information, both the historic and literary value of the story is apparent. Since the appearance of General Grant's "Personal Memoirs" no such contribution to the literature of the Civil War has been made as these reminiscences of Mr. Dana.

THE GRATEFUL REPORTER.

By Octave Thanet,

Author of "Stories of a Western Town," "The Ladder of Grief," etc.

"SURE, it's sorry I am for the creachure," said Mrs. Patrick Fitzmaurice to her only son, Tommy. This was in the year when Tommy was in training as a candidate for mayor; indeed, the primaries were to be held that week. As the little Irishwoman spoke she glanced up wistfully at Tommy's handsome face, and brushed an imperceptible trace of dust from his coat-sleeve. Tommy began to guess what was coming.

"And what does she want you to do, ma?" said he, slipping his arm about her waist and looking fondly down at the face that was pretty to him still, although to most people it was but a wrinkled little Irish face with violet eyes and a long upper lip. "She's after you for something—that I know."

"Why, she has no sinse at all, Tommy; and she puts me out of me temper with the way she goes on, till I clean forget she is me third cousin on me stepmother's side and I want to tell her to be quiet; but then I think of how old she is, and with no children: never a chick nor a child did Tim and she have to bless them, Tommy; and many's the time she looks at you, and I can see the sigh in her eyes that she's too proud to let drop from her lips; and then I think, 'Well, if she does make a time over an ould box, it's hers, and maybe the forlorn creachure vallys it; maybe, not having any humans to love, she has to take it out on her things.'"

"That box she lost in the custom-house in Chicago, I suppose," says Tommy, patiently. "She isn't nagging you to have me go to Chicago, is she?"

"Well, that very same she is, Tommy. And I tould her, says I, he's busy wid important business of the election, says I, and he ain't got the time. But the creachure don't seem to have good sinse, for all she says is, 'It was owing to him I took it to Chicago instid of to New York to the customs there; and now it's lost!' Meself, I wonder she didn't lose ivery box she had, comin' a wake before she was ixpectid and we not meeting her; for she can't so much as go down town alone."

Tommy was swallowing his annoyance. He loved his mother, whatever he might think of her stepmother's third cousin; and he knew how his mother must have been harried to bring her to the point of asking a journey of him this particular week. It was a nuisance, and it might well be a risk, to leave just now, but he would chance it; and having resolved to chance it, he would not spoil a kind act by an ill grace in the doing. Therefore he laughed as he smoothed his mother's thin but still silky hair; and told her that he could manage to get off to Chicago and that she might assure Mrs. Sullivan that he would look up every unclaimed article of luggage in the Chicago customs.

He might have felt repaid had he seen his mother, that evening, wiping her eyes while she repeated the scene to his father, who puffed hard on his pipe. "And you won't deny, Pat, he is the bist son in the country!"

"I ain't thinkin' of sons," said the ex-saloon-keeper grimly; "I'm thinkin' of mothers that lets their sons throw away their chances to gratify the fool whims of a doddering ould woman. Tom has no business to be out of town this wake, and well he knows it."

"And for why not, Pat?"

"For why? Because he has got to go, to-morrow, no later, to the meeting, and Paulsen will be at the meeting, and the other men; and 'specially for Paulsen they want Tommy to be there. Ye know how Tommy talks and the persuasiveness of him"—the father could not hide a lurking smile—"well, they're hoping whin Paulsen hears him he'll listen to rason and go in for him. And Harry Lossing, he's going to see Paulsen and persuade him how sound Tommy is about kaping the saloons down and yit raising enough rivinue for the ixpenses, and how he'll look moighty scharp after the contracts, and there won't be no boodlin' games countenanced noways; and he'll take the police

out of politics. Av coorse, Tommy can't be tellin' what a foine mayor he'll make for himself; but Harry will say it, and more; and then at the meeting he'll ask Tommy any quistions that Paulsen will want answered or that he hears Paulsen will want; and Tommy will have his innings thin. Do you see? But now, wid your blethering ould cousin and her box, ye'll git him aff and maybe he'll not be back; there was a washout only yisterday on the road, and loike enough there'll be another; and Tommy'll be losing the mayor's office to git—"

"Oh, Pat, is it that bad?" cried the mother, clasping her hands. "Sure I'll drive to the depot and beg him to stay!"

She meant her words, and her hand was on the door-knob, but her husband stopped her. "Ye will *not*, Ellen," said he with an ironic chuckle, "for it's off already he is. Ye will set down and hope ye ain't done much harm sindin' him off!"

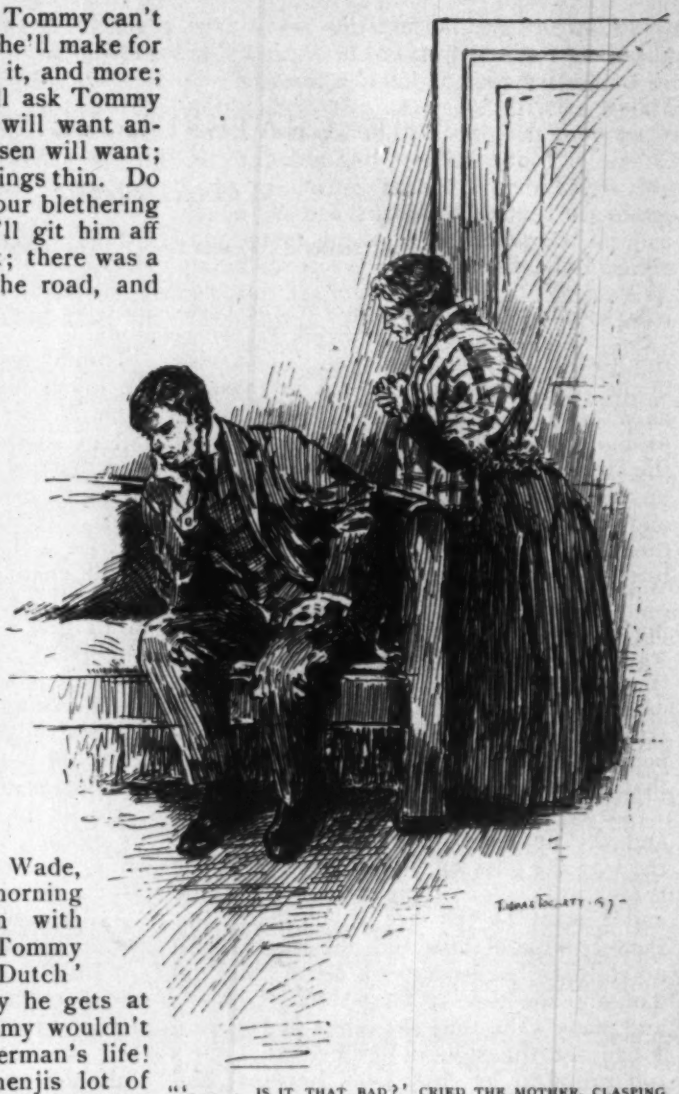
"And who would harm him, sure?"

"Well, there is Alderman Wade, who is after Paulsen from morning till night, pecking at him with 'Tommy is an Irishman, Tommy is shly, Tommy hates the Dutch' —you'll see—that's the way he gets at him, making him think Tommy wouldn't cross the street to save a German's life! And Paulsen has got a tremenjis lot of pull wid the Dutch, and that's the fact; he ain't, so far's I kin find out, he ain't opened the mouth of him yit whether it's for or whether it's agin Tommy. But Tommy best be round when he does—that's all."

"But why would Alderman Wade be wanting to hurt Tommy? I mind well, whin you had the place down town, how he always had his drinks free, and he was always asking afther your foine young son at the university."

Old Patrick humped his shoulders, and muttered, "Things was different thin; I'm thinkin', meself, that he wants to be greased, and Tommy won't grease him!"

Mrs. Fitzmaurice, as innocent a soul as ever was sent into a wicked world, had lived too long with Patrick not to understand. She sighed. "Is he loike that, thin? I didn't think it. And is Mr. Paulsen the same?"



"'. . . IS IT THAT BAD?' CRIED THE MOTHER, CLASPING HER HANDS, . . ."

"I guess not"—with a short laugh—"you couldn't buy Paulsen any more than you could coax a mule with a greenback. Oh, he's honest, but he's obstinate; and he's like a mule that way too: you niver know which end of him is going to kick! Harry Lossing was tilling me he mistrusted he'd be fighting us."

"Well, you'll find Tommy'll match him," said the mother confidently, to which the father only grunted—being, however, like many husbands, secretly cheered by his wife's unreasoning hope.

But she, poor woman, staid awake all night, wondering whether indeed she had jeoparded her son's prospects by sending

him away, and struggling darkly in her mind after some way to reach the incorruptible and obstinate Paulsen.

Tommy, meanwhile, had gone easily to Chicago, and the next morning, having found the box, was loitering, with a conscience at rest, among a hundred odd people who were at the sale of "unclaimed and seized merchandise" in the government warehouse. Next to Tommy stood a yellow-haired young man with his hat on the back of his head and a pad bulging his breast-pocket. Tommy and he were the only persons present not bidding.

"Live in Chicago?" said the young man.

Tommy, flattered by the inference, shook his head and named his town.

"Pretty town," said the young man. "I used to live there; I used to be on the 'Evening Scimitar.' Now"—he flung his coat open, disclosing his reporter's badge. Tommy read the name of the great city paper with a tinge of respect. The reporter asked questions about familiar names, ending with Tommy's own personality—"Fitzmaurice? Fitzmaurice? You aren't—"

"I'm Patrick Fitzmaurice's son," said Tommy, composedly. "His place was down on Third Street."

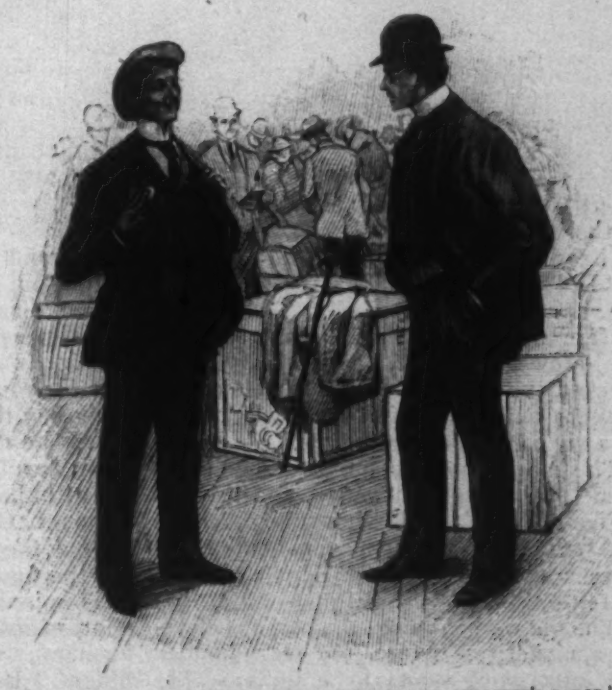
The reporter eyed Tommy askance. He could not place this well-dressed, well-mannered young man, with his handsome Irish-Norman face (that clean-cut, delicate face which is no more like the caricatures of the Irish-Celtic face than the newspaper "Celt" is like the man himself). He knew Pat Fitzmaurice's place, but here was a flower from a saloon window. He did not quite know how to take Tommy's calmness. "I must have been at the university when you were there," said Tommy, still unconscious, "for I don't remember you."

"They had a son at school. Mrs. Fitzmaurice used to tell me about him. I hope your mother is well, Mr. Fitzmaurice. She was an angel of mercy to me. One awfully cold night, when I was out on an assignment about a fire, got wet through, and my clothes froze on me, I went in, and she made me hot coffee herself—she said I was too young for whisky—loaned me some of your clothes, by the way, to get home in—all not knowing I wasn't reeling off a lie to her."

"Well, the clothes came back," said Tommy. "I heard about it. Mother's always up to such tricks."

"Mothers are a big thing; they keep a fellow sure there's some good left in the world, and yours was one of the motherliest mothers going."

Tommy blushed with pleasure, but could think of nothing better than to hand the reporter a cigar. And it was at this softened moment that his eyes fell on an old woman who had just entered. She was poorly clad in a worn, limp, black skirt made short enough to show her coarse shoes, and a basque of that unchanging model affected by elderly German women of the humbler kind. The hair under the old-fashioned bonnet was gray, almost white. She walked in with a quick step, like one in haste, her dim eyes wandering anxiously over the array of boxes on the platform. Then she whispered to the young girl at her side, who seemed to be a servant, and was a comely, fresh-colored, honest-looking lass, in the cheap travesty of the fashion that so soon replaces the trusty old blue stuffs in this



". . . HE FLUNG HIS COAT OPEN, DISCLOSING HIS REPORTER'S BADGE."

country. The girl glanced about her and, after a second's hesitation, whispered to Tommy, "Is does tings on der platform all vat dey is sole?"

"So far," says Tommy, "yes, ma'am." He spoke the last words to the old woman, and he smiled reassuringly. She seemed so feeble, so agitated, and so lost among the crowd of idle men and junk-dealers that he was minded to comfort her.

She gave him a grateful glance. Her hands were clasped, one over the other. They were hands disfigured and roughened by toil, with the prominent veins and distorted knuckles and withered cleanliness of years over the washtub. Tommy remembered how in his youth he had resolved that one day his mother should have white, soft hands, like the mother of his school friend, Harry Lossing; and how he had spent some of his very first earnings in a weird assortment of cosmetics which his mother faithfully used.

His mother's hands were white now, and there were rings on them; but Tommy remembered how they used to look.

Lot after lot was disappearing and being bundled down to the new owners. The old woman, who had slowly regained composure, all at once rose suddenly from her seat, and instantly sank back again, clutching the purse in her hand. Her face had gone a dull gray; the streaks of red were ebbing slowly from her cheek. Tommy heard her thin, elderly pipe—"One dollar." "One dollar!" called the girl in a louder key. "I'm bid one dollar?" began the auctioneer; "one—do I hear two dollars? Thank you, sir. Two dollars! two dollars!"

"And five cents," called the girl, while the woman's eyes strained after every twist of the auctioneer's head, every swing of his hand.

"Dollar five, dollar five—yes, sir; thank you, sir. Three dollars—"

Here a man shouldered his way through the crowd—a stout, florid man in a checked suit, baggy as to the knees of the trousers and illuminated as to shirt-front by a vivid but soiled red scarf.

This man glanced keenly at the box and from the box to the woman, and threw a "Five dollars" carelessly at the official.

"West side dealer," commented the newspaper man in an undertone to Tommy. "He thinks there's something in it."

The old woman raised the bid, as before, by a nickel; as before, the man jumped the intervening cents to a dollar. The old woman, her agitation momently increasing, repeated the same manœuver, with the same result on the part of her opponent. The uneven bidding continued until the bids were twenty-seven dollars, bid by the dealer. The old woman turned desperately to the girl, and the latter in a second called loudly a raise of ten cents.

"Twenty-eight!" shouted the man.

The woman sank back into her chair. She trembled so violently that for a second Tommy thought she was going to faint, and he hurried to put a flask to her lips, while the newspaper man ran for water. She motioned the flask away. Her eyes went piteously to the girl.

"Come, mother," said she; "come, dear mother."

"Shan't I help you out?" said Tommy. The words rolled back in the roof of his mouth at the girl's expression.

"We don't have got no more money," said she stolidly. "The mother has been saving for this year and I also; and it was twenty-seven dollars, but we haf also the car-fare. We bid all; it was not enough—no, don't look, don't look!" she cried in her own tongue. But the old woman rose, and watched the successful bidder lift down the box, an irrepressible moan bursting through her lips.

"Say, why do you want the box?" asked Tommy. "Can't I—"

"It was by mine vater," said the girl. "Dey vas lif tirty-dree years by vun anudder, und dey vas nefar qvuarel, but ven dey coom over he vas die on der road, and dey put him in der sea. She didn't have notings, no grave; und dey vas charge so mooch vat you call it duty dat ve don't can take der box, und so she und I ve save, but it vas no use. Koom, koom!"

She declined the tin cup which the reporter was holding rather helplessly at them, and would have supported her mother out of the room. The old woman looked dizzy; she only said, in German, "It was his picture, my Emil's picture."

"You wait a minute," said Tommy. "Don't you stir from her, and I'll see if I can't buy that back—there is nothing of value—no money? no watch?"

He hardly waited their denial to rush off, with the unheeded and amused reporter at his heels. The latter thoughtfully poured the water on the floor before he put the tin cup on a window-sill.

The junk-dealer had his box on the floor, meditating over it, a screw-driver in his hand, as if preparing to open it by the hinges. It was a clumsy box of wood, with iron hinges. A friend near by

wagged a sympathizing and curious head on the other side.

"Invoiced at twelve dollars," said the friend. "That ain't no twelve-dollar box, Dorry!"

Tommy, whose hurry had been displaced by the idlest, sauntering air, craned his neck forward. "That's right," said he; "there ain't twelve dollars' worth of truck in that box. The government's got a great head, running this kind of lottery business. Things of value are bound to be claimed."

The junk-dealer playfully cocked one eye. "You trying to buy that box, my Christian friend?"

"Big finds in those boxes sometimes," remarked the junk-dealer's crony.

"Big disappointments, too," said Tommy. "I bet that you'll be swearing mad when you open that box."

"How much do you bet?" sneered the junk-dealer, trying his screw-driver on the heads of the screws.

"Well, I'll bet five dollars to a nickel you can't sell the whole contents of that box for twelve dollars. How's that?"

Two or three men drew nearer, and instantly a dozen more were drawn by the sight of them, as is the way of a crowd.

"Is it a kind of game?" inquired one man.

"I'm not likely to make much by it," said Tommy; "five dollars to a nickel!"

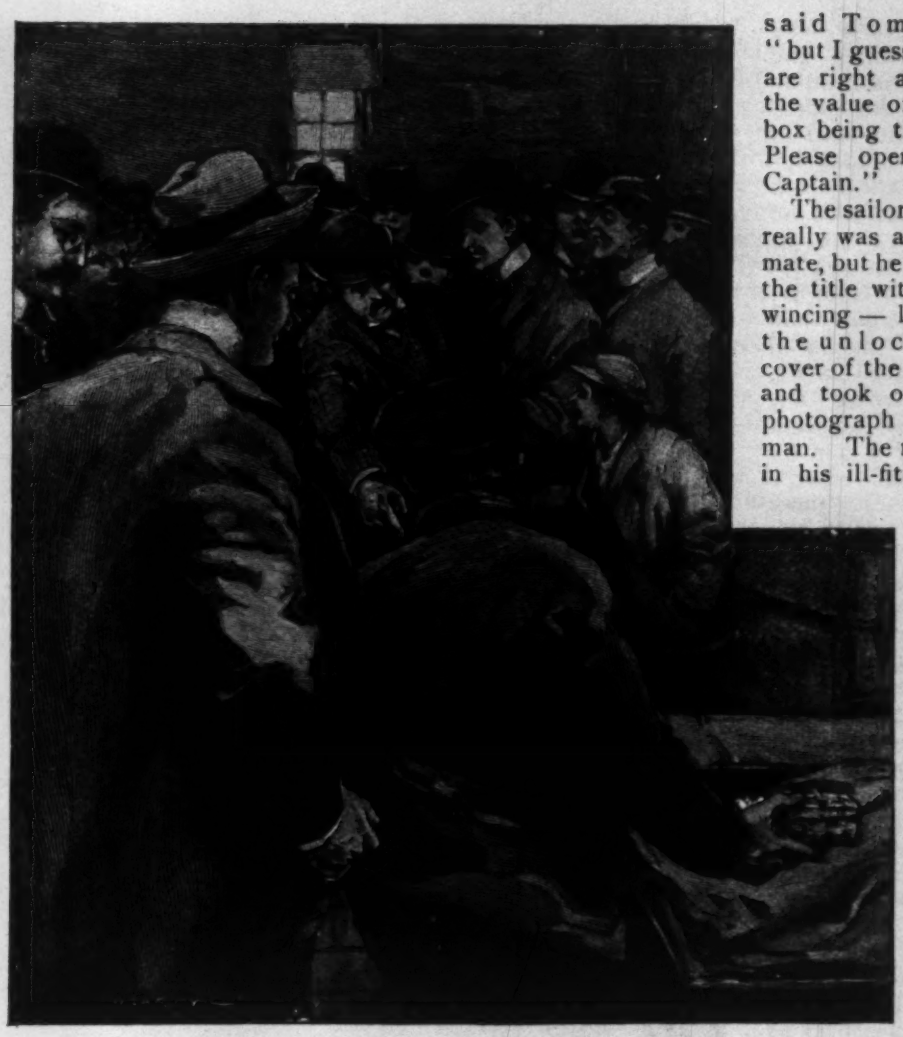
"SHE WALKED IN WITH A QUICK STEP . . . HER DIM EYES WANDERING ANXIOUSLY OVER THE ARRAY OF BOXES. . . ."

"Let's see your money," said the reporter, glancing out of the tail of his eye at the dealer, whom he knew slightly.

The dealer laughed. He wasn't afraid of games, he said, and he proffered his nickel to the reporter. Tommy gravely placed a bank-note beside it.

"Well," said the dealer, "I don't object to giving you all a peep, but who's to decide as to the value?"

"You can pick two men, and I'll pick one," said Tommy, carelessly. As he anticipated, the dealer chose his friend and the reporter. Tommy hit at random on a grave and rubicund man who had the



"'I'LL TAKE THAT,' SAID HE; 'THE VALUE OF THE BOX IS IN THERE!'"

attitude and the wide-footed standing posture of a steamer-deck.

The dealer found little difficulty in wrenching one-half of the hinges free. He lifted the lid and forced it back on the lock.

"Let the referees take out the things," said Tommy.

There was revealed at first glimpse nothing better than a neatly folded layer of coarse and worn woolen clothing, the cause of the heavy duty. This displaced by the seaman, there came a cheap German Bible, a pair of heavy, patched shoes, and a small box ornamented with shells, most of which were broken. At the sight of the box the dealer's color turned and he held out his hand. "I'll take that," said he; "the value of the box is in there!"

"No, you won't take it—play fair!" said Tommy, "but I guess you are right about the value of the box being there. Please open it, Captain."

The sailor—he really was a first mate, but he took the title without wincing — lifted the unlocked cover of the box, and took out a photograph of a man. The man, in his ill-fitting, tidy, holiday suit, with a smile on his honest face, and both large, toil-marked hands spread on his knees, was, one could easily guess, the owner of the clothes in the box.

"That's all," said the sailor.

The reporter and the other representatives of the junk-dealer quickly verified his words. That was all. An oath slid between the dealer's teeth. He seized on the clothes, and examined every pocket, every seam. Some one made a jocose comment, and the crowd laughed. It laughed again as he snatched at the carte. In the same movement Tommy's strong white fingers grappled his puffy red ones. "You drop that," said he. "No, I won't take your money. I knew what was in that trunk, and that poor old soul, who had been saving for a year, knew, too. Gentlemen"—he turned to the crowd, a sizable

number by this time, and agog with curiosity—"let me explain."

So Tommy, with all the fiery Irish eloquence in his power, explained. And then, while the crowd settled closer, he flung his offer at the bewildered dealer. "You, sir," to the reporter, "pass the hat. Let that five dollars stay in. Look here, what will you sell for? That five-dollar bill?"

"No, I won't," snapped the dealer; "I can get more from the old woman."

Tommy darted a glance at the reporter, and that nimble-witted young man promptly took his cue. "She's gone," said he, looking in another direction from the place where they left the two Germans. "I can't see her!"

"Then I don't care to do anything," returned Tommy, giving himself an irritable shake. "Hand me my bill."

"I'll call it ten dollars," said the dealer quickly. "Come now, you can find her. I'm sorry for the old party, too."

"Eight," said Tommy, making as if to go.

"Nine," said the dealer in a dying voice.

"Make it nine; we'll all chip in," called the most distant man in the crowd. The hat went round with Tommy's banknote and one dollar from the reporter. It returned laden with eight dollars and ninety cents, and Tommy grimly threw in a cigar, which he said he had bought in Chicago for fifteen cents. It was not five minutes before the sailor man headed an interesting procession bearing the box back to the old woman.

The sailor man headed an interested procession

"And really," said Tommy to the reporter about two hours later, "she took it well—a kind of dignity."

"I guess we shan't be any the worse off for her prayers," mused the reporter; "but, say! you've missed your train, and you had an important appointment, didn't you say? That was taking grandma home yourself in a carriage."

"She wasn't fit to walk," said Tommy. "If—if she'd been my mother, I'd have wanted her taken home."

"That's right," the reporter agreed. He did not say anything else, though he looked at Tommy with a kind of lightening of his sharp smile; and just then Tommy hailed a cab to save the next train if he could; and so they parted.

Tommy was not lucky enough even to catch his second train, wherefore he was obliged to pass the night in the city and return home in the very early morning hours in a decidedly irritable frame of mind. He did not repent of his humanity, but I must confess that he did wish that his mother had not put him in the way of being humane.

Harry Lossing and another root-fast political friend were waiting at the depot,

nor did their aspect of reproachful gloom tend to ease his mood.

"How are things?" he adventured, after they had silently taken his bag and walked him into the street.

"If you mean the election," replied Harry, "everything is going wrong. Paulsen is on his high horse."

"Why didn't you show up at the meeting?" asked McGinnis, the other friend, in the tone of an executioner demanding of his victim which side of the block he preferred.

"I missed the train," said Tommy, meekly.

"Ye missed the train!" McGinnis's heavy voice rose a note in caustic sarcasm. "Well, Tom, I didn't think ye was the kind of man to miss trains or I'd never have gone in for you. Did ye have a pleasant time? I hope that much, for you're likely to miss your nomination, too!"

"Drop that, McGinnis!" interrupted Lossing. "You know perfectly well Fitzmaurice isn't that kind. What *was* the matter? Paulsen makes a great offense of your not coming; says you are not to be depended on, and this shows it, and a lot of rot—"

"Aw, Paulsen is only talking for a blind," McGinnis struck in. "He won't vote for an Irishman, nohow, and that's where the hair is thin. I heard he said he never knowed a Irishman would do a good turn to a German, and he had it from Wade, who'd knowed you from a boy, that you was too slick to be honest. Maybe if you could have got at him yesterday you might have done something for him. Mr. Lossing and me, we couldn't move him!"

"Well, I'm sorry," said Tommy, ruefully, but he didn't explain why he missed his train, not even when Alderman McGinnis capped Lossing's "I think if you promise the chief of police to a German we may do something" with "*I* think it's awful to try to help fools!"

"No," thought Tommy, "I mean to be a gentleman, and a gentleman does not brag of being barely decent; and if Paulsen were to hear of it he'd think I was a fool for sure to lose my train that way." And these mixed motives prompted him to say, "I missed that train doing a kindness to somebody, if you must know, and that's all there is about it."

Alderman McGinnis drew a long, sad sigh from the depths beneath his glossy shirt-front. "Only tell me it ain't a woman, Tommy; that's all I ask," he moaned.

"It was a very nice, respectable old woman," said Tommy, firmly.

"And no young woman for a daughter or a niece or somewhere hitched to the outfit? Why, Tom, you ain't blushing! Tom, this is awful! What made me bet on you? One big thing was you didn't seem to know the difference between a pretty girl and a homely one; but if you're going to let the women come the comemether over you and miss trains—why, great Scott! boy, what will we do when we send ye to the legislature and they git at you for the clerkships and them offices and—"

Again Lossing, looking thoroughly annoyed, but loyal even in this stress, interfered to rescue Tommy and to again propose the offering of the head of the police on a charger to the powerful Paulsen.

Tommy went home red with chagrin.

But he is glad to this day that he swallowed his feelings and bore his father's reproaches in silence. The old man was broken-hearted at the prospect of losing the office, and the more that Wade made a handle of Tommy's not coming on time and tales not fitted for Tommy's mother's ears were bandied about among the enemy. Paulsen had been seen. Paulsen had been offered the disposal of office. And Paulsen had declined to commit himself. "I'm looking round for the best man," said Paulsen. Which was discouraging.

Tommy had not reproached his mother. In fact, he had been more than ordinarily kind and gentle to her, for the poor soul was in such deep tribulation that to be cruel to her would have required a heart of stone. Patrick, the sorely wronged and disappointed Patrick himself, did not go beyond an eloquent dumbness at meals. And Tommy, in pity, ate so much—to show that he appreciated the special dainties prepared for his consolation—that he was like to add the discomforts of dyspepsia to his mental griefs.

The morning of the primaries, absorbed as both men were, they nevertheless perceived that Mrs. Fitzmaurice was agitated beyond all control. She sweetened Tommy's coffee twice, which did not matter, for Tommy gulped it down unheeding; but she omitted to sweeten Patrick's cup at all, which was quite another thing. Yet as he raised his eyebrows preparatory to the just rebuke, the look on her face made him suddenly give her the kindest smile in days. "I declare, you're worriting yerself sick, Ellen!" said he. "Come what may, it ain't a killing matter

for Tommy. If they down us this time, we'll down them next."

"Of course, mother," said Tommy, and he went over and kissed her. He did not pay any especial attention to her broken murmur of meaning it for the best and she never meant to hurt him. He said, "That's all right, mother. You're the best mother in the world!" and kissed her again, and so left her comforted.

"Well, I'm glad ye ain't taking it out on the wimmin," said Patrick. "I ain't axed ye anny quistions about what I heard from McGinnis, but if it's—"

"It's nothing I'd be ashamed to tell you or mother," Tommy burst out, "and I will tell you now if you like—"

"Ye needn't; I believe you," said Patrick; "and I say agin, this day ain't no killing matter. But what's Paulsen got there?"

Paulsen was haranguing a crowd. "A young man! Well, what's the matter of a young man? I found out all about Thomas Fitzmaurice. I said, 'I wait till I find out.' Now read that paper, and you see what kind of a man he is!"

Tommy could see a paper fluttering from hand to hand. A trusty henchman was instantly despatched for the paper, which Patrick awaited in a stony calm. At intervals he patted Tommy on the back.

"Don't you mind what they say," he repeated over and over. "I ain't going to be worried; don't you be! And we'll pay 'em up!"

The messenger returned grinning. He handed the paper to Patrick, and over his father's shoulders Tommy read, in bold headlines, the grateful offering of the reporter that his mother had warmed: "The Hon. Thomas Fitzmaurice, of Iowa, has a Heart. But He is No Fool, either. How the Dealer Outbid the Aged Widow and the Hon. Thomas Buncoed the Dealer and Restored a Cherished Treasure. A Pathetic Happening in Real Life." And there, beneath, was the story of Tommy's humanity. It was fluttering all around the field.

Tommy grew a rose-red, and looked wildly about him. It was at this instant that he beheld Harry and McGinnis—beaming.

"It's all right! Paulsen's all right!" said Harry.

"But that confounded paper" (thus are the mercies of the press slighted!) "do you—Harry, you don't suppose I—"

"My dear boy, cool off. The paper was sent to your mother, and she sent it to me and to Paulsen, of course. She was tickled with it, I suppose, or she thought it would do good. It did. It hit Paulsen just right. I fancy, old man, you'll owe your election to your mother."

Tommy was standing very thoughtful. "More than you think, maybe," said he.

CERTAIN WONDERS OF THE GREATER NEW YORK.

By George B. Waldron.

ON January 1, 1898, a score of cities, towns, and villages, ranging in population from a few hundreds up to two millions, will become consolidated into one Greater New York. With not less than 3,300,000 people in an area of 360 square miles, the American metropolis will be then, next to Greater London, the largest city in the world. London was a city nearly two thousand years before the first white man set foot on Manhattan Island. Yet the old world's chief city, with her 6,200,000 population and 688 square miles of territory, has less than twice the population of the first city of the new world. New York is increasing in population at the rate of 315 a day, while London's daily increase is but 230.

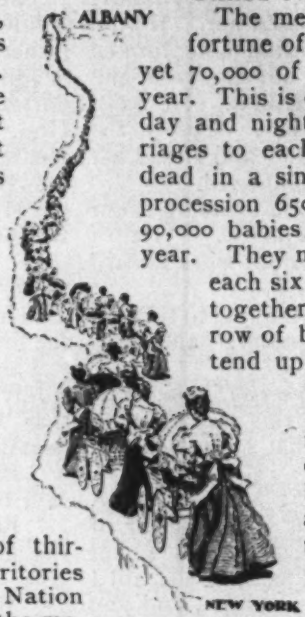
Comparative size of the three greatest cities of the world.

Paris, with 2,600,000 population and 173 square miles of area must now drop to the third place. Next come Berlin and Chicago, in close rivalry. The German city has but 25 square miles of territory, while the other spreads over 187 miles of our Western prairie.

The Greater New York lies in form like a triangle, with the base, about 18 miles long, resting on the Atlantic. To the apex, which is up the Hudson, the greatest

length is some 35 miles. Yet the 360 square miles of the city's area are but a speck upon the wide domain of the Nation. Even little Rhode Island, the smallest state of the Union, has an area nearly four times as great. The broad Empire State might be carved into 132 such cities without disturbing her three other largest centers. So insignificant in size is this plot, that to an observer stationed on the moon a pin-head seventy feet away from the eye would cover it from sight. Yet the earth itself would appear four times as broad as our moon does to us.

But into this limited space are crowded as many people as were in all the Thirteen Colonies when they declared their independence. Then the Greater New York had but 80,000 people. To-day her numbers equal the combined population of thirteen of our new states and territories whose area is two-fifths that of the Nation and more than 3,000 times that of the metropolis.



The babies born in a year.

Line up this army shoulder to shoulder in single rank, and it would extend to St. Louis, a thousand miles across the country. March the people by in procession, two abreast day and night, for three weeks, and not then would the last pair have passed the observer. If these 3,300,000 people were equally distributed over the greater city's area, each family could have a lot of 100 feet front and still leave room enough for streets, parks, and business purposes.

But it is only too evident that they are not equally distributed. Into one-sixth of the city's area are crowded five-sixths of the entire population. There is one section of thirty-two acres on lower Manhattan Island which is admittedly the most densely populated spot on earth. Into its tenements the people are packed nearly a thousand to the acre. If the whole of the greater city were equally crowded it would contain three times the present population of the entire United States.

The metropolis has not the misfortune of an abnormal death rate, yet 70,000 of its people die during a year. This is one every seven minutes, day and night. Allow but three carriages to each funeral, and the city's dead in a single year have a funeral procession 650 miles long. There are 90,000 babies born in the city every year. They number 250 a day, or one each six minutes. Take them out together for an airing, and the row of baby carriages would extend up the Hudson to Albany, 150 miles.

The Greater New York is the most cosmopolitan city in the world. Within her borders are representatives of almost every nation and city upon the earth. Her foreign-born number 1,250,000, and their children swell the numbers to 2,500,000, or two-thirds the city's entire population. At the head of the list stand the Germans, who number nearly 900,000. Next come the Irish, mustering 850,000. There are 170,000 English, 105,000 Russians, 100,000 Italians, and 50,000 Scotch.

The length of the elevated lines.

America's metropolis is the largest Irish city in the world. Dublin, the chief city of the Emerald Isle, has less than half as many. Next to Berlin, she is also the world's largest German city. She has nearly as many Germans as Hamburg and Munich combined. She has more English than Portsmouth, more Canadians than Canadian London, more Russians than Vilna, more French than Aix. She has nearly as many Scotch as Leith, Italians as Venice, Austro-Hungarians as Presburg, and Scandinavians as Bergen.

Length of the system of steam roads centering in New York.

The steam and street railroad within the borders of the new city would reach in an unbroken line of track to Omaha. The steam roads alone would connect the Battery by double track with Lake Champlain. The elevated lines would make a double track connection with New Haven, Connecticut. The street car lines would extend in single track to Chicago.

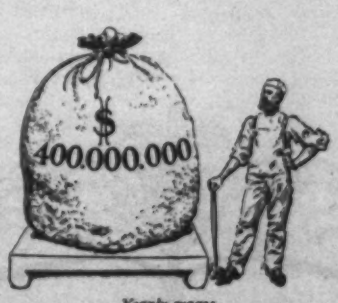
Daily water supply per capita.

The street lines have a capital of $95,000,000. Their 5,000 cars make a yearly aggregate run of 85,000,000 miles, which would almost bridge the distance from the earth to the sun. They carry 480,000,000 passengers a year, or an average of 1,300,000 a day. This is within twelve per cent. of the entire passenger traffic of the steam roads of the Nation.

Seven thousand policemen.

The elevated roads have a capital of $120,000,000. Their aggregate train mileage is 14,000,000 miles. The journey traveled by the 1,600 cars in a year is about 65,000,000 miles, which is five trips a week from the earth to the moon. They carry 250,000,000 passengers annually, or an average of 700,000 a day.

Some of the most important systems of steam roads of the Nation center at the metropolis. Including those in New Jersey which connect with the city by ferry, these lines would measure three-quarters of the distance around the globe. About 1,000 passenger trains leave the city on these roads every twenty-four hours. They carry 210,000,000 passengers a year, or two-fifths of the entire passenger traffic of the steam roads of the United States. The freight they move is one-third of the total shipments by rail in the country.



Yearly wages.

Probably not less than 500,000 passengers on the average enter or leave the city on these roads every day. Including the passenger traffic of the elevated and surface lines, the total daily movement of passengers on all the roads of the city is 2,500,000. This is equivalent to two-thirds of the entire population of the Greater New York. Nor does this estimate include the inter-urban movement by ferry and over Brooklyn Bridge. The bridge traffic alone reaches 115,000 a day by cars, and 35,000 more cross on foot.

Greater New York is the chief distributing center for the commerce of the Nation. Through her gateways pass two-fifths of all the exports and two-thirds of all the imports. The total annual value of goods in this foreign trade through the city is $850,000,000. During the year the city receives 30,000,000 bushels of wheat, 6,400,000 barrels of flour, 29,000,000 bushels of corn, 43,000,000 bushels of oats, 4,400,000 bushels of rye, and 11,800,000 bushels of barley. Her total yearly grain receipts are 125,000,000 bushels. Loaded on freight cars this grain would fill 180,000 cars and make a continuous train from Kansas City to the metropolis.

Four thousand "white wings."

Another evidence of the immense business transacted in America's first city appears in the volume of checks and drafts passed through the clearing house by her banks. This reaches a yearly aggregate of $29,000,000,000, or $96,000,000 a day, which is a half larger than the combined bank clearings of all the other cities of the Nation. A $2,000 check for each family in the United States would not cover this business of the city during a single year.

In manufacturing the Greater New York easily stands first among our cities. She has 50,000 manufacturing establishments, requiring a capital of $1,100,000,000. These employ 635,000 workers and pay $400,000,000 a year in wages. The value of the products reaches $1,400,-

000,000. She manufactures one-fourth of all the factory-made men's clothing and one-half of the factory-made women's clothing. She does two-fifths of the Nation's coffee roasting, makes one-fifth of the beer, tobacco, and cigars. Her presses turn off one-fifth of the printing of the country.

Imports.

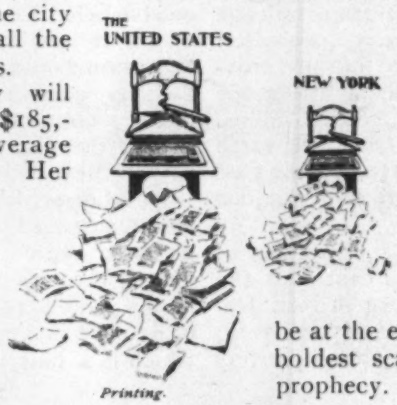
In 1626 the Dutch purchased Manhattan Island for $24. The surrounding country was not then considered worth buying. To-day the value of the land and building of the enlarged city is not less than $4,500,000,000. This is an average of $125,000 an acre and fifty cents a square foot for the entire 360 square miles. But there are sections down on lower Broadway and on Wall Street that could not be bought for less than a thousand times that price. A workingman would need to spend the wages of twenty years for a plot large enough to give him a decent burial. The property value of this one city would buy one-third of all the farms in the United States.

Exports.

The consolidated city will have a municipal debt of $185,000,000, which is an average burden of $56 per capita. Her municipal expenditures will require $70,000,000 a year. This exceeds the total state, city, town, and county expenditures in twenty of the southern and western states and territories. Her municipal employees will form an army of 30,000, larger than the regular army of the United States. Of these, 7,000 will wear the policeman's blue and 4,000 will form the street cleaners' white brigade.

The 1,200 miles of paved streets would extend to Minneapolis, and the unpaved streets would continue the road to Boise City, Idaho. The city has 1,400 miles of water mains and half as many miles of sewers. Her 75 miles of wharves and docks would reach from the Battery to New Haven, Connecticut. Her entire water front would nearly encircle Long Island. She has 7,000 acres of parks worth $250,000,000. Their money value would buy fifty-acre farms at ordinary prices for 100,000 families.

Her water supply is 325,000,000 gallons a day, or about 100 gallons for every inhabitant. The water that she uses in a year would make a canal wide and deep enough to float the largest war vessel and that would extend from New York to San Francisco.



Printing.

These are some of the marvels belonging to-day to this giant among the cities of the world. But what the Greater New York will be at the end of another century the boldest scarcely dare to venture a prophecy.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.—REMINISCENCES AND FORECASTS.

FOUR years and a half ago the first number of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE was published, and the price of the magazine at that time was fifteen cents a copy. There was then no magazine sold for less than twenty-five cents a copy that gave its readers the best current literature and employed the best artists for the illustration of its text. Without laying stress upon the question of price as necessary or essential to this publication, we record this fact as of interest in the history of periodical publishing. We have a certain pride that we were the pioneers in the field of low-priced periodical literature, and it is in the interest of the truth, which has been more or less distorted in various ways, that we revive the recollection of the position of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE and its price at the time it was started.

Two years ago, in announcing the reduction of the price of McCLURE'S from fifteen cents to ten cents a copy, we made the statement that there were "no contributions, literary or pictorial, suitable for a great popular monthly that were not within the reach of the publishers of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE at ten cents a copy." At the time these words were written there was considerable discussion in the publishing craft in regard to the future of the ten-cent magazine, and in this discussion the public took a lively interest. Our contribution to the discussion was simply an elaboration of the idea expressed in the words quoted above: that is, the realization in fact of our faith—*the publication of a magazine which proved the point.* Within the last two years the discussion has died out. In the case of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, which was founded at the beginning of the hard times, its circulation steadily increased in those two years, in spite of the general adverse business conditions, from 75,000 to over 275,000. Within that short period we have been enabled to set up a manufacturing plant which is not surpassed by any other printing and binding establishment of its kind in the world, and our business has so extended that we require for offices and printing establishment the equivalent of an ordinary ten-story building. That we carried out the statement made as to contributions, both literary and pictorial, is proved by the appreciative friendship that has been shown the magazine by the public, the newspapers, and the advertisers.

Such facts speak louder than any theories or speculations, and show why the discussion as to the future of the ten-cent magazine has died out. *There is nothing left to speculate about now.*

The purpose of the founders of this magazine has been and is to bring within reach of a greater mass of readers than before enjoyed the opportunity, the fresh product of the best writers of fiction, the clear presentation of the latest and most far-reaching developments of science, the most vivid and human pictures of the great men and events of our history—in short, to give our readers from month to month a moving, living transcript of the intelligent, interesting, human endeavor of the time. We, like other men, wish to gain material success, but we want to gain it by those means which appeal to our intellectual as well as to our moral self-respect.

We are striving to make a wholesome, entertaining, stimulating magazine, and we are editing for our readers with the same sense of sympathetic responsibility as if the magazine were only intended for ourselves and our own kin.

THE MAGAZINE'S NEW CONTRIBUTIONS TO AMERICAN HISTORY.

Following an instinct which we have good reason to believe is shared by all of our readers, we have had as one of our foremost interests, in editing the magazine, the inspiring history of our own country. Our series of LIFE PORTRAITS OF GREAT AMERICANS, for instance, is positively the first full and adequate presentation of the real features of those sterling patriots whom we all honor and revere. Miss Tarbell's papers on THE EARLY LIFE OF LINCOLN gave the first, and indeed the only, full and accurate account of Lincoln's youth and early manhood that the world has had. Mr. Hamlin Garland's series of papers did somewhat the same service for THE EARLY LIFE OF GRANT. Then the papers which appeared in the magazine from time to time, on specific vital episodes or incidents in recent history, written by men who were themselves participants in the events they related, have brought to general knowledge facts and proceedings of the highest interest, that, but for these papers, might have gone forever unrecorded. We have sought, wherever there still survived a man whose own life has been a significant chapter in the history of the country, to have him tell the world his story in the pages of the magazine. Autobiographic history, in addition to being the most entertaining to read, is perhaps the most valuable. It is the one kind that is infallibly vivifying; it gives us the fact, hot and direct, from the hand of the one man capable of delivering it. In matter of this kind, by far our most important and interesting publication is one that is to begin in the next (November) number; namely,

C. A. DANA'S REMINISCENCES OF MEN AND EVENTS OF THE WAR.

Mr. Dana is one of the few men now living who was intimately associated with the important personages and events of the Civil War. Publishers and war students have long demanded from him his reminiscences of this period, and particularly his matured judgment on the three greatest actors in the struggle, Lincoln, Stanton, and Grant. But it is not until now that he has consented to give any one this important contribution to history.

The value and variety of Mr. Dana's memoirs are apparent when we consider that he was one of the first men called to a confidential position in the War Department by Edwin M. Stanton, and that he from first to last had the entire confidence of the great War Secretary. This confidence led to his appointment to many private missions, and it was his reports which influenced the action of the government at many critical periods. It was his full, unprejudiced account of Rosecrans's administration at Chattanooga, after the disaster of Chickamauga, which led

to the retirement of that general; and it was his account of Thomas's skill and courage which led to Thomas's appointment to the head of the Army of the Cumberland. In company with Grant, Dana saw Admiral Porter's fleet run the Vicksburg batteries. At Grant's headquarters he saw the siege of Vicksburg, and at Grant's side he rode into the capitulated city. He was swept from the field of Chickamauga, and was present at the midnight council of war at the Widow Glenn's after the first day's battle.

Beside Grant, Thomas, and Granger, Mr. Dana beheld the battle of Missionary Ridge. At the special request of President Lincoln, he accompanied Grant throughout the second Peninsular campaign. Sheridan received his commission as Brigadier-General from Dana's hands. When Richmond surrendered, Dana went, at Stanton's request, to report the condition of the city and to secure Confederate documents. His last interview with Lincoln was on April 13th, the day before the President's assassination. He spent the night at Lincoln's death-bed, writing dispatches at Stanton's dictation. He was an important witness at the trial of the conspirators.

There will be embodied in Mr. Dana's papers numerous hitherto

UNPUBLISHED DOCUMENTS AND LETTERS,

including unpublished letters to Mr. Dana from Edward M. Stanton, Secretary of War: Stanton's confidential orders to Mr. Dana in regard to the treatment of Jefferson Davis at Fortress Monroe—now first made public; many confidential letters written at the request of the Secretary of War, and giving Mr. Dana's opinion of all the leading officers in Grant's army; unpublished letters to Mr. Dana from Generals Sherman and Grant; a long confidential dispatch to Mr. Stanton, now first published, relating what Mr. Dana saw of the transfer of Jefferson Davis to Fortress Monroe.

For the illustration of these reminiscences we are permitted to draw on the collection of

HITHERTO INACCESSIBLE WAR PHOTOGRAPHS

made and arranged for the government under the painstaking and invaluable direction of General A. W. Greely. In its great store of negatives and original historical documents it stands quite alone. Under the permission of the War Department we shall give our readers many of its priceless portraits of the great personages of the war. It seemed to us that the dignity and straightforwardness of these absolutely authentic human documents made them the only fitting illustrations of a text so close to real facts, so ruddy with real life, as Mr. Dana's reminiscences.

MISS TARBELL'S LATER LIFE OF LINCOLN.

We are glad to announce to our readers that Miss Tarbell has been making considerable progress in her work upon the last four years of Lincoln's life. Although these years cover the war period, the work is written entirely from the personal standpoint; it has to do with Lincoln, and it follows closely his footsteps, only dealing with the war and its events so far as he personally was concerned in molding them. It is our belief that these articles will make Lincoln the man, the great War President, more real, and the dramatic story of those last four years of his life more absorbing, than they have ever before been made.

THE NEWEST SCIENCE, INVENTION, AND EXPLORATION.

Always seeking for the significant discoveries or speculations which touch the edge of the future, the magazine has been the first to give authoritative and attractive accounts of many new scientific achievements. Every volume of the magazine furnishes illustrations of this policy. McCLURE'S published the first full description of Professor Langley's "flying-machine," by the inventor himself. We had the first authoritative paper on the discovery and application of the X-rays, written from material furnished by Professor Roentgen; the first magazine account of Nansen's wonderful voyage to the Far North, of Professor Dewar's experiments in liquefying oxygen, of the discovery of the new element argon, etc. We shall soon publish an important paper,

LORD KELVIN ON PROBLEMS OF RECENT SCIENCE.

Lord Kelvin is the foremost living authority on physical science. While in America, at a meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at Toronto, he gave Dr. Henry Smith Williams, with full permission to publish it in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, an interview of real scientific interest. Their talk dwelt particularly upon the vortex theory of matter, of which Lord Kelvin is the author, and which is one of the few great scientific speculations of our century. The conversation also dealt with the upper limits of heat, and the suggested speculation in regard to the age of the sun; also with recent experiments in seeking for the absolute zero the lowest possible temperature. A character sketch of the personality of Lord Kelvin and an account of his achievements form the framework of this interview.

TELEGRAPHING WITHOUT WIRES.

Mr. W. H. Preece, Engineer-in-Chief of the Telegraph Department of the English Postal System, who has helped Marconi in developing the invention described in this magazine last March, has for many years been experimenting with methods for telegraphing without the use of wires. He is unmistakably the greatest expert of the world on this subject. The latest results of the experiments of the English postal authorities are of far-reaching importance, and the authoritative account which Mr. Preece gives of them in an article for McCLURE'S forms a wonderful chapter in recent scientific history.

IN UNEXPLORED ASIA.

An illustrated account of Dr. Sven Hedin's adventures in the great desert of Chinese Turkestan, one of the most remarkable feats of exploration of the past year, will soon appear. The article is not only a contribution to knowledge, but contains a story of great human interest.

CHARACTER SKETCHES AND REAL CONVERSATIONS.

We have maintained from the foundation of the magazine, as one of its special features, the presentation of the great personalities of our own time. By series of portraits, conversations, and character studies, we have exhibited to our readers, in his

actual every-day life, at the moment when they were most interested in him, the eminent living author, artist, statesman, scientist, business man, or inventor. We expect to publish in an early number, probably the November number, with numerous illustrations, a real conversation between

MARK TWAIN AND ROBERT BARR.

As we write this paragraph Mr. Barr is just returning to England from Lucerne, in Switzerland, where he has been visiting Mark Twain. His conversations with Mr. Clemens will form the basis of an article about the great humorist. Our readers, who are so well acquainted with Mr. Barr's work, with his humorous stories and his delightful articles, will realize that in this article they are sure to have a fresh, unconventional, and vivid presentation of Mark Twain.

THE BEST FICTION.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE has been notable for its fiction. It has been the editor's purpose and his good fortune to get from the great writers of fiction of our day the best expression of their genius. It is our pride that in these few years we have published so much of the finest work of Stevenson, Kipling, Anthony Hope, and other masters of fiction. There will appear in the Christmas number

A TALE OF A CLOUDED TIGER BY RUDYARD KIPLING,

entitled, "The Tomb of his Ancestors." It is another powerful and absorbing tale of India. The extraordinary plot is as convincing and realistic as anything Kipling has ever written; and the young officer who is the hero of the tale is a character that one will be glad to know and remember. We have sought, by the collaboration of two artists of the first order, one with a strong grasp of the character of the human figure, the other with the imaginative instinct for dramatic composition and setting, to secure illustrations worthy of the tale, entirely novel, and certainly most interesting as an artistic experiment.

ANTHONY HOPE.

An event of much interest to the many readers of "The Prisoner of Zenda" is the coming of the author of that entrancing tale to the United States this month, to give public readings from his works. There is certainly no living writer of pure romance to be named with Anthony Hope. At a time when it seemed that no one could follow in the footsteps of Scott, Dumas, and Stevenson; that all that human invention could do in devising interesting complexities and situations had long since been done; Anthony Hope came quietly forward, and with only the men and conditions of our own day in mind, constructed stories that in novelty of incident, picturesqueness of character, and delightful, unexpected complications, compare with the great romances of the past. He proved that there was still no lack of good stories with a good story-teller at hand; and he found, in return, that the good story-teller has not to wait long for an audience.

THE SEQUEL TO "THE PRISONER OF ZENDA"

will begin publication in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE for December. It is entitled "Prince Rupert of Hentzau," and it takes the characters of "The Prisoner of Zenda," surely one of the most attractive groups of people created by a story writer, and carries them through a series of adventures even more dramatic and absorbing than those they underwent in the earlier book. The story is complete in itself; the first paragraphs put the reader in possession of all the knowledge of persons and events necessary to a full understanding of the tale.

It has been magnificently illustrated, in absolute sympathy with the text, by C. D. Gibson, with a series of page pictures, where our great American illustrator reveals a new and most important side of his talent. These pages, full of beauty and romantic spirit, are the most striking productions of Mr. Gibson's genius, and in themselves, while belonging intimately to the text, are artistic masterpieces.

GOOD STORIES BY NEW WRITERS.

We, who have had the distinction of publishing the first productions of Kipling and Hope in America, have always eagerly looked for and warmly welcomed spirited, stirring tales by writers still unknown to the public or to the older and more conservative publications. Only last February we published the first story that has appeared in a magazine of the young Western writer, W. A. White of the "Emporia Gazette," from whom we shall have

MORE BOYVILLE STORIES.

Mr. White is doing in prose what James Whitcomb Riley has done in verse—he is giving us true, hearty pictures of American boy life. These new stories will carry on the series begun with "The King of Boyville" (February, 1897) and "The Martyrdom of Mealy Jones" (September, 1897). The boys of these stories are just the same real characters as Tom Sawyer and Huckelberry Finn; and the artist who has drawn them, himself grew up in that West which Mr. White describes, so that his pictures have the same sort of unmistakable individuality and truth to nature as the author's delineations.

MARK TWAIN'S DIARY

OF HIS VOYAGE FROM INDIA TO SOUTH AFRICA.

Two years ago Mr. Clemens started on a trip around the world. The diary he kept on this trip forms the basis of a new book of travel. We have arranged for the first and exclusive publication in a magazine of portions of this work—the chapters describing Mark Twain's voyage from India to South Africa, which are pervaded by a large humanity and abound in droll anecdotes, striking descriptions, and such observations as no one but Mark Twain could make. These chapters will be illustrated by A. B. Frost and Peter Newell, who are themselves master humorists of the rarest talent, and singularly sympathetic and original in their own field.

A NEW DEVELOPMENT.

It has long been our purpose to enter the general field of book publishing when the proper time should arrive; and we have now begun the actual work of carrying out this plan. The publishing business has been formed, for convenience, into a separate department, under the title of The Doubleday & McClure Co. We shall build up, as quickly as may be, a worthy collection of books, and in choosing them we shall follow the same line of editorial policy that is exemplified in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE; we shall publish wholesome, stimulating literature, and sound, interesting knowledge. Not only will our books be good, helpful reading, but they will be well made and sold at reasonable prices.

MR. KIPLING'S JUBILEE POEM.

By special arrangement with Mr. Rudyard Kipling, we print herewith his very remarkable Jubilee poem, "Recessional." At the close of the elaborate and august ceremonies in celebration of the completion of the sixtieth year of the reign of Queen Victoria, when it seemed that every thought and emotion that the occasion could possibly prompt had been more than once expressed, and that nothing more remained to be said, Mr. Kipling quietly sent this poem to the London "Times." At once it was recognized as the strongest and most searching word of all that the Jubilee had called forth. The "Times" gave it the honor of a place immediately under the letter of the Queen expressing her personal gratitude and thanks for the "loyal attachment and real affection" on the part of her subjects which the Jubilee had given proof of. An editorial article in the same number commented on both the letter and the poem, saying of the latter:

"The deep sense of religious feeling and of moral obligation which has colored the whole of the Queen's life will bring her heartily into unison with the spirit of the fine poem by Mr. Rudyard Kipling which we print this morning. There is a tendency, in these days, to rush into dithyrambic raptures over every great exhibition of national power. It is well that we should be reminded by a poet who, more perhaps than any other living man, has been identified with pride of empire and with confidence in the destinies of our race, that there is a spiritual as well as a material side to national greatness. The lesson has been taught before by some of our noblest men of letters—by Milton and Wordsworth, by Burke and Carlyle. We all acknowledge its truth in our hours of serious thought, but, none the less, we need, all of us, the warning words of the seer and the bard—'Lest we forget—lest we forget!' The most dangerous and demoralizing temper into which a state can fall is one of boastful pride. To be humble in our strength, to avoid the excesses of an over-confident vanity, to be as regardful of the rights of others as if we were neither powerful nor wealthy, to shun 'Such boasting as the Gentiles use Or lesser breeds without the Law,'—these are the conditions upon which our dominion by sea and land is based even more than on fleets and armies. At this moment of imperial exaltation, Mr. Kipling does well to remind his countrymen that we have something more to do than to build battleships and multiply guns."

RECESSIONAL.

God of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle-line—
Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord! Amen.